

CHATELAINE

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

OCTOBER 1951 15 CENTS

EXCLUSIVELY beginning "Crawfie's"
ELIZABETH THE WOMAN

Bruce Hutchison writes
A LETTER TO
PRINCESS ELIZABETH

PORTRAITS BY KARSH

Karsh, Ottawa





let your Carpet* set the key

"Here's a colour that will knock your eye out," said Jack, daubing hurried strokes on a sample board.

"Figuring on getting the walls painted this week?" I asked.

"You bet!" said Jack enthusiastically. (He's like that.)

"And re-painting them again next week?" I suggested. Jack was dumbfounded. "Hey!" he said. "Just a minute . . ."

"Just a minute yourself!" I said warmly. "Don't you realize we haven't bought our carpet yet? We . . ."

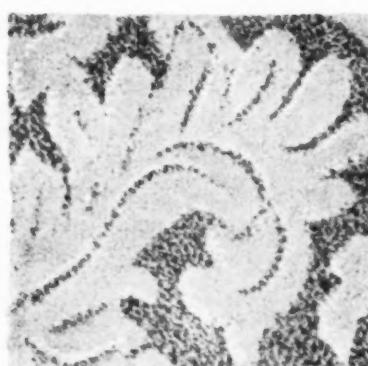
"I know, I know," interrupted Jack. "Let's get the foundation first and then choose the colours that go with it. If you've said it once . . ."

"I've said it a thousand times," I concluded.

And were we delighted with our choice of carpet!

*Carvetwist Broadloom—by Harding

A new and versatile loom tie providing luxury underfoot at moderate cost. Two-toned wove gives the striking 'sculptured' look . . . refreshing colour note is added by the tone-on-tone pattern. Comes in four colours—brown, grey, rose and beige . . . available in the following seamless widths: 27", 36", 9' and 12'.



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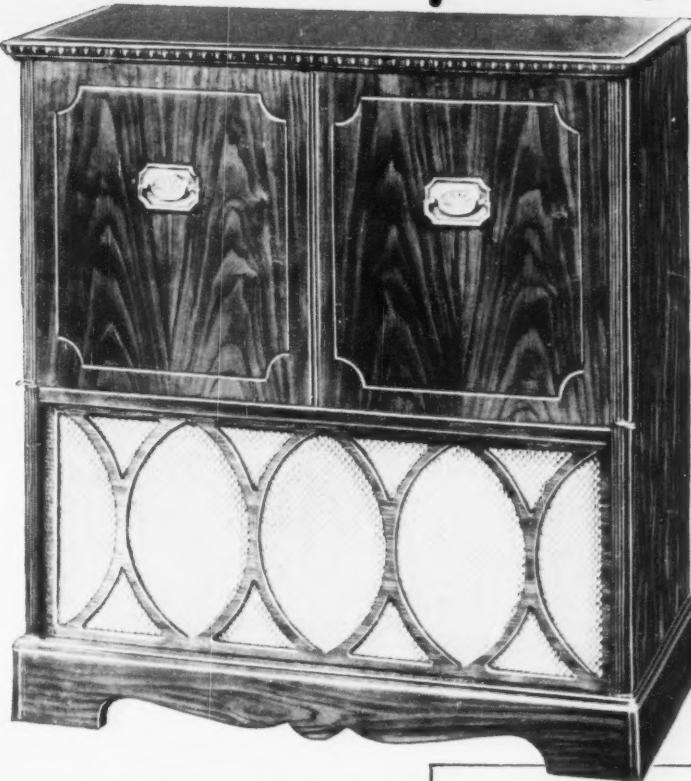
The timeless magic of the world's great music awaits only your command when you own a magnificent G-E Radio-Phonograph.

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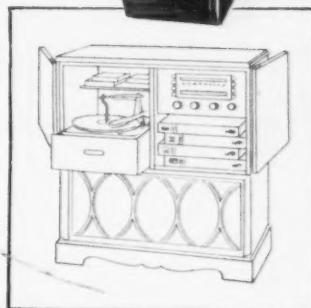
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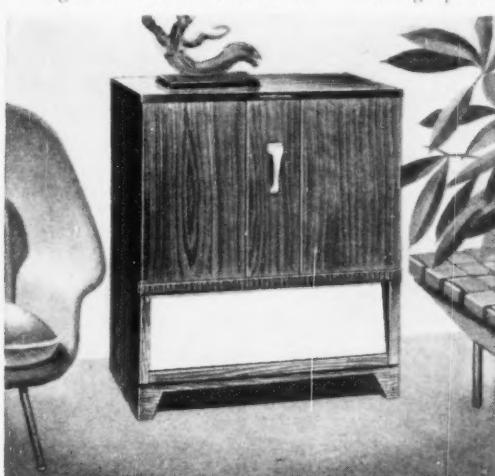
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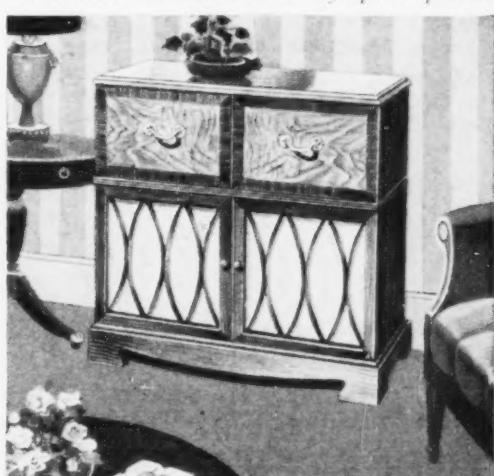
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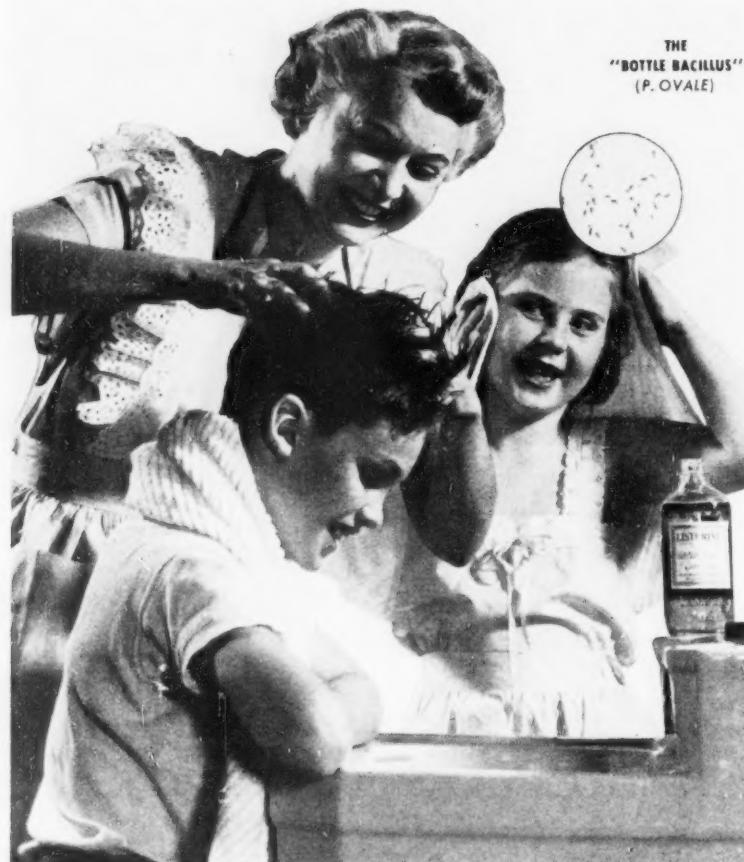


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Cover Photograph by Karsh

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Marion Crawford,
author of "Elizabeth the Woman"

CHATELAINE'S WELCOME TO OUR FUTURE QUEEN

This issue of your Chatelaine brings an enduring record of the Royal Visit into nearly four hundred thousand homes across Canada. The original issue was ripped apart with explosions of excitement during the hottest weeks of the summer. Literally minutes after the press announcement that Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip would visit Canada, Chatelaine's editors and publishers were talking over plans for making the October number really exciting and significant. Pages already prepared were thrown out. Telephones and telegraphs began working for us — three thousand miles to the east and three thousand miles to the west.

To the east they cleared arrangements for Royal portraits by the world-famous Canadian photographer, Yousuf Karsh. His very beautiful photographs in this issue show his genius for character interpretation.

To the west we tracked down the world-famous Canadian author Bruce Hutchison at his cottage deep in the Douglas firs outside Victoria, B.C. We asked this man, who has written what is probably the finest word picture of Canada in "The Unknown Country," to tell Elizabeth something of what lies in the hearts and minds of the smiling cheering citizens the royal pair will see everywhere.

Then out of the blue came the manuscript of "Elizabeth the Woman"—which will tell Canadians something of what lies in the heart and mind of our future Queen. Twelve years ago, when her father and mother came to Canada, they left her in charge of the well-loved governess "Crawfie." It's good to be able to bring you the revealing story of Princess Elizabeth by the woman who did so much to mold her character.

This visit to Canada of a young couple, burdened with so much responsibility, and meeting it with such grace and ease, is a momentous one in our history. If Democracy is going to work, each of us has to care about it personally. I have a feeling that thousands of us who will be cheering our Queen-to-be and her young husband will see in them also symbols of our Canadian sons and daughters—who, like them, are looking toward a future they must build themselves.

Byne Hops Sanders.

1. What is Arthritis?
2. What are the most common forms of Arthritis?
3. What causes rheumatoid Arthritis?
4. Is there hope of conquering Arthritis?
5. Has a "sure cure" been discovered for Arthritis?
6. How can you guard against Arthritis?

Can you answer these questions about ARTHRITIS?

1. Q What is Arthritis?

A. Arthritis is the term applied to many different diseases affecting the joints of the body. All of the arthritic diseases are characterized by inflammation or swelling of the joints, but these conditions differ widely as to causes, symptoms, and the kind of treatment required. In its various forms, arthritis affects more than 600,000 Canadians. In fact, it is a leading cause of chronic illness in our country today.

cases must be based upon the patient's individual needs.

4. Q Is there hope of conquering Arthritis?

A. Yes, indeed! Methods of treatment for all types of arthritis are constantly being improved. The outlook for further advances is now more hopeful than ever before — thanks to research which is yielding new facts about the underlying causes of arthritis, especially the rheumatoid type.

5. Q Has a "sure cure" been discovered for Arthritis?

A. No, indeed! Yet, many people are still misled by claims that are made for certain "arthritis cures" or other forms of therapy that are worthless. Authorities emphasize that proper medical care offers the only hope of permanent relief from arthritis. Today, about 60 percent of the victims can be greatly benefitted, and in some cases completely relieved, if proper treatment is commenced early.

2. Q What are the most common forms of Arthritis?

A. Of all types of arthritis, the chronic forms, *osteoarthritis* and *rheumatoid arthritis*, are by far the most common. Osteoarthritis is primarily the result of aging, or normal wear-and-tear on the joints. It rarely develops before age 40 and it seldom causes severe crippling. Rheumatoid arthritis is a much more serious disorder. It usually strikes between the ages of 20 and 50, and unless it is properly treated the joints may become permanently damaged.

6. Q How can you guard against Arthritis?

A. Although the exact cause of rheumatoid arthritis is unknown, a variety of factors are involved in its onset. In this condition, there is usually evidence of disease of the entire system — such as loss of weight, fatigue, anemia, infection, emotional strain, and nutritional deficiencies. Since many factors may be involved, doctors stress the importance of a *thorough physical examination* of each patient. This is essential to proper diagnosis and treatment, which in all

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
Canadian Head Office: Ottawa 4, Canada

Please send me a copy of
your booklet, 101-L, entitled
"Arthritis."

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City _____ Prov. _____



"I was shipwrecked 5 times in one day!"

says EVELYN KEYES, co-starring with Jeff Chandler in "SMUGGLER'S ISLAND" a U-I release. Color by Technicolor



"If sweeping floors is tough on your hands, imagine mine after retakes of this shipwreck scene for 'SMUGGLER'S ISLAND.' The heavy oars made my hands sting."



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SCHOOLBOY, SAILOR . . .

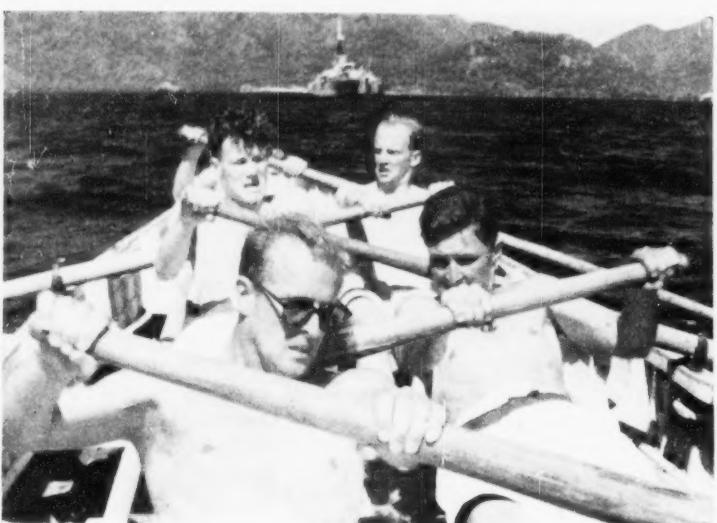
Man of the month in Canada, Prince Philip has grown from "a noisy, over-excited youth" to an alert and handsome maturity



Though a Greek Prince, Philip was a great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria. At English schools he got caned, and acted in plays.



Philip applied for naturalization when he joined Navy in 1939. He helped cover Canadian landing in Sicily and saw Pacific action.



While commanding HMS Magpie in the Med last year, Philip helped row to victory in the Destroyer Command officers' whaler race. A senior naval officer told "Craufie" (see page 11) that Philip "is a natural seaman."

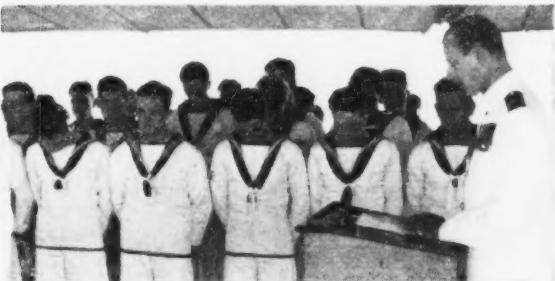
ROYAL HUSBAND



Philip first visited London when he was eleven months.



The Duke of Edinburgh and his royal wife led a reel when Princess Elizabeth flew to Malta to visit him in April. In "Elizabeth the Woman," beginning on page 11, "Craufie" tells of their courtship at Buckingham Palace.



The Magpie had no chaplain, so Prince Philip read prayers on Sunday. "Craufie" recalls him as "a noisy, over-excited youth" before the war, "but he was only eager to please. He has grown up delightfully, with charming manners . . ."



It was the girls who crowded around when handsome Prince Philip visited a London boys' club, a scene that is now being repeated across Canada during the Edinburghs' tour.

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Modern steel sink unit with stain-resisting surface, chrome-plated swing faucet, also matching base and wall cabinets.

Imagine yourself in a McClary kitchen. To the last detail it's planned to give you better results and more leisure time plus the last word in beauty! The wonderful new McClary range has every cooking convenience. The divided top makes a handy work area. Two full size ovens provide twice the space for baking, roasting, and broiling. Interior lights and "Clearvu" glass doors let you see at a glance when food is ready. And the automatic time clock oven control puts extra hours in your day! While you're downtown it takes over—has dinner ready when you get home.

The McClary refrigerator has "Miracle Capacity"—over 9 cubic feet in a minimum of kitchen space. There's a full width freezer chest and frozen food drawer, two transparent crispers, space for tall bottles and plenty of ice cubes.

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CHATELAINE

SALUTES . . .

BRUCE HUTCHISON TELLS OUR "CRAWFIE" TELLS CANADIANS KARSH PHOTOGRAPHS ELIZABETH
FUTURE QUEEN ABOUT CANADIANS ABOUT ELIZABETH THE WOMAN AND PHILIP FOR CHATELAINE

A Letter to Princess Elizabeth

BY BRUCE HUTCHISON, author of "The Unknown Country"



Korch

Says Bruce Hutchison of this remarkable and provocative article: "I have tried to tell our future Queen something of this country's inwardness and, through her, tell Canadians something of themselves they may not realize."

May it please Your Royal Highness:

By the time you return to Britain you will have seen the outside of Canada. In a single visit you cannot hope to see the inside, which is invisible, secret and jealously guarded. For the lore of this country, the thing which made it in the first place and now sustains it, is sheer myth, like everything else of importance. You, Ma'am, are the custodian and public proclamation of that myth.

As an ordinary, run-of-the-mill Canadian I venture, with respect, to address to you a few words about the real and hidden Canada behind the crowds, celebrations, applause, smiles and tears that greet you here. All that, as you are wise enough to know, is the froth. But there is substance beneath it, sounder and deeper than you can yet suspect. The only true value of your Canadian visit is the intimation that it may give you of this substance.

Long educated to become the Queen of Canada, you doubtless understand already that the Canadian people are not interested in Queenship as it existed here in the past, as it may still exist, for all I know, in Britain.

They rebelled against your great-great-grandmother in 1837. They invented the present loose Commonwealth when in 1931 they declared they would no longer accept a monarch of Britain even as the symbolic head of their state—but simultaneously announced their recognition of your grandfather as King of Canada.

Thus they gladly accept your father and will welcome you as the monarch of Canada who happens to live in London. They are loyal to the Throne, not with any worship of the principle of royalty, any belief in nobility or birth, but for long-tried and practical reasons—because, in short, our present constitutional system, contrary to all logic, works better than any alternative yet devised.

It works perfectly here because we are the most illogical, deceptive and improbable people in the world. One hopes that you will not be misled by the hard, flat surface of Canada, or by the current legend of Canadians as a humorless, dull and sluggish breed, with the Arctic frost in their souls. In fact, we are the wildest romantics, the most unrepentant • *Continued on page 66*



Chatelaine photo by Karsh, Ottawa



Karsh flew to London to take this portrait of Prince Charles and his royal parents before their visit to Canada began. "Craufie" recalls attending the baby's christening.

ROYAL PORTRAITS FOR CHATELAINE BY KARSH



"When I get married, Craufie, I shall make my husband as happy as Mummy has made Papa," Princess Elizabeth declared in nursery days.



With Elizabeth and Philip it was a love match from the start. During their courtship she used to like to watch him tinkering with his car.

CHATELAINE PRESENTS EXCLUSIVELY IN NORTH AMERICA "CRAWFIE'S"
SEQUEL TO THE LITTLE PRINCESSES AND THE STORY OF QUEEN MARY

PART I

ELIZABETH THE WOMAN

BY MARION CRAWFORD

for 17 years governess to Princess Elizabeth

CHAPTER I

ON THE evening of November 14, 1948—a Sunday—my husband and I were sitting by the fireside of our home in Nottingham Cottage, Kensington Palace, listening to the nine o'clock news. Listening, like millions of other people, for an announcement of world importance. It did not come, and then the rest of the news seemed not to matter.

George switched over to a musical program and I picked up the thriller I had been reading.

"*The silence of the room,*" I read in my book, "*was shattered by the shrill cry of the telephone bell.*" And then my own telephone rang.

Before I picked up the receiver I had an idea what the news would be.

"Turn down the music, darling," I said to George.

He is a musician and really listens to music, instead of merely letting it flow gently past him. He likes it to fill the room, and usually says so. But this time he

switched the radio right off and watched me at the telephone.

I recognized Mr. Baker's voice. He is the Buckingham Palace telephone operator, chosen for, among other excellent qualities, his clear, cultured voice.

"Madam," he said, "Sir Dermot Kavanagh would like to speak to you."

Sir Dermot is Crown Equerry, in charge of all the royal horses and motor cars. I waited a moment for his familiar, friendly voice. Then, instead of his usually gentle tones, I heard him burst out exuberantly: "Crawfie, I wanted you to be the first outside the Palace to know, It's a boy!"

"I'm so glad!" I said.

I should have been glad just the same if the baby had been a girl. I was happy for Princess Elizabeth, for the baby, for everyone.

What is the first thing we should do when we hear that a baby is born? I did it almost instinctively—I said

FIRST OF FOUR PARTS: "CRAWFIE" HEARS FROM PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF
THE COMING OF PRINCE CHARLES, AND ATTENDS THE ROYAL CHRISTENING

a little prayer for him and his mother. And I heard George say, "Thank God!" That was a prayer too, with a wealth of meaning in it.

It was perhaps twenty minutes past nine when I hung up the receiver. Soon the bulletin would be ringing round the world. But for the moment George and I shared the precious privilege of being among the first to know that Princess Elizabeth had just given birth to a baby boy who, one day, would reign over us.

"You're relieved?" George asked, always quick to sense my mood.

"Don't be absurd," I said. "I always knew that Princess Elizabeth would do everything perfectly. I have never known her to fail at anything important."

CHAPTER 2

So I begin my story today from the point where I left off in my book *The Little Princesses*.

There I simply said: "I had a telephone message from Buckingham Palace informing me that Her Royal Highness had had a son."

Now I have told the story more fully for the first time in setting out to tell the story of Princess Elizabeth, the woman. And what can more reveal the woman than motherhood?

In the corner of my drawing-room, overlooking the quiet grey street in which I now live, there stands a small square mahogany box, considerably battered by time.

Often during the day my eye turns toward it, for there, below its lid, lie a hundred memories of the many years I spent with the Royal Family.

There, neatly tied in separate bundles, are the letters Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret have written to me over the years; there is that sprig of white heather Princess Elizabeth gave me on her sixth birthday when I had not been with her long and was somewhat overawed by the presence of all her royal relatives. And there are those Christmas cards the princesses painted themselves with such industry, and sent out to their friends and family with such excitement. + *Continued on page 75*

Chatelaine photo by Korsh, Ottawa



"*Craufie*" says Prince Philip inspired the new chic which Princess Elizabeth acquired after her marriage. Designer Christian Dior exclaimed, "She is magnificent."

FASHION REPORT

FROM MONTREAL

NEW YORK

TORONTO

BY EILEEN MORRIS
Fashion and Beauty

Fabrics Are So Different you want to stroke them, to be sure they're real. *Coatings* are bulky, hairy, fleecy—almost fur-bearing fabrics, yet light and manageable. *Woolen dresses* are all pure worsted—so sheer they drape like silk—woven in distinctive weaves—in petit point, mosaic, lattice. *Suits and dresses* are of finest broadcloth and imported flannels. Incomparable cashmere and chiffon tweeds stand out over deep-colored satin or taffeta petticoats. Beaded tweed is here. One mauve-and-amethyst check tweed has iridescent beads centre-dotting every check from bosom to hip. A princess dress of the same fabric also shimmers with beads. *Blouses* are in fine silks, in wool-and-cotton blends, in a full-bodied, nonclinging shuttle cloth knit. A new orlon and worsted blend is introduced in suits and dresses. Velveteen is used for suits, for dresses, as vivid lining for tweed jackets, as trim for after-five costumes. *Theatre suits and after-dark wraps* scintillate in a new wool metallic cloth. *Evening gowns* are luxurious in hand-carved satin, fabulous chenille lace.

New Silhouette Variety means every woman to her own Look. The sheath dress is still popular, particularly for late-day. Many elegantly casual slim wool dresses are topped by softly shaped, matching jackets. In suits, jackets are trimly fitted, may be worn with narrow belts or not, as you will. Important and new is a closely molded bodice above a skirt noticeably pulled toward the front, the waistline slightly high in front and down-curving in the back. This front-fullness and flat back is a trend worth watching. There is interest in the wrapped look in sheaths, in overlapped full skirts, in long scarf ends that go under the belt and become side panels. Many afternoon dresses flare out

MONTRÉAL—
Black velvet rain coat-dress
with push-up sleeves,
huge patch pockets.
The head scarf can be worn
as a stole. By Lou Ritchie.



NEW YORK
A dramatically severe
silhouette hat
is felt called
"I'm In Love
With The Moon."
By Mr. John.



TORONTO—

*Yarn-dyed taffeta evening dress
in sea-green with off-
shoulder neckline, little
sleeves mink-cuffed,
raised front hemline.
By Hildebrand.*

Continued on next page



The fitted coat is emphasized in fall and winter collections. This one is a light grey double-breasted fleece coat. The back is belted. By Philip Mangano of New York.



A crisp cuff defines the curve of the shoulders of this late-day taffeta dress. The buttoned wrap-around skirt is surprisingly full. By Hannah Troy of New York.



Brown velvet splices the collar of this slender cocoon suit, and is used as outlined appliqués on the hipline and again high on the jacket. The sleeves are close fitting and are smartly cuffed. By Gordon of Montreal.



FASHION REPORT

Continued

from a slender princess (unbelted) waistline. Some suits and dress costumes show gently arched hips (done partly by darts and partly by an inner yoke) and flat as flounder back and front. Biggest immediate news is the full circle skirt — not the floppy "new look" style of several seasons back, but crisp, belled out with the aid of linings, petticoats or light stiffening. Lily Dache describes the idea: "Most of my skirts are made with very deep pleats that fall straight if you like, or open out wide over petticoats." Hemlines like the silhouette are up to you. Generally they remain at midcalf lengths — that is from 13 to 14 inches depending on height. Sleeves add great interest to this year's silhouettes. Generally they are slim, set in and shaped to give a natural soft shoulder line. Padding, if used at all, is the thinnest possible. Arched sleeves cut in one with the shoulders give a definite forward slant to the shape of the shoulder. Soft push-up sleeves are shown on diagonally buttoned slim dresses, ruffled or flounced "petticoat sleeves" on otherwise plain sheaths and Spanish embroidered off-shoulder sleeves on black velvet evening gowns. Necklines on a number of suits are designed to display the soft fold of a scarf or slip-through bow. Some on late-day dresses have throat-hugging collars, others are gently scooped, more covered up than we've seen for awhile.

Dark Carbon Colors are the backbone of 1951 fashions. There are many all-black costumes, Oxford greys, Morocco browns, some navy. The Siamese influence is reflected in rich jewel greens and peacock blues. This is not a season of bold or garish colors. For accent, ice white on black, black with all colors, especially with the browns, cardinal red + *Continued on page 96*

Flesh-tone nylon tulle ball dress fashioned over taffeta. The bodice is boned and embroidered in the same glistening plume motif as the permanently pleated skirt.
By Ceil Chapman of New York.





Plaid dress with "top secret" flap pocket set into the bodice, and a skirtful of sharp pleats. The dark-toned French woolen is patterned in brown, blue and black.
By B. H. Wragge of New York.



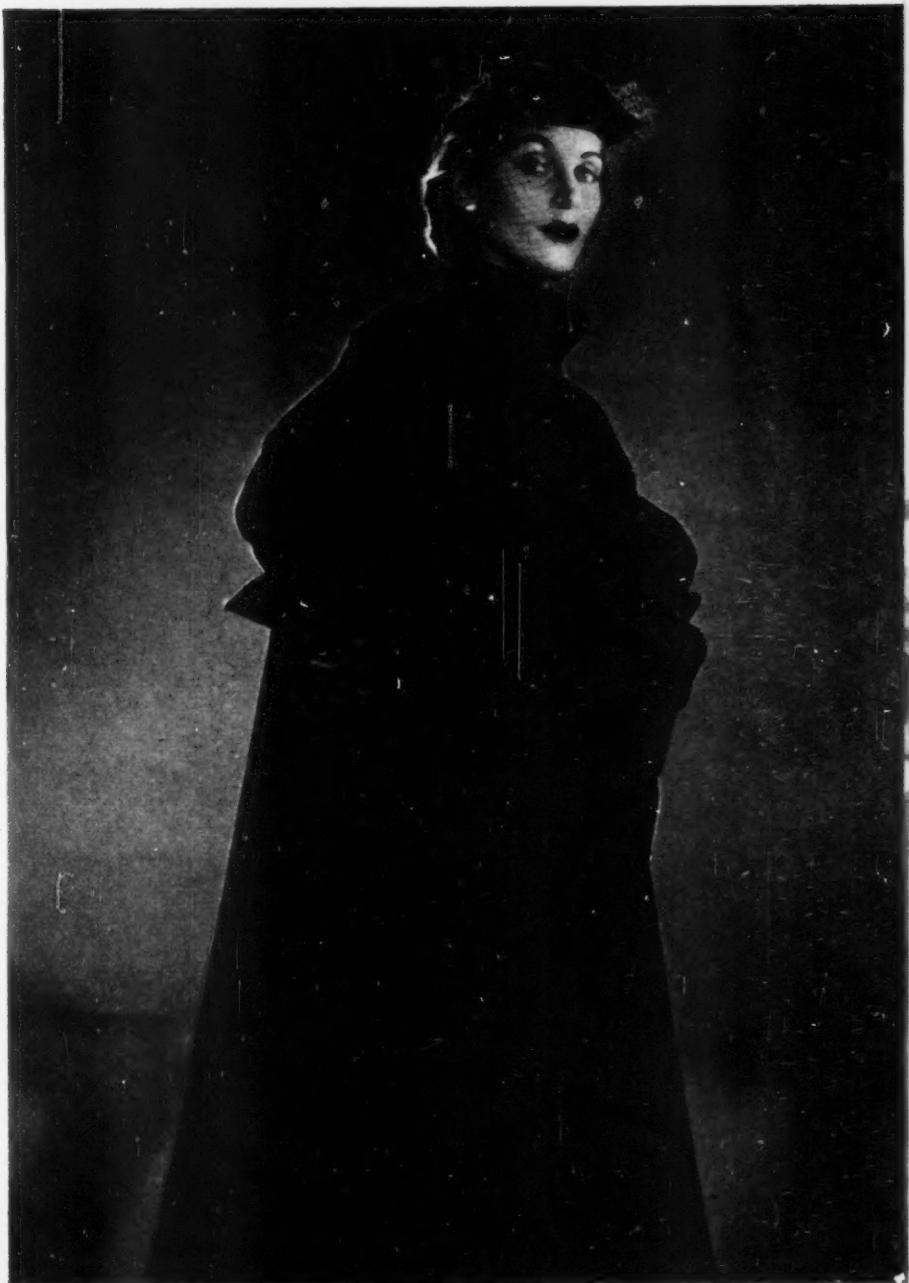
A full-cut beige wool coat with slash pockets is touched with velvet on the collar and in the centre of the tiny gold-rimmed buttons. By Sunlight Cloak of Toronto.



A day dress of grey wool jersey shows the redingote skirt line used to frame a burst of accordion pleating. The high-collared bodice features a dolman sleeve line. By Hannah Troy of New York.

How short are hemlines? What colors are big? And what's this about "fur" wools? Here's a complete report of the latest fashions to answer your questions . . . to give you the fun of "column shopping"

Full-swinging fleece coat in Christmas red. The high collarless neckline folds back at the front. Deep sleeves are worn pushed-up.
By Hansen Bang of New York.





BY MARIE HOLMES
Director, Chatelaine Institute

Cream of Potato, Egg and Pimento garnish
Cream of Pea, Whipped Cream and Paprika topping

Vegetable Soup
Tomato Bouillon, Popcorn
and Parsley garnish

SOUP

*Thick or thin, canned or homemade,
it's sure to be a winner if expertly seasoned,
attractively served and garnished. Team it with
crispy assorted crackers and toasted bread sticks*



Lockwood Haight—Panda

*Curried Cream of Chicken and Mushroom. Cress garnish
French Onion*

*Beet (Canadian Borsch),
Lemon garnish*

*Cream of Corn and Green
Pepper, garnish of sliced
stuffed Olives*

Polish up the big kettle and get out the soup bowls! Now's the time when steaming hot broths, bouillons, potages, bisques and chowders are a welcome sight to all the family. You can be sure the call of "soup's on" will bring everyone scurrying to the table.

Whether you start with a meaty bone in the big soup kettle or reach for a can or two, you'll

find that expert seasoning's the true flavor secret.

Pungent herbs and richly flavored vegetables should blend harmoniously in the soup bowl. For the original touch, garnish each serving with foods that contrast in color or texture. And for more fun and better appreciation of the soup course, heap the plate of accompaniments high!

Soup recipes and ideas for garnishing on page 32.

ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR SOUP

- Plain soda crackers*
- Rich soda wafers*
- Toasted bread sticks*
- Open-face sandwiches*
- Croutons*
- Cheese spread crackers*
- Melba toast*
- Rye wafers*
- Hot buttered wheat
shred biscuits*





Mrs. Taylor got out of bed at five o'clock that morning; an hour ahead of her usual time for getting up. She moved around her attic room with the stealth of a burglar, making herself her morning cup of tea on the hotplate, and dressing

quietly so as not to disturb her landlady, Mrs. Connell, on the floor below.

She dressed her tiny self carefully, donning a clean white camisole and her black Sunday frock. After she had drunk her tea and eaten a slice of thinly margarineed toast she washed her cup and saucer in some water she had drawn from the bathroom the evening before, and put them away on her "kitchen" shelf in the clothes closet. Then she tiptoed down the steep stairs to the bathroom and washed her face and hands; "a lick and a spit" as she called it.

When she returned to her room her 76-year-old face shone with wrinkled cleanliness and the excitement of the day. She combed her thinning grey hair and did it up with pins into an unsevere bun at the back of her head, then, half-guiltily, she powdered her face and touched her cheeks with a rouge-tipped finger. Going over to her old trunk in the corner she extracted from its depths two pieces of jewelry wrapped in tissue paper. One of the pieces was a gold locket holding a faded photograph of her dead husband Bert, while the other was an old-fashioned gold chain bangle with a small lock shaped like a heart. She had lost the key to the bangle long ago, but it did not matter; her hands were now so thin that it slipped easily over her wrist.

When she had adjusted the jewelry she took her old black straw hat from its paper bag and put it on, primping a bit before the dime-store mirror on the wall, smiling at herself and wishing that her false teeth were a little whiter.

All through her preparations she had been taking hurried glances at the alarm clock on the dresser, but now, when she was ready to go, she saw that she still had nearly two hours before train time. The train left at seven o'clock Standard Time, which was eight o'clock Daylight Saving, and here it was only a quarter to six. Still, it would take a half hour to get downtown to the station, and she couldn't afford to be late on this day of days.

She unclasped her small cardboard suitcase and carefully checked its contents once again. There was a clean change of underwear, a towel and soap, some handkerchiefs, two pairs of black lisle stockings, Bert's picture in its frame, and one of the two boys in uniform, her blouse and blue serge skirt, and the red velvet dress that Mrs. Eisen had given her the year before. The dress didn't fit her, but she liked its rich color and the feeling of opulence it gave just to possess it.

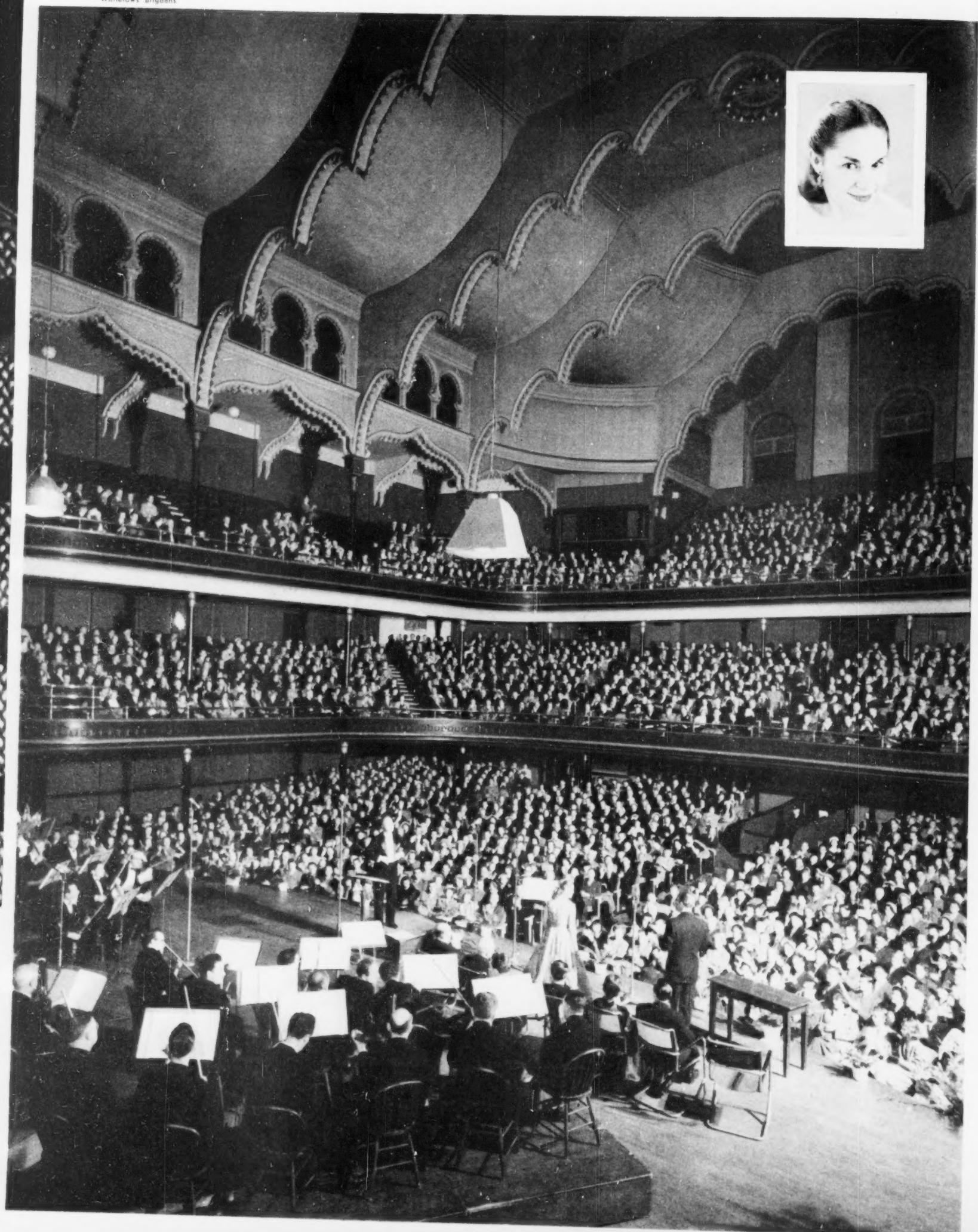
Picking up her heavy Bible from the top of the + *Continued on page 36*

A TRIP FOR MRS. TAYLOR

BY HUGH GARNER

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL BOOK

Whitelows Brigdens



SINGING CINDERELLA

*The story of June Kowalchuk, the
Regina cobbler's daughter who discovered a girl can find
fame and acclaim as an opera singer—*

*in Canada! There may even
be a living in it*

Cinderella is five feet two, weighs slightly more than three copies of Grimm's Fairy Tales, has sharp brown eyes set in a vivacious and pert if not completely beautiful face and her name is June Kowalchuk. She has never worn glass slippers.

By way of illustrating that Canada is a land of opportunity, Cinderella started as a daughter of a poor Ukrainian shoemaker in Regina and became one of the foremost and certainly one of the most promising operatic sopranos in the country without her father once being elected president of the United States.

While being the most promising operatic soprano in Canada is something like being the most promising refrigerator salesman in the Arctic Circle, there has been a distinct surge of interest in this kind of entertainment since the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto established an opera school five years ago and began presenting annual spring festivals. The 24-year-old Miss Kowalchuk has recently become one of the brightest young lights in these increasingly accomplished productions. However, she is much more widely known across Canada as the winner of a \$1,000 cash scholarship in a radio talent hunt called Singing Stars of Tomorrow, which ran for 26 weeks on a national network last winter.

She was already a hit with listeners to the CBC's French network, having won the \$1,000 prize in an almost identical competition in Montreal a year earlier. Her coping first one and then the other "student championship" brought her a flurry of radio and concert engagements. Notable among these were her performances

BY TRENT FRAYNE



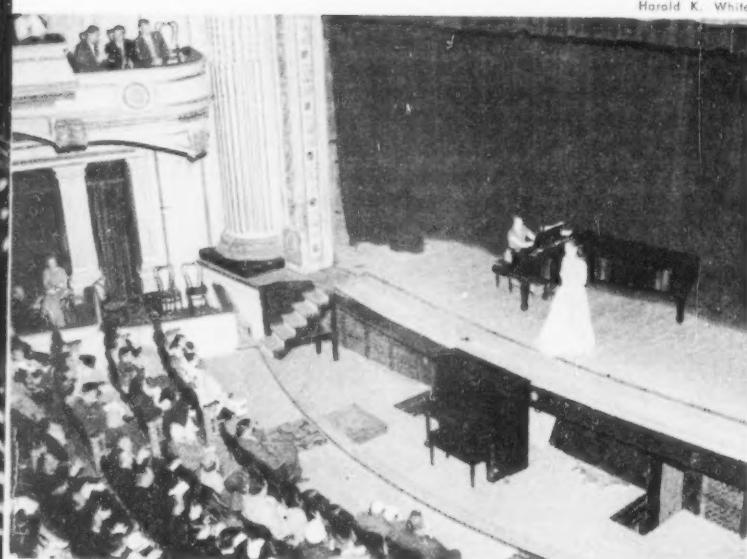
June's biggest moment came last April before 2,700 people in Toronto's Massey Hall when she sang for a national network audience as the \$1,000 grand award winner in the radio contest, Singing Stars of Tomorrow.

Top male winner Pierre Boutet warmly congratulated June on stage. Soon they received joint-appearance bids.

June's victory song (top) climaxed 15 years' study. She and Boutet received Singing Stars cheques from Dr. Edward Johnson, retired manager of New York Met,

continued —

June even dished out soup samples to buy lessons, but now her music makes money



Harold K. White

*Years of study began to pay off this spring. June sang two concerts in Winnipeg, where she returns next month to star in *Sweethearts*.*



June's fees start at \$10 for weddings, run \$60 to \$200 for broadcasts and operatic roles, but it all goes for board, lessons and old debts.

Paul Rockett—Panda



Critics praised June's summer concerts with Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg symphonies. Here she rehearses for Toronto Prom date with conductor Rex Battle.

on the CBC's Distinguished Artists series; a solo recital in her home town which sold out so fast Regina held her over for a second night; and appearances with the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, the Toronto Promenade Orchestra and Les Concerts Symphoniques in Montreal.

"A revelation to the musical public," shouted the Gazette's critic on the latter occasion, while The Montreal Star's Eric McLean declared fervently, "Miss Kowalchuk could break down the emotional defenses of a lama with a performance of Old MacDonald Had a Farm."

Regina's June Kowalchuk was a bit taken aback at such acclaim because she still considers herself merely a fledgling as a professional singer. As a student, however, she represents something close to the ultimate among those thousands of usually reluctant youngsters whose doting mothers trot them off to music teachers each fall, in cities and towns from St. John's Newfoundland to Agassiz, B.C. There are between 3,000 and 9,000 music teachers in Canada and nobody knows how many students, but the total may well run to more than 130,000.

Of this great field of starters probably only a few hundred show sufficient ability and determination to become accomplished performers. The final handful who decide to be career musicians—and can finance it—tend to gravitate to the Royal Conservatory in Toronto for advanced study. The Royal has some 7,500 students of all ages, sizes and talents, but the elite of these are those few from all over the country who are enrolled in its senior school. They total less than a hundred, of whom 20 or 30 in any year are pursuing vocal studies in the Conservatory's Opera School, along with undergrads.

And it is here, looking pert, that we find Cinderella, one of the very, very few survivors of motherhood's national frenzy. And her story is typical of what it takes for a young woman to start with a natural musical talent, and work and study and practice and train until it becomes a prize accomplishment with which to delight thousands—and perhaps even useful for earning a living.

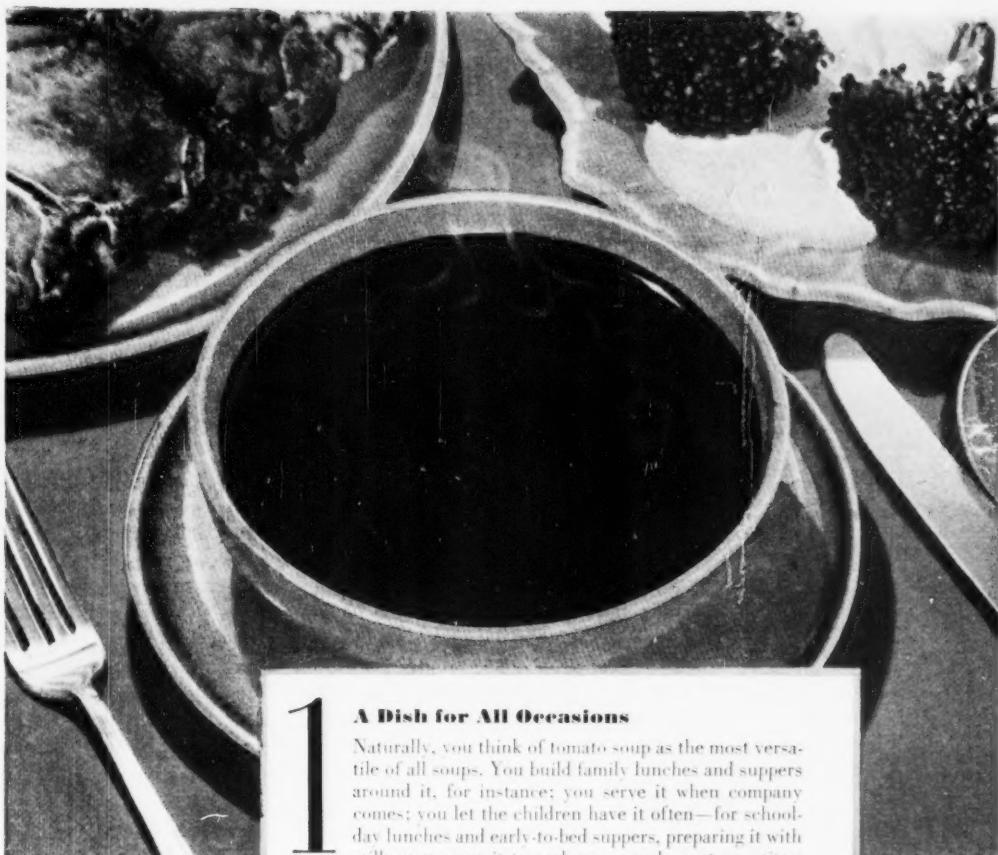
Though June Kowalchuk has soft dark tresses which reach halfway down her back if permitted to roam, and while her repertoire of 500 selections includes opera, lieder, French art songs and English folk songs, she is not, in the figurative sense, a longhair. During rehearsals for a recent concert performance of Smetana's *Bartered Bride* she used to refer irreverently to her own strenuous practice hours as "an assault on the Battered Broad."

June has been attending the opera school for two years and has played the lead role in Verdi's *Rigoletto* and Puccini's *Madame Butterfly*—the latter one of the most difficult chores in a soprano's repertoire, calling for as much dramatic ability as vocal.

Dr. Arnold Walter, blond and ruddy-faced director of the Conservatory's senior school, was asked for an appraisal of her talent and in the laconic tones of an upper statesman he allowed: "She sang *Butterfly* very nicely; yes, not too badly. Naturally she has a great talent or we wouldn't have given her the role." Dr. Walter, an Austrian who was educated at the University of Prague and studied composition with the celebrated Bruno Weigi, does not believe in employing superlatives,

Continued on page 26

HOW to get the most out of a can of tomato soup



1

A Dish for All Occasions

Naturally, you think of tomato soup as the most versatile of all soups. You build family lunches and suppers around it, for instance; you serve it when company comes; you let the children have it often—for school-day lunches and early-to-bed suppers, preparing it with milk; you serve it to perk up convalescent appetites; you "lunch alone" with it; you combine it with other soups. No wonder women say of tomato soup: "It's the handiest thing on my kitchen shelf!"

2

Tomato-glorified BEEF STEW

Do try this: To your favorite beef stew recipe, add 1 can of condensed tomato soup. That's all! But my, what it does to that stew. If you've had compliments for your stew before, you'll have cheers for it now!



CAMPBELL'S ARE CANADA'S FAVORITE SOUPS

3

Tomato-enlivened HAMBURGERS

Broiled hamburgers take on new interest when you do this: As you lift them brown and sizzling from the pan, pour over them a can of tomato soup (heated just *as is*). Rich, red, velvety-smooth —what a tomato sauce it makes!



BY Anne Marshall



ANNE MARSHALL
Director, Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company Ltd.

Of course you serve tomato soup—once or twice a week probably—for it's "the soup most folks like best." But are you, I wonder, really getting the most out of those familiar cans of tomato soup that you, like most Canadian homemakers, have on your kitchen shelf? May

I respectfully say you're not—unless you're using it also in your cooking and as a pour-on sauce.

New life for "Old Reliables"

For instance, in addition to the tomato-glorified beef stew—which we show below—by cooking with tomato soup you'll marvelously *improve* such homey dishes as meat loaf, pot roast, meat pie, stuffed peppers, meat balls and other favorite dishes. Delicious, too, as a base for spaghetti sauce. Dishes take on "new meaning" . . . your leftovers will be enlivened . . . your family recipes will have a finer-than-ever flavor when you add the richness of condensed tomato soup.

Adding Character, Color and Zest

And then, of course, you'll not overlook the added temptation, the enticement you lend to meat patties, wieners, fish cakes, omelet, boiled halibut, grilled cheese sandwiches—to name but a few—with tomato soup used as pour-on-sauce. Just everything you pour it over becomes smoother, livelier, brightly attractive . . . in short, has more "character".



So you see, tomato soup in your meal-planning life can well be a *multiple* thing . . . something to keep on the shelf in good supply.

Cord L. Hillyard



June Kowalchuk's "back home" tour in Saskatchewan after radio win was such a triumph she repeats it this month. Mother and grandmother (far right) flanked her in receiving line at after-concert party given by a department store.



Cobbler Nick Kowalchuk coached daughter June for her first radio show on Regina's CKRM, at seven. At three, some tunes made her cry.

Her home town gave June her start — and convinced her Canadians crave good music



Regina's Mayor Menzies gave June key to her home town when Kiwanis club sold out two concerts, to net June \$1,000 toward another year's studies.



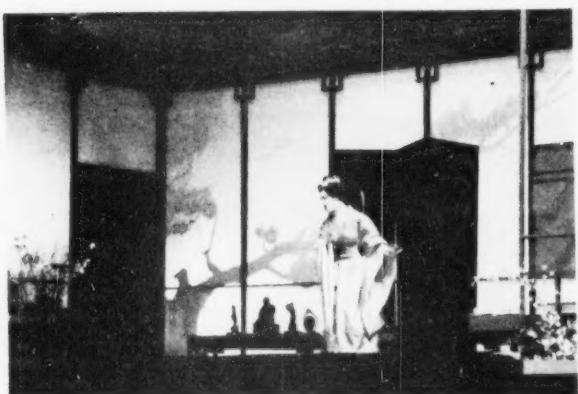
Kiwanis President Paulson drove June to recital. The club helped her go East to study in 1948.



Reunion with Mrs. J. W. Birkett, June's first teacher. Another once made her wear scales only for six months.

"Very often a youngster is blown up too soon by publicity," he expands. "They read their names a few times, feel they have learned everything there is to know about opera, envision themselves singing in the Metropolitan, or at least the general manager of the Metropolitan Opera racing to their sides with a fabulous contract and imploring them to have the good grace to sign. I do not say this applies specifically to Miss Kowalchuk; only to any youngster with a talent and the ability to read his name in print. Miss Kowalchuk? Very good. Yes, a promising young lady."

June, having few illusions about the Met or anything else, is acutely aware of the exhaustive application required of her profession. In their work at the opera school she and her fellow students examine a particular scene in a given opera, analyze it and endeavor to stage it. Gradually the opera is put together — solos, arias, duets, quartets and choruses — until eventually the entire work is staged. The performers must study the language (usually foreign) as well as the music and June says she feels that only by living a role can it be properly interpreted. The explicit instructions of one of her instructors, Herman Geiger-Torel, the school's stage director, invariably are to "take the score and go to bed with it."



June Kowalchuk starred as Cio Cio San in *Madame Butterfly* at the Royal Alexander Theatre during this year's Toronto opera festival, following discovery last year in *Rigoletto*.



June does opera school homework by "going to bed with the score." She follows music and sings her part to record accompaniment, checking timing and Italian pronunciation.

So June takes the score home at night to the girls' club where she lives, climbs into bed, and there reads it over aloud, practicing her enunciation and pronunciation of the Italian words and studying the way they fit the music. She has a record-player in her room and, while *Butterfly* was in rehearsal, she used to sing her part over to a recording of the opera. Her long-suffering but understanding clubmates don't mind so long as her after-bedtime studies are confined to muttering the lyrics quietly to herself under the sheets. June also does her homework at a grand piano on a gloomy stage in the club's basement cafeteria, singing scales to her own chopstick accompaniment.

June Kowalchuk finds opera a tremendous field, requiring infinite patience. The great thrill, she says, is to perform an opera in the composer's tongue and have the audience receive it spontaneously and favorably.

For example, when *Butterfly* was performed at the Royal Alexandra Theatre in last spring's opera festival the program synopsis, through a misprint, described the action of the Marriage of Figaro. This was somewhat disconcerting to people unfamiliar with opera but, according to Edward Wodson, critic for the Toronto Telegram,

Continued on page 28



Dinner table occupied by June's gang is most boisterous in Fudger House, Toronto girls' residence club. Between meals she practices at piano in the darkened cafeteria.

Paul Rickett—Panda

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Simplicity Patterns
Mother 3170
Daughter 3179

"the little lady couldn't help but sway them."

Wodson further enthused: "She has a most interesting face to watch, full of warmth. Some of these singers, you know, have faces that give you a pain to watch, let alone listen to. I'm sure I'd enjoy listening to her sing in pig Latin."

Long hours of study are required of Miss Kowalchuk to earn such enthusiasm. Apart from her homework this is carried on at the Royal Conservatory

of Music, a vast red brick affair on Toronto's College Street which each day is filled with the industrious toolings, thumpings, and hootings of countless flutists, pianists, sopranos and bassos. In balmy weather when windows are open this jumbled cacophony sometimes startles passers-by, strangers to the corner of College Street and University Avenue. But inside the Royal's rather forbidding exterior the sound of musicians at work is muted.

Glass-paneled double doors line the

long bare corridors, somehow contriving to contain most of the din while giving brief glimpses into the arduous lives of music students and their teachers. One studio window offers a silent-movie shot of a piano, a teacher and a girl singing scales; another reveals a full choir giving voice to an all but soundless anthem. Next door a string quartet threads a measure of chamber music, and across the hall a man with inflated cheeks puffs into a bassoon.

The opera school, undismayed, con-

ducts its classes above the muffled hum of these heavy involvements and when the students are not dissecting their arias they retreat to the little cellar lunchroom where they pore over their scores while taking a 10-minute break between classes for shoptalk, a coke or coffee. They usually eat lunch here, too, during which June, like the other opera students, analyzes her roles.

She is often joined here by her fiance, Dr. Fred Eggleton, a young interne, for with both of them dedicated to careers that require endless study, they have little time for conventional dates like movies or dancing. The lunchroom enables her to expound on Mozart's recitative as he verbally extracts her appendix.

When she "takes her scores to bed with her" it is to a great rambling edifice called Fudger House, a beautifully appointed old mansion which is owned and operated by the Robert Simpson Company as a residential club for its women employees, others having access if and as openings occur. As an outsider June pays \$11 a week for a room to herself.

"I could save \$2 a week by sharing a room—but who wants to room with a soprano?" says June, who parted company with one roommate whose passion for cowboy music even exceeded June's appetite for opera.

Her rent includes two meals a day (three on Sunday) and full privileges of the elegant premises which in addition to dormitory wings accommodating 180 girls contain a reception room, music room and library. The girls on June's floor like her and one of them who knows her casually relates that she's "very friendly, extremely nice, gets along fine with her gang."

June's gang—"the third Floor South"—consists of her half-dozen best friends at the club who loyally attend all her performances. Their dinner table has the reputation for being the most boisterous in the cafeteria.

Mostly, though, her hours are spent at the Conservatory taking lessons from her vocal teacher, Dr. Ernesto Vinci, or attending opera school classes. The school and the operas it produces are directed by a talented and excitable Czech named Nicholas Goldschmidt whose tall and spidery figure and satanic eyebrows make him a good-humored caricature of an opera conductor. He was head of the opera department of Columbia University in New York before he came to Toronto in 1945. It was Goldschmidt who two years ago plucked the then entirely unheard-of June Kowalchuk out of the chorus to play and sing Gilda in *Rigoletto*, when the whole Conservatory was in mourning because the "only possible" Gilda had to drop out.

Senior School Director Dr. Arnold Walter says he has witnessed an enormous increase in opera interest in this country since the school opened.

Says quaintly verbose Dr. Walter: "I once was quoted as saying that our opera school was the first in Canada and the impression was created that it was the only one since Eve quite properly seduced Adam."

"I erred slightly," confesses Dr. Walter. "There were others but not on our scale. So now I say that when we started the opera school in 1945 there were in Canada no stage directors, no stage managers; in fact, no stage."

Dream Stuff

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this slim new purse compact...it could be you and your lucky star laced in frosty white against a sky blue heaven! So enduring, too... (thanks to new miracle plastics) even though it's light as your hanky! Nothing to spill or break.

in the pretty blue and gold boxes, too...75¢



foundation and powder in one!

(MADE IN CANADA)



While rehearsing *Butterfly* June worked three half-hour sessions a week with opera coach George Crum. Mirror helps singer improve her facial as well as vocal expression.

"There were a few so-called opera schools which would give little performances here and there, and then there was in Montreal an occasional opera in which a New York director was hired, a New York electrician was hired for the delicate lighting and, for all the principal roles, there were hired New York singers."

"There was Canadian talent but unfortunately it was forced to go abroad to perform. People like Raoul Jobin, the tenor now in Paris, Jean Watson, a mezzo now at Covent Gardens in England—and there were Pierette Alarie and Leopold Simoneau in New York. But there was not in Canada what you would call opera, no. Through help from public-spirited citizens and firms, however, we have been able to set up our Opera Festival Association to handle the financial end of the undertaking."

The Association sponsors the annual spring festival during which three full-dress operas are produced in a full-scale theatre, giving the opera school students the perfect opportunity to put their

year's work to the professional test.

Still clearly delighted at finding herself a part of all this, June Kowalchuk feels it wonderful that through a combination of opportunity and her own hard work she is able to do what she has wanted to do since first she appeared in public—a little seven-year-old wearing a beaded and hand-embroidered Ukrainian costume. This was in Regina, where she was born June 20, 1927.

The Kowalchuk family is a musical lot. Grandfather Kowalchuk had been an excellent flutist. Father, Nick, whose shoe repair shop also turns out sturdy leather-goods items such as tool kits for hydro linemen, played the violin. Nick's first son, William, also played violin as a youngster. In fact, in his enthusiasm over Billy's fiddle, Nick failed at first to notice that his second-born, June, had a good singing voice. (It subsequently developed that younger son, Donald, was full of art, too; now 14, he gives promise as a painter.)

From the age of three June played



June and fiancé, Dr. Fred Eggleton, don't have money for many dates, but opera singer Kowalchuk went back six times to hear nightclub song stylist, Tish Goode.

LIL' ABNER

by
AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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records by the hour on the gramophone and her mother used to find her crying as she listened to soft sentimental tunes.

When June was seven or eight she was deeply hurt because she failed to win an audition for a children's Saturday morning radio program. The Kowalchuk musical reputation at stake, her father taught her a ballad called Little Man You've Had A Busy Day, and sent her back. This time she made the grade.

She began to take lessons at nine, appeared occasionally on the radio where her voice registered rich and mature. One time, after she'd sung Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life, the studio received a telephone call from a listener curious to know the musical background of "Regina's new soprano." June was 10.

She clinched her role as a child prodigy when at 14 she sang with the Regina Symphony Orchestra. She was so nervous in her first appearance in a music festival, in Moose Jaw, that she fell off the platform; but artist Kowalchuk climbed up again and won that and every other competition she entered in the provincial festivals until she was 18. She studied diligently with Madame Rose Rosana, who once kept her singing nothing but scales for six months. Her first big break came when radio station CKRM and the Regina Kiwanis club jointly sent her to Winnipeg for a summer school conducted by Dr. Ernesto Vinci of Toronto, who has been her teacher ever since.

She made her first attempt to qualify for an appearance on Singing Stars of Tomorrow in 1947. This is a radio program sponsored by Canadian Industries Limited and takes the form of a competition open to Canadians under 26 for which more than 500 young entrants are annually nominated by voice teachers across the country. Auditioning teams headed by orchestra conductor Rex Battle and radio producer John Adaskin of Toronto tour Canada to hear entrants and select 48 for network appearances. From these a male and female singer are selected as the scholarship winners when the program reaches its climax each spring.

June did not qualify on her first attempt but was urged by Battle to continue her studies at the Royal Conservatory in Toronto. For the second time the Kiwanis club came to her assistance, and with the Royal promising a bursary, she headed East.

The bursary represented half the cost of her weekly \$10 lesson from Dr. Vinci. She got a part-time job at Simpson's department store, and a year later the conservatory awarded her a scholarship which would pay her \$150 tuition fee at the opera school which she entered in the fall of 1949.

Obviously, Father Nick Kowalchuk was still contributing toward the cost of music lessons out of the proceeds of the shoe repair shop as he had done before she left Regina, and June herself earned every dollar she could. One year she ladled out sample dollops of soup in a booth at the Canadian National Exhibition for \$35 a week. She got six chorus spots in CBC Opera Company productions at \$50 each. When a group of musically minded DPs formed the New World club, she became their first recital artist at a fee of \$5—about all they had.

Things started looking up for the music student when early in 1950 she triumphed in Nos Futures Étoiles—the

CBC's own French version of Singing Stars. In addition to \$1,000 cash the Montreal win brought her a 28-week concert contract on the French network at \$75 a performance, plus \$40 for expenses, but because she often had to fly back and forth from Toronto her net profit was minute. Other fees helped—\$60 each for a series of shortwave broadcasts for CBC International; a Simpson's radio Pop Concert at \$150; \$200 as Gilda in the Opera Festival, with repeats at Massey Hall and on the radio. Then her second festival success as Madame Butterfly this year and her \$1,000 win with CIL made her name known from coast to coast.

Her old friend the Kiwanis club in Regina promptly flew her home for the double-barrelled recital in her home town, followed by a prairie concert tour. She was a sensation.

The Saskatchewan Government presented her with a travel clock, the City of Saskatoon a silver compact, the Regina Chamber of Commerce a set of luggage and the City of Regina the gold key to the city. An old friend, the master of ceremonies on her first amateur radio appearance in Regina, now Rev. Father Peter D'Aoust of Notre Dame College at Wilcox, Sask., asked her if she'd sing for the boys at the school and June quickly agreed. But word of her appearance spread in the Wilcox area and more than 400 people arrived to offer terrific applause for all 15 of her selections.

When this past summer she appeared with Les Concert Symphoniques, up on the mountain in Montreal, critic Eric McLean in the Montreal Star went all out for Kowalchuk. "I can think of few people I would rather hear in opera today," he declared. "There are stronger voices and voices of more experience and training. But I would be hard pressed to name one of more warmth or personal charm."

Thrilled by her reviews, June nevertheless regarded her visit to Saskatchewan as the summer's highlight. Things went so well (she netted \$1,000 on her two Regina recitals) that a longer tour of prairie towns and cities is currently in progress. She has to return East to start her third term at the opera school by mid-October, but she'll fly back to Winnipeg in November to sing the lead in "Sweethearts."

Her ultimate goal, she says, is to help bring good music to the small cities and towns regularly. She feels Canada offers wonderful opportunity to an artist because the country is full of places that rarely hear an accomplished, full-blown talent. Miss Kowalchuk quickly avers that hers is far from an accomplished, full-blown talent but if and when one is acquired she hopes to take it to the little places that might like to hear it.

On the subject of money she is genuinely uneasy. "I've never really thought much about making money; I've been so concerned with trying to prove to myself I can absorb the vast teachings of the opera school," she says. "My greatest thrill is singing before people who seem to like what they hear. The financial arrangements I'll leave to someone else because I'm frankly incapable of placing a price on a concert. I'll risk a cliché and say I love my work."

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PRIDE . . . by the makers of Johnson's Wax

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LIMITED, BRANTFORD, ONTARIO

Continued from page 19

CANNED SOUP COMBINATION

Mongole: One can cream of tomato soup, 1 can cream of green pea soup and 1 soup can measure of milk.

Clam Bisque: One can clam chowder, 1 can chicken gumbo soup and 1 soup can measure of light table cream.

Asparagus-Chicken: One can cream of asparagus, 1 can chicken with rice and 2 soup can measures of milk.

Vegetable-Oxtail: One can oxtail soup, 1 can vegetable beef soup and 2 soup can measures of water.

Creole Tomato: One can tomato soup, 1 can chicken gumbo soup and 2 soup can measures of water.

Peasant Style Vegetable: One can vegetable soup, 1 can bean with bacon and 2 soup can measures of water.

Dutch Consommé: One can consommé, 1 can chicken noodle soup and 2 soup can measures of water.

Mushroom-Chicken: One can of cream of mushroom soup, 1 can chicken noodle soup and 1 can measure of water.

Mushroom-Asparagus: One can cream of mushroom soup, 1 can cream of asparagus soup and 2 soup can measures of milk.

Tomato-Celery: One can cream of tomato soup, 1 can cream of celery soup and 2 soup can measures of milk or milk and stock combined.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Our Photographed Soup

CREAM OF POTATO SOUP

4 medium-sized potatoes	Milk, salt and pepper
2 medium-sized onions	Celery salt
1/2 teaspoon salt	Paprika
2 tablespoons butter or margarine	Minced Parsley
1 cup canned tomatoes	Hard-cooked eggs
	Pimento

Cut meat in small pieces then brown in melted dripping. Add bone and cover with water. Cover and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer for 3 hours. Add salt, peppercorns, bouquet garni, monosodium glutamate and vegetables. Bring to a boil, reduce heat and simmer for 1 hour longer. Strain. Cool and remove fat.

Notes: 1. Use in any soup recipe which calls for brown stock.

2. For a white stock, make as above but do not brown meat.

Pressure Cooker Method:

Cover plain or browned meat and bone with 8 cups water. Bring to pressure and cook 50 minutes. Reduce pressure; add seasonings and vegetables. Bring to pressure again and cook for 15 minutes. Complete as in the slow cook method above.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

BASIC RECIPE FOR CREAM SOUPS

2 tablespoons butter or margarine	Salt, pepper
2 cups vegetable pulp**	4 cups milk*
2 tablespoons flour	2 cups
	Special seasonings

Melt butter or margarine over low heat. Stir in flour, salt and pepper. Gradually add milk. Cook over boiling water or on low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add vegetable pulp and extra seasonings. Reheat and serve.

Notes: *1. In place of part of the milk some of the liquid from the cooked vegetables may be used.

**2. The vegetable pulp is obtained by putting cooked vegetables through a coarse sieve or ricer.

3. For a thicker soup, use 3 tablespoons butter or margarine and 3 tablespoons flour.

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CREAM OF PEA SOUP

Make as for Basic Cream Soup, using canned peas heated and pressed through sieve. Liquid from peas may be used in place of some of the milk in the cream sauce mixture. Serve with a topping of whipped cream and paprika.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

HOMEMADE VEGETABLE SOUP

8 cups stock	1/2 cup macaroni pieces (optional)
1 cup finely chopped celery	1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 cup green beans or peas	2 tablespoons finely chopped green onions or chives
1 cup thinly sliced or diced carrots	1/2 cup diced turnip

To stock add prepared vegetables. Cover and bring to a boil. Simmer for 20 minutes. Add macaroni and cook until it is tender. Add parsley and onions. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes.

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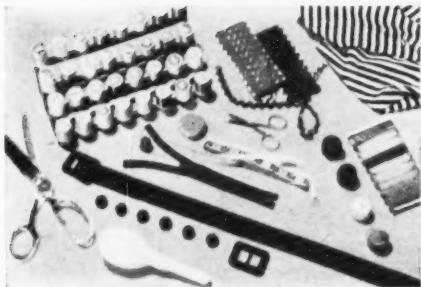
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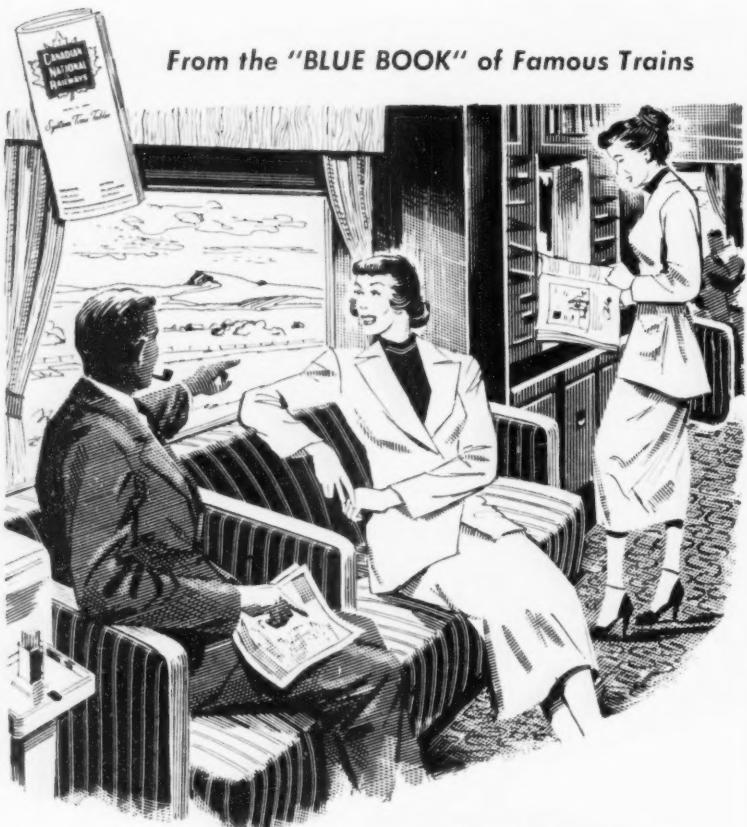
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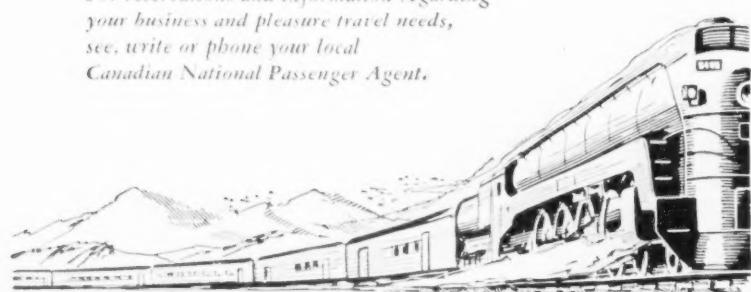
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TOMATO BOUILLON

Combine 2 cans condensed tomato soup with 1 can condensed consommé and 2 soup cans water. Heat thoroughly. Serve topped with plain or cheese popcorn and chopped parsley. (If desired, 3 cups homemade vegetable and meat stock may be used in place of canned consommé and water.) Serves 6.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CURRIED CREAM OF CHICKEN AND MUSHROOM SOUP

1 can condensed cream of chicken soup	2 soup cans milk
1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup	½ to 1 teaspoon curry powder
	Watercress or chopped chives

Combine the 2 cans of soup in top of double boiler. Add the milk gradually. Stir in the curry powder, amount according to taste. Cook over boiling water until hot. Serve garnished with sprigs of watercress or a sprinkling of chives. Serves 6.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

FRENCH ONION SOUP

4 large onions	Salt and pepper
2 tablespoons butter or margarine	Sliced French bread
6 cups soup stock*	Grated nippy cheese

Slice onions and cook in butter or margarine until golden brown. Add stock, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer for 15 minutes. Serve in oven-proof soup bowls. Top each serving with a lightly toasted slice of French bread sprinkled with grated cheese. Just before serving, place bowls under broiler to partially melt cheese. Serve with more French bread or toasted hand rolls. Serves 4 to 6.

Note: If desired use 2 cans condensed consommé, 4 cups water and 1 bouillon cube.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

BEET SOUP

(Canadian Style Bortsch)

2 tablespoons butter or margarine	2 cups shredded beets
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper	4 cups soup stock
1 cup chopped celery	OR 2 cans condensed consommé and 2 soup cans of water
2 small onions, sliced	1 teaspoon salt
3 cups shredded cabbage	½ teaspoon garlic salt
	½ teaspoon pepper

Melt butter or margarine in heavy kettle. Add green pepper, celery and onions. Cook slowly until soft, stirring frequently. Add cabbage and beets, soup stock or consommé and water. Cover and simmer for 30 minutes. Season and serve garnished with thin lemon slices or a spoonful of sour cream. Serves 4 to 6.

Note: If a thinner soup is desired add extra soup stock or a little water.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CREAM OF CORN AND GREEN PEPPER

Make as for Basic Cream Soup. For vegetable purée cook 2 cans cream style corn with 1 cup water and ¼ cup chopped onion. Press through sieve. Add ½ cup finely chopped green pepper. Cover and simmer for 3 minutes before adding to the white sauce mixture.

Note: If desired, corn mixture need not be put through sieve. Serves 6.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Seasoning Soups

1. For a good standard seasoning for meat or vegetable soup, use a bouquet garni. To make it: put 1 bay leaf, stalk of celery cut in pieces and the celery leaves, 2 tablespoons coarsely chopped parsley, 1 blade of thyme, in a small cheesecloth bag. Let it simmer in the soup for at least 1 hour, then remove when stock is strained.

2. Don't forget the flavor intensifier, monosodium glutamate. It's sold in small cans or in shakers. Helps give more full-bodied flavor to any homemade soup. Add about ½ teaspoon for 6 servings.

3. Garlic salt and celery salt are both fine flavorings. Use a little of each according to taste.

4. Curry powder and chili pepper can be used in moderation.

5. Herbs like bay leaf, thyme, summer savory, belong to soup seasoning but use sparingly. Keep the flavor subtle.

Garnishes for Soups

Choose from these: radish slices, frankfurter slices, chopped crisp bacon, chives, green onions, popcorn, lemon slices, hard-cooked egg slices or chopped hard-cooked egg, paprika, sliced black or stuffed olives, grated cheese, toast cubes or circles, sprigs of watercress.

To Serve with Soups:

ONION-CHEESE BREAD STICKS

½ cup grated processed cheese	4 teaspoons minced onion
	4 slices toasted bread

Spread 2 tablespoons cheese and 1 teaspoon onion on each slice of toast. Toast on a cookie sheet in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 12 minutes, or until crisp. Cut each slice into 6 equal-size strips. Serve with soup. Makes 2 dozen sticks.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

PARSLEY-CHEESE BREAD STICKS

2 tablespoons soft butter or margarine	1 teaspoon minced parsley
1 tablespoon grated processed cheese	½ teaspoon prepared mustard
	6 slices toasted bread

Combine butter or margarine, cheese, parsley and mustard. Remove crusts from toasted bread and spread 1 teaspoon cheese mixture on each slice of toast. Toast on a cookie sheet under low broiler heat for 5 minutes. Cut each slice into 6 equal-size strips. Serve with soup. Makes 3 dozen sticks.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

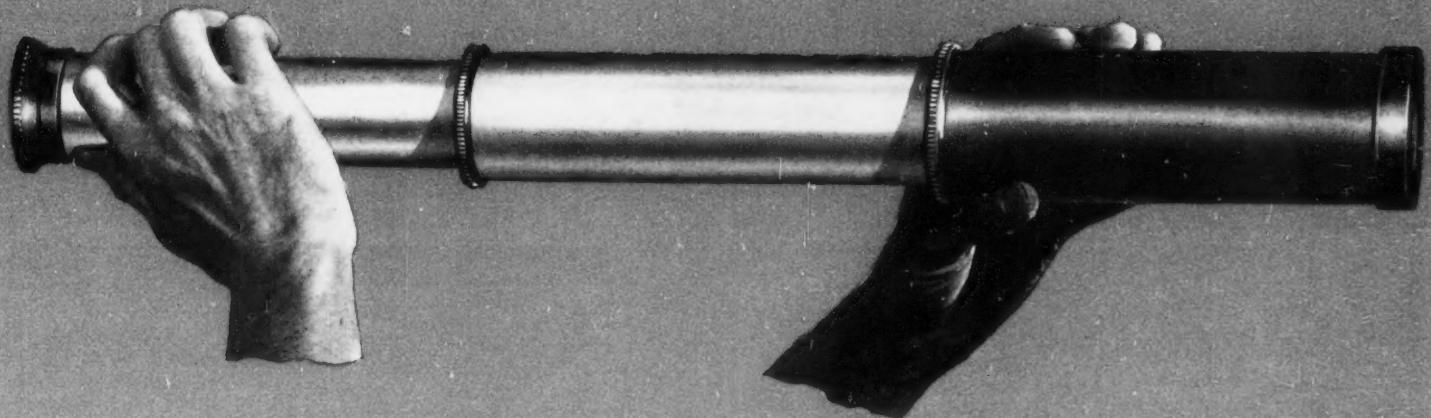
ONION CROUTONS

2 tablespoons corn oil	2 cups soft ½ inch bread cubes
2 teaspoons minced onion	

Combine corn oil and onion. Add bread cubes and stir until each one is coated with the oil mixture. Spread on a cookie sheet and toast under low broiler heat for 5 minutes or until golden brown. Serve with soup. Makes 1 pint croutons.

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SHIRRIFF'S
Vanilla
Bud DESSERT

A TRIP FOR MRS. TAYLOR

Continued from page 21

dresser she said to herself, "I really should take it along, I guess. It'll weigh me down, but I couldn't go anywhere without it." Quickly making up her mind she placed the Bible in the suitcase and fastened the lid. Then she sat down on the edge of the bed and let the wonderful coming events of the day take over her thoughts.

The idea for the trip had come to her about a week before, on the day she had received her July old-age pension cheque. She had been downtown to the main post-office, mailing a set of hand-crocheted runners to her daughter-in-law Ruth in Montreal when the idea struck her. Seeing all the holiday crowds hurrying into the maw of the station had prompted her to go in and enquire about train times.

The hurry and excitement of the place had brought back the nostalgic memories of those happier times when she and Bert and young Johnnie—yes, and young Bert too, who was killed in Italy—had gone away sometimes in the summer. Their trips hadn't been long ones, and their destination was usually the home of her dead cousin Flora in Jamesville, but they had been filled with all the hustle and bustle of getting ready, packing salmon and peanut-butter sandwiches for their lunches, and making sure Bert had the tickets. There had been the warm picnic feeling going to the station on the streetcar, trying to keep young Bert from kneeling on the seat and brushing his feet on the man beside him (she wiped away a vagrant tear at the memory) and the awareness that she belonged to the crowds around her.

That was the thing she had missed most during the past few years, the feeling of being one with those about her. The knowledge that she was old and ignored by younger people sometimes caused her to wish she were dead, but then appalled by the irreverence of such thoughts she would take refuge in her Bible, which was now her only solace.

Her loneliness, and the striving to live on her old-age pension, made mere existence a hardship. Mrs. Connell, her landlady, was a kindly soul, not much younger than herself, but she had no conception of what it was like to be cooped up month after month in a dreary little room, without even a radio to keep you company, without even a cat or a dog or a canary—nothing but the four walls, an electric plate, a bed and a dresser.

Of course, she told herself, she could have gone to live with Johnnie and Ruth in Montreal, but she'd seen too much of that sort of thing in the past. When Johnnie got married down there after the war she had felt a sinking in the stomach at the thought that he too was leaving her. "Come on down there with me, Ma," he had said, but she had sensed the reluctance behind his words. "I'm not going to be a built-in baby sitter for my grandchildren," she had answered, trying to cover her sense of loss and disappointment under her bantering words. She was independent, a woman who had run her own home for years, and brought up her two boys on

the skimpy and unreliable wages of a laborer husband. But sometimes her independence melted under her silent tears, and she wished that once, just once, somebody would need her again.

But today was not the time for such gloomy thoughts. She glanced at the clock and saw that it was after seven. She stood up, straightened her hat once more, and picking up the heavy suitcase, made her way from the room, closing the door silently behind her. She had no wish to waken Mrs. Connell and have to answer the surprised questions of that lady; this trip was going to be a secret one, known only to herself.

She hurried down the street through the cloying warmth of the summer morning as fast as the heavy bag would allow her. When she reached the streetcar stop she put the suitcase down on the sidewalk and searched in her purse for a car ticket. There was very little money left from her pension cheque, but by doing without a few things to eat over the past week she had managed to save the expenses for the trip.

When the streetcar came along she climbed aboard and sat down near the front of the car. She was aware of the stares from the men and girls who were going to work, and she felt important for the first time in months. There was something friendly in the glances they gave her, and perhaps even a slight envy that she should be going away while they could only look forward to another stilling day in their offices and factories.

The downtown streets at this hour of the day were strange to her, but there was a tired camaraderie among the people getting on and off the car which brought back memories she had almost forgotten; once again she saw herself as a young woman going to work as they were, stepping down from the open-sided cars they had in those days, proud of her narrow waist and new high-buttoned boots. She felt almost young again and smiled apologetically as a thin girl in slacks nearly tripped over her suitcase.

As they neared the station several people carrying pieces of luggage boarded the car, and Mrs. Taylor smiled at them as if they were partners in a conspiracy. Most of them smiled back at her, and she felt that the anticipation and preparation for a journey was only exceeded by its actual beginning.

When she alighted from the streetcar a young man in army uniform took her suitcase from her, and holding her by the arm, led her across the street.

"This is a heavy bag for you to be carrying," he said in a conversational tone.

"It is a little heavy," she answered, "but I haven't far to go."

"Everybody seems to be going away today," he said. "I guess I won't get a seat on the northbound train."

"That's a shame," Mrs. Taylor answered, trying to keep up with the soldier's long strides. "Are you on leave?"

"Sort of. I was down here on a 48-hour pass from camp. I should have been back last night."

"I hope you don't get into trouble," she said. She felt suddenly sorry for the young man—only a boy really. She wanted to tell him that both her sons had been overseas during the war, and that young Bert had been killed. But

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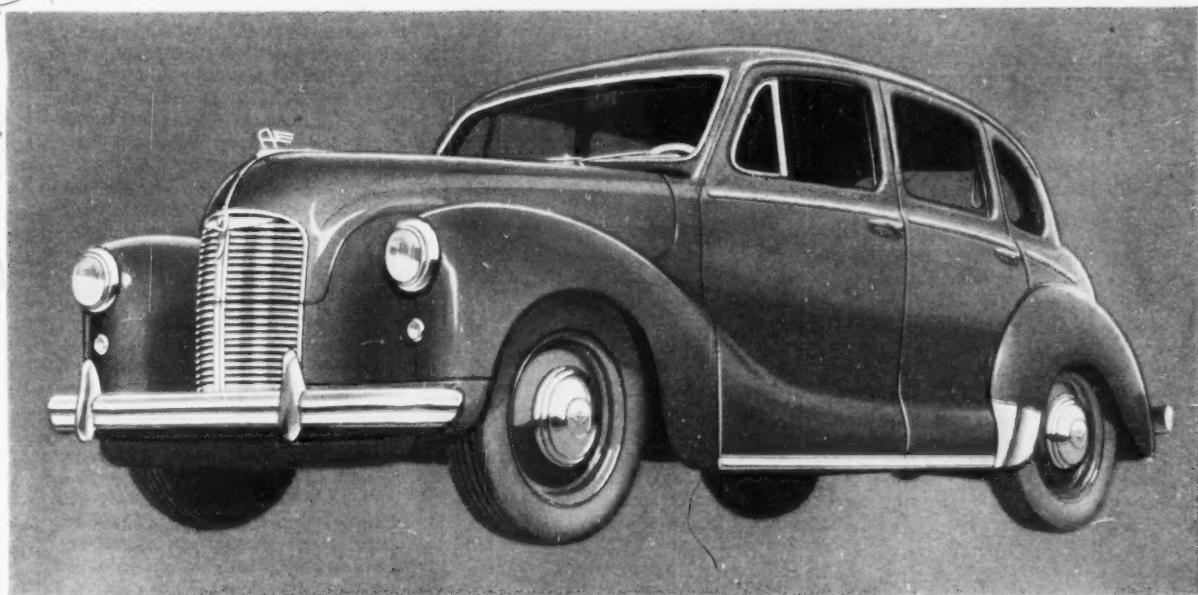
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her wristwatch. "The train is due to leave in 20 minutes."

From the loudspeaker came the voice of the stationmaster announcing that the northbound train was due to leave. Mrs. Taylor thought about the nice young soldier who had overstayed his pass.

The little boy, Garry, indicated that he wanted to go to the toilet.

"Wait till we get on the train, dear," his mother pleaded desperately.

Mrs. Taylor said eagerly, "I'll hold the baby while you take him, if you like."

"Will you! Gee, that's swell!" the young woman exclaimed. She handed the baby over, and Mrs. Taylor cradled him in her arm, while the young mother and the little boy hurried away.

She pulled back the blanket once again from the baby's face and saw that he was awake. She placed her finger on his chin and smiled at him, and he smiled back at her. The moment took her back more years than she cared to remember, back to a time when young Bert was the same age. She was filled with the remembered happiness of those days, and she thought, "I'd give up every minute more I have to live just to be young again and have my boys as babies for one more day." Then to hide the quick tears she began talking to the baby in her arms, rocking back and forth on her heels on the station floor in a gesture not practiced for years.

When the woman and the little boy returned she gave the baby up reluctantly. She and the young woman stood talking together like old friends, or like a mother and daughter-in-law. They discussed teething troubles, the housing shortage, and how hard it was to raise a family these days. They were so engrossed in their new-found friendship that they failed to notice when the man opened the gates.

The crowd began pushing them from behind, and Mrs. Taylor picked up her suitcase in one hand and grasped Garry's harness with the other. Then, followed by Mrs. Rawlinson and the baby, they climbed the set of iron stairs to the platform.

Mrs. Taylor's feet were aching after the long wait at the gates, but her face shone with happiness as she steered the small boy along the side of the train. The boy's mother drew alongside of her, and they walked together to the day coach steps where a trainman waited to help them aboard.

"You've got your hands full there, Granny," he said, picking the little boy up and depositing him in the vestibule of the car.

She was pleased that he mistook her for the children's grandmother, and she beamed at him, not attempting to correct his mistake.

Inside the coach she led the way to a pair of seats which faced each other at the end of the car, and dropped into one with a tired sigh. Then she held the baby while its mother took the harness off Garry and placed her small case and shopping bags on the luggage rack.

"Am I ever glad to get aboard!" Mrs. Rawlinson exclaimed. "I'd been dreading the wait at the station. Now I've only got to change trains in Montreal and I'll be all set."

It's quite a job traveling with children," Mrs. Taylor sympathized. "Don't

worry, I know. I've done enough of it in my day."

Mrs. Rawlinson laid the baby on the seat beside her before sitting back and relaxing against the cushions. The coach soon filled up, and several people eyed their double seat enviously. Mrs. Taylor was glad she had been able to get well up in the queue at the gates.

When the train started she moved over close to the window and pointed out to the little boy the buildings and streets they passed, and the tiny inconsequential people they were leaving behind them. Young Garry shouted excitedly, "Choo-choo!" at every engine they passed in the yards.

The city looked hot and uncomfortable in the morning sun, and Mrs. Taylor was surprised that all the little antlike people didn't simply jump on a train and get away from it. It was remarkable that the ones she could see walking the streets were strangers to her now, as if there were no connection between them and the people on the train. They were a race apart; an earth-bound race separated from herself

OCTOBER

by Helen Ball

October's an elderly trollop,
both merry and sad,
a little bit mad
and utterly disarming.

She's partial to festive apparel,
quite daringly made
though a trifle frayed,
and singularly charming.

Convention has never dismayed her,
She's had her fun
and now it's done
she'll leave . . . but what's the hurry?

With a shrug for drab November
and a toss of her head,
she'll go off to bed
and sleep without a worry.

by movement and time, and the sense of adventure of her and her fellows.

She picked out landmarks as the train gained speed; the streets she had lived on as a girl, now turned into industrial sites; the spinning mill where she had once worked; the soot-blackened park where she and Bert had walked so many years ago . . .

"We won't be getting into Montreal until suppertime," Mrs. Rawlinson said from the opposite seat, intruding upon her memories.

"No."

"I'll bet you'll be glad to get there and see your granddaughter?"

Mrs. Taylor shook her head. "I'm not going to Montreal today," she said sadly. "I can't afford to go that far."

"But—but couldn't your son send you the fare?" asked the girl.

She had to protect Johnnie, who

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wasn't really mean, just forgetful. "Oh, he could, but I've never really cared to go that far," she lied.

"Well—well, where are you going then?" the young woman asked, her curiosity getting the best of her.

"Not very far. Just up the line a piece," Mrs. Taylor answered, smiling. "It's just a short trip."

The train seemed to flow across the underpasses marking the streets. Soon the industrial areas were left behind, and they began rushing through the residential districts.

Mrs. Taylor was enthralled with the sight of the rows of houses as seen from the rear; yards waving with drying clothes, and every house having an individuality of its own. She only recognized some of the familiar streets after the train had passed them; they looked so different when seen from her hurtling point of vantage.

In a few minutes the train began to slow down for an outlying station, and the conductor came along the car collecting tickets. When Mrs. Taylor handed him her small bit of pasteboard, he asked, "Are you getting off here, madam?"

"Yes, I am," Mrs. Taylor replied, coloring with embarrassment.

"Have you any luggage?" She pointed to the suitcase at her feet, ashamed to face the stares of those who were watching her.

"Fine. I'll carry it off for you," the conductor said calmly, as if old ladies took 10-cent train rides every day of the week.

She stood up then and said good-by to the little boy, letting her hand rest for a long minute on his tousled head. Then she warned him to be a good boy until the trip was over.

"You must think I'm crazy, just coming this far," she said to Mrs. Rawlinson. "You see, I've wanted to take a trip for so long, and this was sort of pretending."

The young woman shook the surprised look from her face. "No I don't, Mrs. Taylor," she said. "I wish you were coming all the way. I don't know what I'd have done without you to help me with Garry."

"It was nice being able to help. You'll never know how much I enjoyed it," Mrs. Taylor answered, her face breaking into a shy smile. "Good-by, dear, and God bless you. Have a nice journey."

"Good-by," the young woman said. "Thanks! Thanks a lot!"

Mrs. Taylor stood on the station platform and waved at the young woman and her son, who waved back at her as the train began to move again. Then she picked up her bag and walked along the platform to the street.

When she boarded a streetcar the motorman looked down at her and said, "You look happy; you must have had a swell vacation."

She smiled at him. "I had a wonderful trip," she answered.

And it *had* been wonderful! While all the others in the train would get bored and tired after a few hours of travel, she could go back to her room and lie down on the bed, remembering only the excitement and thrill of going away, and the new friends she had made. It was wonderful, just wonderful, she said to herself. Perhaps next month, if she could afford it, she would take a trip to the suburbs on the Winnipeg train! +



When kiddies play the old, old game of "let's pretend we're grown-up", they say the things they've heard their elders say. So it's no wonder two small girls should talk of their imaginary soup as being Heinz. *It must be Heinz because their moms and daddies say that Heinz Soups are delicious.*

And Heinz Soups are delicious. Made from treasured recipes that have come down through the years, all the varieties are made with care and skill from choice ingredients—slow-cooked the old-time way. Ask your grocer for Heinz Soups . . . the soups with the wonderful home-made flavour.

HEINZ SOUPS

YOU KNOW THEY'RE GOOD BECAUSE THEY'RE HEINZ



KNIVES THAT SANG FOR THEIR SUPPER

Prehistoric knives were made of flint or other stone—but from the Bronze Age in 3500 B.C. metal knife blades came into use. By the Middle Ages the nobility had special knives for cutting up their food, while the common man always carried a pointed knife to cut and spear his food or kill his enemies. However, pointed knives were forbidden by French law in 1669 because of the frequency of murderous mealtime brawls. Shown is a curious 16th Century Italian grace knife, a combination of table knife and sheet music!

The broad blades were etched with the graces to be sung at meat.

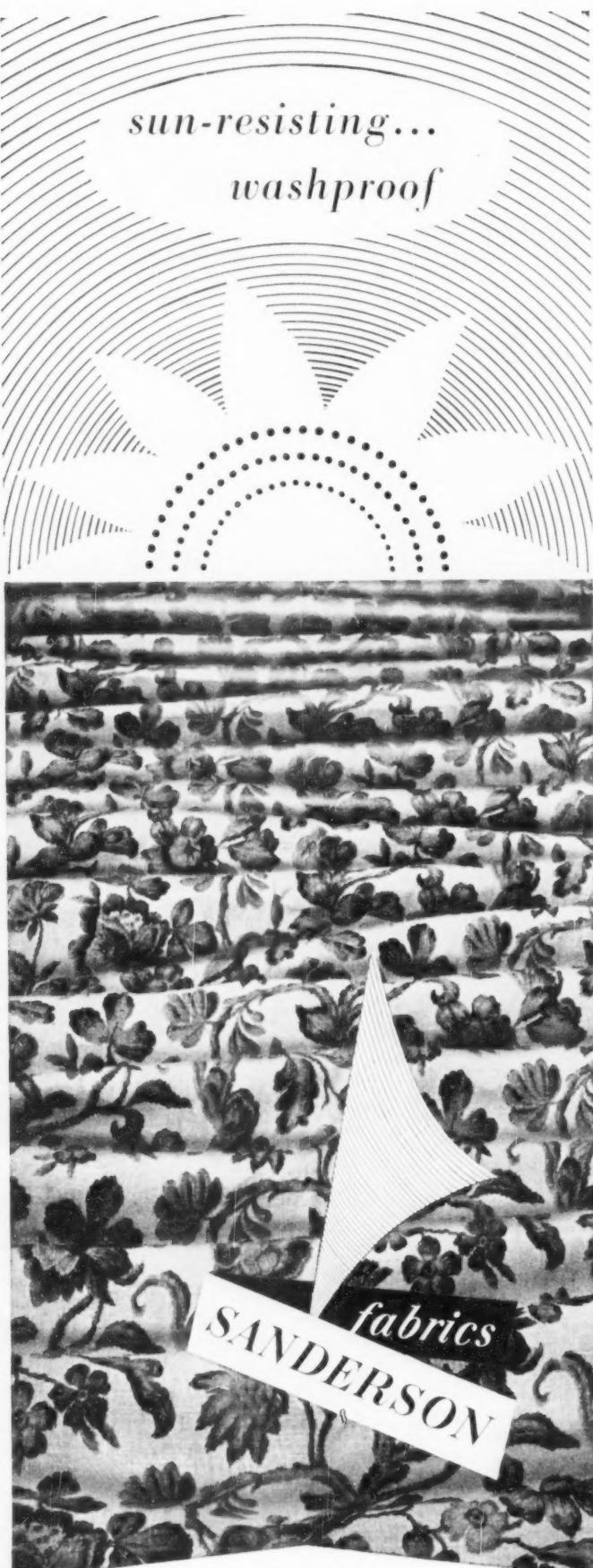
From the 18th Century on, people gradually began to have complete sets of knives and forks with which they laid their tables much as we do to-day.

Compare the strange shape and even stranger use of this 16th Century grace knife with the handsome modern lines of Wm. Rogers & Son "Gardenia" design. Choose the beauty of this lovely lasting silverplate for your own table. Enjoy its shining perfection at every meal.

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THE MILLIONTH MAN

Continued from page 17

smiling. "Il a de bonnes intentions, mais . . . N'est-ce pas?" Then, noticing her expression, "Assurement vous êtes françaïse. Well, imagine that! Two foreigners sitting side by side in this Gallic wilderness!"

The engines were being started. In the sputter and swell of noise Jan smiled and resumed looking out of the window.

The chocolate-eyed callow young steward moved up the aisle, checking on seat belts. After a few minutes the plane was taxiing across the field, revving its engines for the final time roaring into a take-off. Suddenly the land and the edges of the city were below, softened to the vision already by a thin cold haze.

Almost at once the stewardess was bringing out the trays of lunch. The man sitting next to Jan waved his away and opened up the hamper at his feet, taking out a large snowy napkin to spread over his knees, then an insulated container of still-warm chicken sandwiches and a thermos bottle of steaming coffee from which he filled a thin china cup.

"When one has ridden these European planes a few times, with their stone-cold lunches," he said to Jan with rueful scorn, "one learns to take precautionary measures—that is, if one has the time, the energy, and the wherewithal. Fortunately I have. I always treat myself well." He sounded snug and boastful. Yet when he added, smiling, "Now, you're going to have a sandwich and a cup of coffee with me, aren't you, so I won't feel ashamed of my self-indulgence," there was a humility in his manner that was charming and likeable.

Jan, already putting her fork into the pickled beets on her dish of hors d'oeuvres, shook her head. "Thank you, but this is going to be more than enough. And it's interesting to me, because I've never done it before."

He didn't insist. "Well, at least a cup of coffee then? Don't think I haven't enough for two. And an extra cup and saucer to boot."

"May I wait till a little later to decide?"

"By all means. But I hope you will." With which he picked up a sandwich and began to eat, devoting his attention to the job, leaving her alone with her thoughts.

Jan wasn't in a mood for conversation. The thought of all that had happened this morning and of the grave and difficult job ahead of her weighed on her mind and made her long to be by herself. Yet, a little later, when the man beside her held up his thermos bottle enquiringly, it seemed ungracious not to accept his offer. "But are you quite sure you have enough?"

"Goodness yes. It's a short ride to Cannes."

He got out another cup and saucer like his own, another silver coffee spoon. She couldn't help smiling at the extent of his supplies. Seeing her smile, he said as he poured from the thermos bottle, "You're amused at me, aren't you? This seems a little fussy and overattentive to superficial details. Right? But—it's all a part of my philosophy?"

"And what is your philosophy?" she asked him. She felt she owed him that

much at least for the cup of coffee.

He declared pompously, yet with an overtone of emotionality, "To take my money, of which I have an adequate amount, and put it into making each day as satisfying to the smallest detail as possible. To try, each day, to make up for moments lost—and for moments that may never come."

Jan looked at him with puzzled sympathy.

"Oh, assuredly that sets you to wondering, doesn't it?" he said. "Moments lost . . . But you see, something tragic happened to me two years ago. My wife—" He hesitated, then went on, "But why shouldn't I speak quite honestly about it—now when it's so long ago? You see, she was a very lovely woman, much younger than I, and I suppose it was inevitable that she should fall in love with someone else. But I didn't know—didn't even suspect. She used to go on shopping trips to the city, and she'd have secret meetings with him—someone, I understand, much younger than I and, I'm sure, much finer in appearance. But I didn't know, you see. Not about any of it—not until it was over. Not until he'd ended their affair and driven her to suicide. My poor, poor darling."

Jan said gently, "I understand now what you mean by your lost moments."

"Yes, do you see? The shock was so great that I had to spend months, long months, convalescing . . . As to the moments that may never come . . ."

"Well, the future is uncertain for any of us, isn't it? How can we be sure how many moments any one of us has left?"

"We can't be sure at all," Jan agreed. "But isn't it wiser never to think of that?"

"True, true!" said the man. There was a zealous brightness in his eyes. "But an easier thing to say than to practice—when one is no longer young. My poor old mind will keep dwelling on the uncertainties of existence. Forgive. I suppose I have told a hundred strangers of my old unhappiness. Perhaps I travel just to find new ears to listen . . ."

Jan waited for him to go on, but he became quiet. He fell into thought, absently replacing his lunch dishes in the hamper and refolding the napkin. Jan drank her coffee, resuming her own troubled preoccupations, hopeful that she need not be called on for conversation any more. Yet after a silence, withdrawing her gaze from the window and the false floor of puffy white clouds over which the plane was moving, she found him turned to her again. He was much changed in mood. His deep-sunk brown eyes were quizzically smiling.

"You know," he said, "I have a confession to make. It wasn't by accident that I chose this seat in the plane."

"It wasn't?" she said politely.

She handed him her cup and saucer. He took time to find the proper niche for them in the hamper, then straightened up again. "No, it wasn't an accident. I did some play-acting to begin with, but all the time I knew who you were."

"But—that's impossible."

"Nothing's impossible if one spends enough money. Shall I tell you about yourself? Your name is Janice Barton, and you're going to Cannes to see your husband, who is staying at the Majestic Hotel. Your husband has reason to live

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rather cautiously because some time ago he stole a large sum of money. Assuredly, you find it surprising that I know all this—don't you?" His tone was one of boyish delight, without malice. "You never saw me before, you don't know my name, yet here I am with all these personal facts about you."

Jan gave him a quiet careful look. For a moment she was lost and uncertain, not knowing what to say, whether to admit who she was and who Paul was, or whether to feign complete ignorance of everything. But if this strange man knew, he knew. Nothing she might say would ever talk him out of that very accurate set of facts he had acquired.

"Who are you?" she asked finally.

"Oh . . . Just a bystander, let's say. One who believes in paying his debts. Who believes, simply, in justice."

"You're—going to give him away?"

He looked confounded. "Away?"

"To the police?"

His face cleared. "Oh, what a foolish question, young lady . . . Assuredly I am not interested in that kind of justice. What is the stealing of a little money? Nothing at all compared with the large intangibles."

"I don't know what you mean," said Jan.

"You don't? But you, of all people, should. You love your husband deeply, or you would never have come so far to see him. And I—Oh, I shall love him too. That's all a part of the large intangibles. Love. The concerns of the heart and the spirit . . ."

Jan said nothing for a moment. Some-

thing had just occurred to her. It was the way this man habitually used the word "assuredly," the same word Paul had used in his letter. Did they know each other? Was he a friend so close that Paul had dared to confide in him? Or—if not that—had Paul been in some public place where he would often hear this man speaking? Paul had never used that word in conversation. It was completely unlike him. Could he have unconsciously picked it up from this man?

And if that was so, how much else was possible, believable?

Somehow she suddenly felt easier. This eccentric little man, arrogant yet likeable, talking gloomily of death, then exaltedly of things that he called the large intangibles.

She looked around at him, trying to evaluate what was in his face. "You're a friend of my husband's, aren't you?"

He thought about it, then answered, "Rather, he is my friend."

"But you do know each other well . . ."

"Why should you think that?"

"But you must. You couldn't know those things about Paul if he hadn't told you. And you must know the girl, Miss Roche, I mean."

"Denise?" He glanced at her quickly. He looked disturbed and slightly annoyed. After a pause he said a little petulantly, "Denise is dirt, to be hired and paid. Forgive me, I shouldn't have said that. But treachery of all kinds is revolting to me—and in a sense she betrayed him."

"But—but she's in love with him," said Jan hesitantly.

"Perhaps she has made him believe

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that. But she is in love only with money."

Money? Was that what Denise meant over the telephone with laughter lurking in her voice? ". . . he makes so large a total in my life . . ." So large a sum? A sum of money? No love between them, then, no flirtation across the courtyard—but then surely no willing communication between Paul and her, if she were paid to spy on him—to "betray him, in a sense." A hired spy. Paid by the man who knew so much . . .

"You—hired her?" said Jan, turning to him.

"I hired her, and I have paid her. I pay my debts, as I said."

"But—"

"See here," he interrupted crossly, "I don't like you to be asking me these questions. It's unpleasant to be asked to tell more than one wishes to, particularly since I haven't the slightest intention of telling it. Of course I should never have mentioned anything. It was simply an impulse that I gave in to after

I started talking to you. It struck me suddenly what a monstrous situation this was, you and I sitting side by side on this plane, each of our minds probably touching on the same subject . . . Let's forget this thing I foolishly started. Why, look outside, will you? Are there mountains over there in the distance already?"

But she didn't look. She stared into his face ponderingly. It was odd to have him there, a stranger concerning himself with her affairs, entering her life

with apparent intent to shape it. Yet it was no more unbelievable than that Paul whom she had once loved should have stolen a hundred thousand dollars, should have died in a plane crash and then come to life. One man walking away from normality made a path for any number of odd events to follow . . . and queer people followed the queer events.

She stared into that melancholy face and tried to find some answers. The man turned then pointedly, summoning the stewardess, and asked her arrogantly to bring him something to read.

In midafternoon the plane coasted down toward the earth from the mountains, made a wide swing out over the Mediterranean, and returned to land on a runway beside the blue water. Jan gathered her belongings together slowly, giving her seat companion a head start down the aisle. When she stepped from the ramp a few minutes later, she saw him ahead of her, walking toward the gates where clusters of people were waiting. He looked cosmopolitan and expensive with his full raglan coat blowing in the breeze and his wicker hamper swinging in his hand.

She had thought they might make the rest of the journey separately. But since they were the only two passengers going on to Cannes, she presently found herself being conducted to the same airline-hired automobile which he was already occupying. As she approached, he gave her a swift probing glance, then shrugged slightly and leaned back to gaze pensively out of the window.

The car started down the street. Jan lowered the window on her side and a pleasant breeze blew through her cropped dark hair. It was warm as an autumn day outside, the tropical trees were dark and heavy with foliage; there were glimpses of flowers beyond fences and hedges. Once she glimpsed a black-robed priest walking at the edge of the road, a beret almost rakishly tilted on his head. How curious, how unexpected, she thought, and half-smiled, lost momentarily in the novelty of her surroundings.

But presently the man began talking again. His mood had changed once more to gloom. "It's lovely country, isn't it?" he said, and then went on in a rambling, sombre way, back in the sorrows of his past. "My wife and I came here on our honeymoon, in the autumn time. She got so brown, and her hair so pale, and her eyes, which were really a dark grey, looked almost without color in her face. Afterward she used to say, 'Oh, let's go back to southern France, Tommy, and stay there always. I want to find the self that I left there, my nice self that I haven't seen for so long.' But I was stupid. I didn't know what was going on, or how terribly unhappy she really was . . ."

He paused and gazed out in silence for a little while. Then, dismally reminiscent as before, he went on, "We stayed at the Ruhl in Nice. Every morning we'd have breakfast in the sunshine on the terraces, then go for a walk along the Promenade des Anglais. One day we met a man on the boardwalk who had seven poodle puppies, each with its own collar and leash. He had fixed them up that way to sell them. They weren't good specimens of poodles, but they looked adorable, oh so ador-

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For this *Velveeta Star Casserole*: Make 3 Velveeta sandwiches. Trim crust; cut in half diagonally. Using 2 tbsps. butter or Parkay Margarine, 2 tbsps. flour, 2 c. milk, seasoning, make a cream sauce. Stir in 3 lb. sliced Velveeta with the rich yet mild cheddar cheese flavor everybody likes. When melted, add 2½ c. mixed cooked vegetables. Pour half of sauce in casserole; arrange sandwiches in it, points up; add remaining sauce. Bake at 350° about 30 min. Thrifty—but a real treat! And hearty with Velveeta's fine food values from milk.



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able, with their little red spangled collars . . . We bought one, a brown one—what they call *marron* in this country—and when we went back home at Christmastime, we took him with us. He grew to be a big lumbering fellow, without any style or grace."

He paused again, then finished in a suddenly dry tone, "I still have him. He's eleven years old, and fat and feeble. He lies out on the lawn and contemplates the mountains, gauging the time till his next meal. I had him, as it turned out, longer than I had my wife. Suicide isn't common among dogs . . ."

After a moment Jan turned and looked at him. He was slumped down comfortably in the seat, his legs crossed. With his closed hand he was drumming softly, rhythmically at his chin.

"Why do I talk about it?" he said. "It has nothing to do with you. A sympathetic face, and then I start talking. You should look stern. You should stop me . . ."

They were riding now through the country. The sun was getting lower, and there were long shadows stretching out from every clump of trees and wayside building. Once, passing a hillside vineyard in which a farmer made his own long shadow as he worked with his hoe, the man beside Jan leaned forward and had a spurt of conversation with the chauffeur. It seemed to concern such things as crops, the weather, the wine yield. It was chatty and good-humored, far in spirit from the subject of a wife who had killed herself. But even a tragedy like that, Jan knew, could turn into a disciplined kind of pain after a time.

Quite a while later, as they passed along a curve of the road beside which wooded hills mounted steeply, he turned again and spoke to her. He was sitting up straight now, his hands locked between his knees. He looked edgy, impatient for the end of the ride.

"We're almost there," he said. "It's a bit upsetting. I must find Paul Barton at the Hotel Majestic in Cannes."

"But why?" she asked.

He glanced at her, then said in an entirely direct and serious manner, "I think he may be one who has done me a great service."

"Paul? Then you've never met him?"

"A man," he answered, "may do a great deed without being aware of it. A man named Paul Barton, with a wife Janice Barton, did such a thing for me, without knowing it, and so gave me"—he paused, almost with an effect of quizzical wonderment—"my future. And I shall reward him." He smiled at her benevolently. "That pleases you?"

In her bewilderment she didn't think to answer at once. Then, as he waited expectantly for her answer, she nodded. In spite of everything, she found herself liking him. He was warped perhaps, twisted by a tragedy, but it had not shrunk him into littleness and meanness; he could still talk of the "large intangibles" and try to live by them too, though in a way that no ordinary man would adopt.

What kind of service, she wondered, was he talking about? Had someone, identified afterward as Paul Barton, really saved his life, perhaps in some commonplace traffic tangle, pulling him out of the way of a car, or by offering aid in an illness—or perhaps, she thought, her mind trying to follow the

possibly twisted pattern of his, by being merely a warning, an omen, by merely bringing him luck, as he saw it?

Oh Paul, she thought suddenly, I came to find you, and already you've gathered such queer tangles around yourself . . . One step away from the normal, and a man was quickly entwined in abnormal things. But she wasn't yet afraid.

The hotel was set back from the long palm-shadowed Croisette, with

its own garden in front of it and its windows and balconies looking out to the park and the sea. Jan registered and was shown to a large room facing the Mediterranean which, far out, still caught the last slanting rays of the sun—wide waters, peacefully shimmering. There was a vast quiet about her, footsteps muffled in the carpeted halls, double doors shutting out the sounds of passing voices. The big bed, soft with pillows and comforter under its white lace-trimmed counterpane, seemed

friendly and capable of sympathy and solace, like one's own bed at home in time of sorrow or illness. But she had no leisure to be friends with this room. Not yet. Somewhere in this building, perhaps nearer than she dreamed, Paul whom she had thought dead was sitting in a room—and waiting.

When she returned to the lobby it was that dull in-between hour of the early evening, too soon for dinner, too late for tea, and there were few people around. Two women sat with a low

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Old Fashioned Apple n' Orange Turnovers

With Delicious Lemon Sauce

Spicy sweet apple sauce cooked to perfection in light, fluffy pastry and topped off with piping hot lemon sauce. Mmm! Mmm! What could be more tempting! So easy, too! And remember—only fresh California lemons can give your desserts that truly delicious lemon flavour and tang. Use them often.



OLD FASHIONED APPLE N' ORANGE TURNOVERS

Prepare full recipe for plain pastry, and roll it out $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Cut into 5 or 6 inch circles. On each half circle, place $\frac{1}{2}$ cup apple sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon orange juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated orange peel, and a sprinkling of nutmeg and sugar. Dot with butter. Moisten pastry edges with water, and fold over filled halves. Pinch edges together with a fork, and prick top in a pretty design. Place on a cookie sheet and bake in a hot oven of 450°F for 15 minutes. Serve warm with liberal dusting of sugar on top and a pitcher of Hot Lemon Sauce to pass.

HOT LEMON SAUCE

1 tablespoon cornstarch 2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar 2 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water Sprinkle nutmeg
 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel

Mix cornstarch and sugar with water, and boil 5 minutes. Remove from fire, add other ingredients. Serve hot over warm turnovers.



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Lemons

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table between them, smoking and looking bored; a red-faced old man with a low cushiony divan to himself was having a highball and reading a magazine; another man, thin and frail, was working on a letter at one of the writing tables. Jan saw her plane acquaintance peering into a showcase, several of which were placed at intervals on either side of the long room. He was smoking a cigarette in a silver holder and looked like any ordinary man killing time while he waited for someone.

Jan pulled a lounge chair around and sat down facing the stairway and elevator.

"Sit in the lobby and wait for him," the girl had said. She had not specified a definite time. Apparently he would have a means of knowing when she was there. "Don't get in touch with him," the girl had instructed. But who had instructed the girl? Paul, or the man on the plane?

Yet what did it really matter, she asked herself. When she had found Paul, she could leave instructions behind. Then he would have a friend on his side who would not at least willingly betray him to anyone, who would try only to help him make a wholesome decision back toward honesty.

The concierge's desk was in her line of vision. People stopped there from time to time; calls were put through, mail passed out, keys accepted or given. A slender well-dressed woman with a miniature grey dog on a leash came in through the revolving doors, paused at the concierge's desk for her key, drifted across to the reception desk for several moments of dallying conversation. Once a man came down the stairs and, before she had quite looked at him thoroughly, Jan felt herself lurch to attention. But it was only his walk and his build that were like Paul. He was blond, wavy-haired, his nose thin, his face rather effeminate in its handsomeness. He sauntered out toward the desks, stood glancing about the lobby for a moment, gazed briefly and blankly at her, then turned and went back up the curving carpeted stairs.

"Mrs. Barton, didn't you know him?"

Jan jerked her head up nervously.

The man of the plane was there, sitting on the arm of a chair beside her, still smoking a cigarette in the silver holder. His eyes were sharply searching and at the same time unhappy. His forehead shone incongruously with perspiration.

"Wasn't that Paul Barton?"

Her heart started to pound. Something that had to do with her first mistaken recognition only moments before made her understand instantaneously whom he was talking about. "Was—was that—"

"Wasn't it?" he said, and strangely his lips were trembling.

She stared toward the staircase, as if hoping for another look. Then, aware of her action and the impossible doubt which it implied—and at the same time feeling the bitter letdown that this moment, after days of expectancy, could bring—she said, "No, it wasn't Paul. Then it never has been. Someone else—someone pretending—"

"Are you sure?" he urged, his mouth trembling and unhappy. "Are you sure?"

She pulled her look back to him.

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"Could he have changed his face? Plastic surgery? Something like that?"

"Of course he could have!" he said eagerly.

"But could it change him that much? The whole look of his face—his nose—his hair—" She stopped. "But it couldn't be Paul. It couldn't. He looked directly at me. I haven't changed. He looked directly at me, and didn't know me, and turned away. It couldn't be he, unless he's lost his memory. But he wrote me. He couldn't have written to me if that had happened—"

The man leaned toward her. "Why don't you go up to his room?" he suggested. "It's best. It's wisest. Go up there and talk to him."

"I don't know his room."

"I'll find it out for you at the desk."

"No, no—don't. He didn't want—He specially asked—" She bowed her head and put her hand up to her forehead suddenly. She couldn't think. Nothing went together. Was Paul dead and this blond man an imposter? But he had written her. He had asked her to come to him. An imposter wouldn't want her to do that. And who had instructed Denise? Not Paul, then—not Paul. And not this blond stranger who had walked out into the middle of the room, and looked at her, and not known her. Or had he known her, and, knowing her, turned his back?

"Go up and talk to him," the man urged, almost pleadingly. "You'd be sure to regret it afterward if you didn't. Perhaps he's just ashamed to face you."

Ashamed? After having written to her voluntarily and asked her to come?

She lifted her head suddenly and drew a deep breath. "I think you've made some kind of mistake," she said firmly. "That man had no connection with Paul. It's only that I haven't waited long enough. Why should you have tried to suggest he was my husband? It's ridiculous. I'll just keep on waiting a bit longer. My husband will come."

But he shook his head slowly and positively. "That is the only Paul Barton who will come. If that is not he, then there is no Paul Barton. Paul Barton, then, does not exist."

"But he wrote me. Paul wrote me."

"Let me call him for you," he urged patiently. "Let me telephone him and say you wish to speak to him."

"No—no!"

"I shall call him. I shall ask him to go to your room."

She started to her feet. "No," she protested feverishly, and saw him getting up with a purposeful gleam in his eyes and crossing the room. "Wait then—" she said, starting to follow him, reluctant to lose her only guide through this terrifying confusion of clashing facts and doubt and suspicion. Then she saw clearly the alternatives: Paul facing her coldly, saying, "I don't know you, I don't want to see you, go away" or else a stranger facing her, malignant, curious, purposeful. Whichever the blond man was, she couldn't face him now, looking exactly what she had been all these days, full of resolute plans of aid, credulous, innocently trustful. She swerved toward the door.

Outside it was growing dark. The marquee lights of the hotel were lit, and the air was turning cold. It was not an hour when a suite alone was comfortable. But she couldn't go back. She braced her purse under her arm, put her hands into her pockets, and crossed

the street to the park, walking blindly, aimlessly. A curving path led among orderly plots of trees and lawn, around the large circle of a fountain, to a wide sandy bank above the sea.

When she got to the edge of the water, she stood there staring out into the darkness with bewilderment and shock in her eyes. Alien soil, a foreign land — and two strangers playing some queer unguessed game with her life. What were they after? What had she to give them? Only a few days ago she had been just another ordinary person working at a job, just an ordinary girl that an ordinary man was falling in love with. As she thought of Stephen Hemperley for an instant, the longing to go back those few days was a throbbing ache in her throat.

She walked on, came to the Croisette again, and followed the broad promenade above the beach. Across the street the windows of the small fashionable shops were lit. Suave saleswomen stood about inside, waiting for rich tourists to come along. Now and then a big hotel loomed, windows lit here and there in the darkness. People strolled past, vague white faces; a shadowy dog shape or two roamed and ran at the edge of the vision. So many dogs in this country, she thought numbly. France is full of dogs and people who love dogs. It's nice, she thought—and sat down on a green bench and clasped her cold hands together. Was it Paul who had come down those stairs at the hotel? Was it, could it have possibly been Paul?

As she sat there, her thoughts came slowly to order. A man with blond hair had walked into the lobby, and for an

instant she had thought he was Paul. Perhaps he was Paul; perhaps he wasn't — how could she be sure without looking at him carefully, without talking to him? But if he was Paul, he hadn't wanted to see her . . . and he had never, never written her that letter.

Then who had written it?

But was there any doubt? No, not any longer, not now. The man on the plane had written it, and Denise, his hireling, had helped him. He had wanted to find Paul, and this had been his way. Because only Paul's wife could identify a Paul who had possibly changed his face.

If it was Paul . . .

That was what she didn't know, what she couldn't be sure of. And it was not being sure that kept her out here in the darkness, hesitant, afraid. Dreading to try to explain herself to an unknown man, quite possibly an undependable, unkind man, slow to comprehend, quick to misunderstand; quite possibly a crook of some sort, with Paul's personal papers somehow in his possession.

But she would have to do it, sooner or later. It was the only possible way.

The concierge had a round flat face, large hazel eyes, and arching eyebrows. He was very gracious, very obliging. But after all, there was not much he could do; he didn't have the means to trail each departing guest who was a bit reticent about his plans. "Yes, Madame, Mr. Brown checked out about 15 minutes ago . . . No, Madame, by taxi, but not to the station, I believe

Continued on page 56

ah! Grand GRAVY makes the meal!



There's always a rush for meals served with plenty of thick, rich steaming gravy! And you can make good gravy in a moment with Bisto. Just mix Bisto with water, boil up, and in one simple process your gravy is browned, thickened and seasoned — ready to serve!

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How to make really delicious Tuna Salad

Men like satisfying salads, and here's a hearty one . . . tuna fish at its best; much too good to keep for Fridays alone! The mayonnaise, too, is a treat. Made by Kraft, it's true mayonnaise at its finest. Kraft Mayonnaise is made of fine salad oil and eggs, fragrant vinegar and seasoning. The choice ingredients are blended in just the right proportions for luxurious richness and exquisite flavor. Do try Kraft Kitchen-Fresh Mayonnaise.



1. To serve 4, you will need one 7-oz. can of chunk style tuna. Put tuna in a colander or coarse strainer, and pour hot water over it. Drain well and chill. Then put it in a bowl with 2 tablespoons chopped sweet pickle and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of chopped celery.



2. Gradually add 1 tablespoon lemon juice to $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of Kraft Mayonnaise. Luxuriously rich and delightfully seasoned, Kraft Mayonnaise will make your salad really delicious. Toss lightly with tuna mixture; season with salt and pepper.



3. For each portion, cut a peeled tomato into 3 crosswise slices. Starting with a slice placed on leaf lettuce, alternate the 3 slices with the tuna salad, with a tomato slice on top. Garnish with watercress and delicately flavored, satin-smooth Kraft Mayonnaise.

Suggested Supper Menu

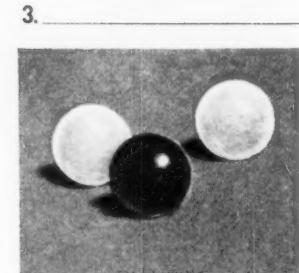
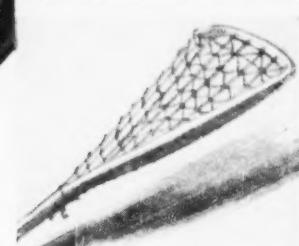
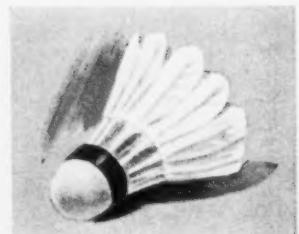
Hot Vegetable Bouillon
Tuna Salad
Crusty Finger Rolls
Strawberry Shortcake
Tea Coffee

\$2,000 in cash prizes

if you can NAME THE GAME!



Can you name
these games?



There's nothing for you to do but add water, stir and bake! It's a formula that rules out cake failures!

**While it's in the oven you can enter
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Here, to celebrate the 150th Anniversary of The Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, is a contest the whole family can enjoy. Entering it is just as easy as baking a tempting cake with any Ogilvie All-Ready Cake Mix!

The secret? Just this: There's no better cake mix sold anywhere — for every Ogilvie Mix is an All-Ready Mix. And no other mix but Ogilvie includes the fresh magic of Egganene.*

*Registered trade name

Ever see a higher, fluffier, more appetizing Chocolate Cake? Would you like to have it right now? Well, you can make one just like it in no time at all with Ogilvie Chocolate Cake Mix!

Just identify correctly the four games in which players use the equipment pictured at the right. You may win \$1,000.00 in cash or one of the 27 other cash prizes which add up to an additional \$1,000.00.

1st PRIZE \$1,000.00

2nd PRIZE \$500.00

3rd PRIZE \$250.00

And 25 additional cash awards
of \$10.00 each

Just write the correct names of the four games on the numbered lines above — or on a slip of plain paper, using the same identification numbers.

Write or print your name and address plainly on your entry. Enclose a box top (or reasonable facsimile) from any Ogilvie All-Ready Cake Mix, Gingerbread Mix, T-Biscuit Mix, Ogilvie Oats, Ogilvie Vita-B Cereal, Wheat Hearts or Tonik Wheat Germ — or the Guarantee from any bag of Ogilvie Flour. Clip the Guarantee panel from the side of a paper flour bag or send the Guarantee slip from any cotton bag.

Mail your entry to OGILVIE "NAME THE GAME" CONTEST, P.O. Box 9100, Montreal, Que. Entries postmarked not later than midnight November 15, 1951, will be eligible. If all four games are correctly identified

by more than one contestant, all correct answers will be placed in a revolving drum from which the winners will be drawn in sequence by an editor of Chatelaine Magazine.

Send as many entries as you like, but no more than one entry for each box top, Guarantee panel or facsimile. Winners will be notified by mail and their names will be published in a future issue of this publication. Ogilvie employees and persons connected with the running of this contest are not eligible.

Celebrate with

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contest TO-DAY!

HOW TO PREPARE AND COOK *LIVER*

By MARION GRAHAM
CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Do you find it hard to tempt your family with liver dishes? Then try our Institute method and just follow the "how-to-do" pictures.

These tasty liver recipes are a treat in any home.

1. With a sharp knife cut the membranes and skins from $\frac{1}{3}$ inch slices of fresh baby beef liver. Then wash the liver thoroughly with a wet cloth or in cold water. Dry well on absorbent paper. If you prefer, lamb or pork liver may be used and cooked in the same manner. The 3 different types of liver are equally nutritious.

2. Dip the entire surface of the dry liver into seasoned flour in a pie plate. To make seasoned flour, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon monosodium glutamate to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread flour. Another way to flour liver is to place seasoned flour in a paper bag, add the dry liver, and shake well. Try this method—it prevents your fingers from becoming sticky and covered with flour.

3. Sauté the floured liver in bacon fat for 6 to 8 minutes, turning at the end of 3 or 4 minutes. Have the pan hot at first, then reduce the heat to low for the remaining period. The pan may be rubbed with a cut clove of garlic or you may flavor the liver when cooked with grated lemon rind and a few drops of lemon juice. Then drain the liver and serve plain or use in one of our suggested recipes.

4. A steaming platter of liver, bacon and onions surrounded by a potato border is the final product. First cook the bacon until crisp. Drain on absorbent paper and keep hot in the oven. Then sauté the liver (as directed) with onions. A potato border is made by piling mashed potatoes in a wall around the outside of a heatproof platter. Brown in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) and serve with green peas and chili sauce.



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BLOCK LETTERS

C.H.O.



GRILLED LIVER AND BACON PATTIES

<i>Approximate cost—89c</i>	
1/2 pound baby beef liver	1/2 teaspoon Worcester-shire sauce
1 large onion, chopped	1/2 teaspoon salt
2 cups mashed potatoes	1/8 teaspoon pepper
1 egg, beaten	8 slices of bacon

Sauté liver slices as directed. Fry onions with liver until brown. Remove liver and put through a meat chopper. Place mashed potatoes in a bowl, add beaten egg and mix well. Then add ground liver, onions and seasonings. Mix thoroughly. Form into patties. Place a slice of bacon around each patty and fasten with a wooden toothpick. Grill patties until they are brown on both sides and bacon is crisp. Serve patties with corn and green pepper and sliced tomatoes. Makes 8 patties.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

LIVER WITH BARBECUE SAUCE

Approximate cost—\$1.07

1 pound baby beef liver	chopped
1 large onion, chopped	1/2 cup celery, chopped
2 tablespoons green pepper,	2 cups canned tomatoes
	salt and pepper

Fry liver slices as directed. Remove from pan and drain. Then add the onions, green pepper and celery. Fry slowly for 6 minutes. Add tomatoes, seasonings and cooked liver. Cover pan and simmer 15 minutes. Serve as a main course with rice and green beans. Serves 4.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute



LIVER AND RICE SCALLOP

Approximate cost—91c

1/2 cup raw rice	pepper
2 tablespoons bacon fat	1/2 teaspoon Worcester-shire sauce
3/4 pound baby beef liver	2 tablespoons ketchup
2 large cooking onions, sliced	1/2 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
2 cups canned tomatoes	1/2 teaspoon Crumbled soda crackers
1/2 teaspoon salt	1/8 teaspoon

Cook rice in boiling salted water until tender. Sauté liver slices in bacon fat as directed. When brown on both sides remove from pan and slice in strips. Fry onions until light brown, then add tomatoes and seasonings. Then add rice and liver. When thoroughly mixed pour into a greased 1 1/2 quart casserole. Top with crumbled soda crackers, and dot with butter or margarine. Place in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) until topping is light brown, about 25 minutes. Serve casserole as a supper dish with cheese biscuits and chili sauce. Serves 8.

Note: For an extra-spicy scallop add 1/2 teaspoon chili powder along with other seasonings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

STUFFED ONIONS

Approximate cost—98c

6 large onions	2 tablespoons
1/2 pound baby beef liver	chopped parsley
1/2 pound sausage meat	2 tablespoons ketchup
1/2 teaspoon salt	1 cup soft bread crumbs
1/8 teaspoon pepper	Crumbled soda crackers

Remove outside skins of onions; cook in boiling salted water for 20 minutes, until slightly tender. Drain and cool. Cut a slice from the root end of the onion. Carefully remove centre and chop. Fry liver slices as directed and put through meat chopper. Cook sausage meat. Then combine all ingredients and mix thoroughly. Fill onions with the mixture. Top with crumbled soda crackers and dots of butter or margarine. Place in a greased baking dish. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 minutes. For a main course serve stuffed onions with scalloped potatoes and stewed tomatoes. Serves 6.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Approximate Cost—\$1.10

1/2 pound salt pork, sliced	1 1/2 teaspoons poultry seasoning
1 pound baby beef liver, sliced	1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 large onion	1 cup hot water
1 cup cracker crumbs	Salt and pepper
2 eggs, beaten	1 tablespoon butter or margarine

Fry salt pork slices, then remove from pan. Sauté liver slices as directed. Put pork, liver and onion through meat chopper. Pour hot water over cracker crumbs. Combine ground meats, onion, cracker crumbs, beaten eggs and seasonings. Form into a loaf and place in greased loaf pan. Dot with butter or margarine. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 45 minutes.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

TOASTED LIVER-MUSHROOM SANDWICHES

Approximate Cost—81c

1/2 pound baby beef liver	1/4 teaspoon ground nutmeg
1/4 pound mushrooms	2 teaspoons prepared mustard
2 tablespoons butter or margarine	2 tablespoons grated onion
1/2 teaspoon salt	1/8 teaspoon pepper
1/8 teaspoon pepper	16 slices of bread

Sauté liver slices with mushrooms as directed. Put liver and mushrooms through meat chopper. Then combine with melted butter or margarine and all seasonings. Add a little of the gravy from the frying pan to make a soft paste. Then spread between slices of bread. Brush the outside slices of each sandwich with softened butter or margarine. Toast in a sandwich toaster or grill in oven until lightly browned.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

"Costs are based on prices effective August 1, 1951."



LOOK FOR THIS SEAL

Looking for a dependable guide when shopping for food? You'll find the Institute Seal of Approval is just what you need. It means foods you can rely on because they've been thoroughly tested in the Institute Kitchen and been carefully checked by our research chemists.

Here are food products that have been awarded the Chatelaine Institute Seal of Approval:

Products

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Orange Crush
Vi-Tone
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Frostade
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Company

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Muffin Mix
Gingerbread
Vi-Tone East Fudge—Chocolate
Maple
Vanilla
Tilbest Mixes—Hot Roll
White Cake
Spice Cake
Gingerbread
Pie Crust
Chocolate Cake
Angel Cake
Brownies
Ma's Butter Tart Filling
Roman Meal
Dalton's Featherstrip and
Desiccated Coconut

The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. Ltd.
Vi-Tone Products Limited

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Stafford's Chocolate Syrup—Sundae
Sauce
Dairy Dream Cream
Crino Evaporated Milk
Dairy Dream Chocolate Skim Milk
Dairy Dream Whipping Cream
Red Cow Condensed Milk
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1 Wash 4 large green peppers. Cut off stem ends and remove seeds (as shown). Dissolve 1 package of lemon jelly powder in $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups of boiling water. Add 3 tablespoons vinegar. Allow to cool until partially set. In the meantime prepare the following ingredients: 1 cup celery cut fine; 1 cup grated raw carrot; 1 cup finely shredded cabbage; 1 cup cucumbers cut fine (leave the skin on for color); 1 teaspoon grated onion. Combine all together. Add to jelly when it begins to congeal.

THE INSTITUTE SERVES A JELLIED GREEN PEPPER SALAD

2 Now fill the pepper shells with gelatine-vegetable mixture. Then set shells in the refrigerator and chill until firm.



3 When ready to serve, arrange crisp leaf lettuce on salad plates. Cut each pepper crosswise in $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices, allowing two for each plate.



4 The finished salad—colorful, tangy and good to eat. Just right for after-bride snacks. For supper or luncheon we suggest the addition of deviled eggs. Serve with piping hot cheese tea biscuits.





The Green Giant doesn't *really* pick cans of Niblets Brand Corn right off the stalk. It just *tastes* that way. Plump golden kernels with the fresh-shucked flavor of tender young roastin' ears. For this is "corn-on-the-cob without the cob"—an exclusive breed *picked and packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor*. Be among the first to enjoy this tender harvest... piled high at your grocer's today.

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scratched
yet!"



For a sparkling red jelly you'll be proud of combine the blue and the green grapes of Canada's famous vineyards.

THREE WAYS TO MAKE

RAPE

GRAPE JELLY I

"Sparkling Red"

(Made with blue and green grapes)

2½ pounds blue Concord grapes	1 cup water
2½ pounds green grapes	Sugar (see below)

Wash and stem grapes. Crush slightly in large kettle. Add water. Bring to boil slowly, then cover and cook for 10 minutes. Turn into large jelly bag and let juice drip into a deep bowl. When dripping has almost ceased squeeze bag slightly. (This will not be necessary if fruit is prepared and put to drip the evening before and jelly is made next morning.)

Measure juice into kettle and for each cup of juice add ¾ cup granulated sugar. Bring to a boil slowly, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Boil rapidly, stirring occasionally. After about 6 to 8 minutes test for jelly stage: Lift spoon from mixture high over kettle. When syrup no longer runs off the spoon but separates into two reluctant drops that flow together on edge of spoon, mixture is ready to remove from the stove. Cook only until jelly stage is reached.

Allow to stand while jelly glasses are lifted from boiling water and drained.

Remove scum from hot syrup. Using ladle, fill jelly glasses to within $\frac{1}{3}$ inch of top. Cover top of jelly with a thin layer of melted paraffin. Let jars stand undisturbed until cool. Then add another layer of melted paraffin, rotating the glass so paraffin will form a good seal around the rim. Cover jars with metal lids, label and store in a cool, dry place.

Note: Be sure to use the Canadian slip skin cultivated grapes.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

GRAPE JELLY II

Make as above but use all purple Concord grapes. This will make a dark purple jelly.

GRAPE JELLY III

"Quick and Easy"

(Made with liquid pectin)

4 cups (2 lbs.) juice	$\frac{1}{2}$ bottle liquid pectin
7 cups (3 lbs.) sugar	

To prepare juice: Stem about 3 pounds fully ripe grapes (blue and green grapes). Crush thoroughly. Add ½ cup water; bring to a boil and simmer, covered, 10 minutes. Place in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice.



Cooked until soft, the grapes are poured into a bag so clear juice will drip through, ready to make into jelly.

JELLY

BY MARIE HOLMES, Director, Chatelaine Institute

Measure 4 cups into **large** saucepan. (Concord grapes give best color and flavor. If wild grapes, Malagas, or other tight-skinned grapes are used, use $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups grape juice and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice.)

To make jelly: Add sugar to juice in saucepan and mix well. Place over high heat and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. At once stir in liquid pectin. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, skim, pour quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once. Makes about 10 six-ounce glasses.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

SPICED GRAPE JELLY

To serve with cold meats and game:

Make as for Grape Jelly III but prepare juice as follows: To crushed grapes add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cider vinegar (no water), 1 teaspoon cloves and 2 teaspoons cinnamon. Proceed as directed for Grape Jelly III.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

JELLY-MAKING POINTERS

1. Make only a small quantity at a time. If using just grape juice and sugar do not work with more than 6 cups of

prepared juice at a time. In this way you can carry the jelly process through quickly.

2. Use a large, flat-bottomed pan for cooking both the fruit for juice and in making the jelly. This permits quick evaporation and speeds up the jelly-making.

3. Be sure fruit is fresh and just ripe.

4. Crush the grapes first before cooking. This starts the juice flowing so only a minimum amount of water needs to be added (see recipe).

5. Use the type of grapes specified in the recipe.

6. Follow the recipe exactly and measure carefully.

7. For jelly bag use several thicknesses of cheesecloth, a sugar bag (that's been washed and well rinsed) or a square or bag of factory cotton.

8. To prepare jelly glasses wash and rinse. Place on a rack in a deep kettle. Cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and continue to boil for 15 to 20 minutes. Keep hot until used. Or place washed glasses upside down in shallow pan. Add warm water to about 1 inch in depth. Place in preheated oven (275 deg. F.) before starting to make jelly. Remove just before they are to be filled. *

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FROSTY FRUIT LOAF Makes 3 Loaves

Measure into large bowl

2/3 cup lukewarm water

2 teaspoons granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

2 envelopes Fleischmann's

Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

In the meantime, scald

2/3 cup milk

Remove from heat and stir in

1/2 cup granulated sugar

1-1/4 teaspoons salt

6 tablespoons shortening

Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture. Stir in

3 well-beaten eggs

Stir in

3 cups once-sifted bread flour

and beat until smooth; stir in

3 cups mixture of washed and

dried seedless raisins, quar-

tered candied cherries and

slivered mixed candied peels

Work in

3 cups more once-sifted bread

flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set

PLAIN ICING

Combine 1/2 cup sifted icing sugar

2 teaspoons milk

1/8 teaspoon vanilla

and beat until smooth.



THE MILLIONTH MAN

Continued from page 47

. . . No, Madame, he left no forwarding address."

Jan thanked him and turned away from the desk. The man was still there where she had left him, sitting in the chair which she had abandoned. He was sitting on the small of his back with his legs stretched out and his ankles

crossed, and was staring into space and smoking. When she walked over to him and sat down in the other chair, he looked up without surprise and gave her a wintry and despondent smile.

"He's gone," she said. She put out her hand in a gesture of quiet appeal, and even as she did so she thought, Why am I confiding in him like this, why am I trusting him? She tried to remember that he was a stranger, his friendship unproven. But it was hard right now to remember those things.

There was no one else who could help.

"Yes, he's gone," he agreed, and added accusingly, "You should have done as I advised you and hurried to see him right away."

"I know that now. But I—had to think. Everything was so mixed up for me. Denise Roche had told me not to call him and not to go to his room, and I still was thinking he had written the letter. I know now, of course, that he didn't. That you were the one who wrote the letter and had Denise give

me that message—*that* you, or at least someone helping you, must have gone to the concierge's desk tonight and asked that he be called down to the lobby.

He looked at her for a moment without answering, then said coldly, "What if I did do those things?"

"But *why* did you?"

"I told you once. Because I may owe Paul Barton my life. If you knew everything, you'd thank me for what I'm doing, for the trouble I've gone to, the money I've spent. I'm a fool, I suppose. Not many people in the world would put a debt to a stranger ahead of their own easy comfort. I should have given you up tonight—just dropped you out of my mind."

"You still know where he is?"

"Yes. That is, I will know. I have two good men trailing him—have had, ever since he left Paris. I should know in the morning." The look he gave her was without pomposness or affectation. It was a long, level, slightly weary look. "Do you want to see him again? Why should you think he's not your husband?"

"Because his face was so different. And yet how . . . But there were all the other things too—that if he hadn't written the letter, there was no real reason to think he was still alive. He had been listed as one of the passengers on an airplane that crashed. The plane was destroyed. There were no survivors. And he had never been heard from afterward."

"Well, why should he want to be heard from? If I had stolen money and been lucky enough to get myself thought of as dead, I would take care not to be heard from."

She waited, hoping he'd go on. But he didn't.

"Please," she urged him, "you know things about him. Why don't you tell me?"

"What things should I know?" he demanded irascibly. "A man goes under a name like Charles Brown, has a passport reading Charles Brown, but carries the wallet of Paul Barton—containing driver's license, social security card, snapshots, such things. And also carries on his person newspaper clippings about the embezzlement and the plane crash."

"Denise Roche told you that?"

He was silent, then admitted with a shrug. "All right. Yes. Denise. I hired her to move into that apartment house, get acquainted with the fellow, and find out everything she could. She did very well."

"But doesn't it occur to you that those papers could have been stolen from my husband?" Jan asked him levelly. "Someone could be keeping them for purposes of his own."

"That, as a matter of fact," said the man, "is what he told Denise. That is, that they had been given to him for safekeeping by a friend who later had been killed in a plane accident."

"And wasn't that logical enough for her? Why should she have tried to bring my husband into it?"

"Because she didn't feel quite sure that the man was not Paul Barton. After all, he would say those things even if he were."

"Not," said Jan, "if you convinced him you weren't trying to make trouble for him. Why didn't you simply tell him—"



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"That if he were Paul Barton I wished to give him a reward for a service he had done?" The man smiled wryly. "Could I be sure of the truth that way? Supposing he weren't Paul Barton after all? Mightn't he not be willing to admit to that identity for the sake of obtaining the reward? Oh, and that isn't all. There's so much you don't understand."

"Well, why couldn't you have written to me then?" said Jan with rising bitterness. "In an honest, straightforward way, I mean—using your own name. Why did you have to make it sound as if my husband were writing? Why were you so afraid to sign your own name to it, so afraid to be involved?"

He looked startled. "Afraid?" Then he acknowledged, "Yes, I presume I was afraid of certain things. For instance, that my unconventional approach to this mission might persuade you I was mad. How quickly human beings chime out, 'Madman!' Take my word for it, I couldn't risk it. Yes, how true that I was afraid . . ."

He slumped down after a moment, passing his hand across his brow. He said, "I'm a fool. Why do I bother with all this? I spend my time and money to bring about a meeting that could turn into happiness for two people. It hasn't been easy, as you must realize. Perhaps he's kept running away from you because he feels some guilt about your husband. But all the time I've had the hope that he was really your husband, and that he's tried to avoid you only because of shame." He looked at her glumly. "Assuredly I've hoped you'd meet and know each other and be reunited, and that I could give your husband the grateful reward that I owe him."

Jan dipped her head and stared at her hands. "I believe you," she said in a subdued voice. "I don't know why I should when you keep so much back. But I do somehow believe you. I want to see him again. I've got to talk to him—whichever he is. Whether he's Paul—or whether he's not Paul. Will you help me to?"

"Will you do it my way this time?" he asked her, then added skittishly, "It can't go on like this. I can't be keeping sight of him forever. Will you?"

"Yes," she promised.

That night she sent a telegram to Stephen Hemperley in Paris—to tell him where she was, as she had promised. She sat for a long time with pencil in hand, saying things across the distance to him that she didn't put down. In the end she only told him briefly that she hadn't yet got in touch with Paul but hoped to do so on the following day.

She flew to Geneva the next morning. Once again the man sat beside her, but this time there was very little conversation between them. During most of the ride he sat reading a paper-bound pocketbook of "Moby Dick," ignoring her as completely as if she had been a dull stranger.

At the Geneva airport a telegram was delivered to him, apparently from one of his men. He read it in silence and shoved it into his pocket with an air of satisfaction. Then they were riding into town to the railroad station. Jan looked out of the window and tried to occupy herself with the thought that suddenly she was in this fabulous Swiss city, but it was not a very convincing thought. Where were the bright blue water, the snow-capped Mont Blanc,

the postcard elegance of massed clean-cut buildings? The sky was a thick rolling grey, shutting out distances from these anonymous suburban streets. There was no color, no brilliance. And an incredibly frigid, bone-biting wind was blowing.

As they got out at the station, Jan said, "Would it be all right to tell me where we're going?"

But the man looked annoyed and answered testily, "Suppose we wait till we get there."

He went to buy tickets and returned. Within a few minutes they were boarding a neat, clear-windowed Swiss train. A man in a scarlet cap, standing outside on the platform, raised a staff. Quietly, without fanfare, the train got into motion, and soon was traveling fast.

Some hours later they got out at a small station and changed to a diminutive red train. A mild blue sky was overhead now, the weather had warmed and the wind had vanished, and the granite slopes of mountains rose on all

sides, visible up to their snow-covered peaks. The little train mounted slowly through the valley, winding, turning, creeping along mere rims and edges, climbing higher and higher through the pines and snow.

Late in the afternoon it came to a stop in a mountain village, and Jan and the man got out. The air had a damp frosty smell, and the ground beyond the station platform was crunchy with hard-packed snow. Several brightly painted sleighs were lined up beside the station,

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BUTTERSCOTCH-PUDDING CAKE

2 c. sifted pastry flour
or 1 1/4 c. sifted all-purpose flour
2 1/2 tbsps. Magic Baking Powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1 pkg. Royal Butterscotch Pudding

10 tbsps. butter or Blue Bonnet Margarine
1 c. fine granulated sugar, 1 egg,
2 egg yolks, 3/4 c. milk, 1 tsp. vanilla

Grease two 8-inch round layer-cake pans and line bottoms with greased paper. Preheat oven to 350° (moderate). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt and butterscotch pudding together 3 times. Cream butter or margarine; gradually blend in sugar. Beat the egg and egg yolks together until thick and light; add to creamed mixture part at a time; beat well after each addition. Measure milk and add vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture a quarter at a time, alternating with 3 additions of milk; combine lightly after each addition. Turn into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven 25 to 30 mins. Put cold cakes together with part of Fluffy Vanilla Frosting; frost cake all over with remaining frosting; sprinkle top with cocoa.

FLUFFY VANILLA FROSTING 2 egg whites; 2 c. fine granulated sugar; 1/2 c. cold water; 2 tbsps. vanilla; 1 tsp. Magic Baking Powder. In top of double boiler combine unbeaten egg whites, sugar and cold water. Place over boiling water and cook, beating constantly with rotary beater, until frosting stands in peaks—about 12 minutes. Remove from heat; beat in vanilla and Magic Baking Powder. Spread immediately.



each lettered with the name of a different hotel, each with its uniformed driver and attendant. The breaths of the big blanketed horses were white in the after-sunset air.

As they rode up the narrow street toward the hotel, the man kept looking about watchfully, but there were few people around. An unfamiliar figure in ski clothes here and there, loitering in front of the crude, well-stocked little shops; a bare-headed Swiss girl trudging homeward with milk can strapped on

her back; a couple of small boys with sleds playing in and out of a steep alley.

"You know where he's staying?" Jan asked once, wondering how soon, how abruptly, with how little time to prepare, she would be brought face to face with him.

The man didn't answer, but a little later, as they stood in the firelit lobby of the hotel, he said sternly, "Yes, certainly I know where he's staying. Not here; be assured of that. Suppose you order dinner up in your room

tonight, and then go to bed, or at least keep out of sight. In the morning I'll tell you how you can reach him."

Alone in a hotel bedroom once again, she dropped down on a chair by the writing table without even bothering to take off her coat, and sat staring dejectedly at its marred surface. Never in her life had she felt so utterly lonely. A stranger had brought her here—to meet someone who, ever since she had cabled him in Paris, had been doing his best to elude her. Perhaps he was

someone unknown to her, someone potentially evil, running because he had done harm to Paul; perhaps he was Paul, running simply because . . . he hated her. In either case she had become a pursuer, and it wasn't a pleasant thing to be. She had also become a pawn, and no matter for what benevolent purpose she might be being used, that was not a pleasant thing either. A pursuer made enemies; a pawn was at people's mercy . . .

She opened the drawer and got out paper to write her second telegram to Stephen Hemperley. She couldn't help remembering that then she had promised him, "I'll tell you where I am—every day, wherever I happen to be," she had regarded it only as a last desperate concession. Yet she didn't set out to write him tonight with any feeling of forcing herself to the fulfillment of the terms of a bargain. She was only glad, deeply glad, to be able to reach him even impersonally across the dark and lonely spaces that separated them.

She printed out the words, "Letter never written by Paul," but a moment later made slow resolute strokes through the line. No, there must be nothing to suggest complications, nothing to make him think she had encountered difficulties she couldn't handle. "Arrived here today," she wrote. "Will meet Charles Brown tomorrow morning."

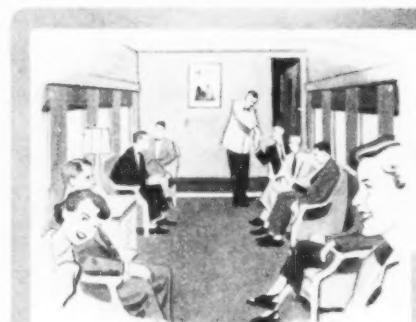
Yet when the telegram had gone, messages went on shaping themselves in her head—better messages, truer ones: I need you, Stephen, come and just be here, with your tough resourceful mind and your courage and your certainty. Come and just be someone without duties and interests of his own who will help me if I need help . . . No, don't come, but think of me, keep me safe with your thoughts . . . Because suddenly, now, tonight, I'm beginning to be afraid . . .

She woke in the morning to dim cold light. Outside her window the sky was clear, but it would be another hour before the bright hot mountain sun climbed over the eastern peaks. Beyond the snow-covered village roofs, beyond the plain dark steeple of the church, she saw it already shining against the high glacial face of a towering, immense, wet faraway mountain.

She was just finishing her dressing when the frock-coated young concierge knocked on the door and delivered a message. It was from the man of the plane. "Will you meet me downstairs at 10 o'clock. Come with your outdoor clothes on, I'll be waiting in the lobby."

Promptly at the specified time she came down the stairs from her room, wearing her broadtail jacket and a wool scarf. He was sitting in a chair by the big stone fireplace waiting for her. Meticulously he stood up to greet her, then crossed over to the settee on the other side of the fireplace, motioning her to sit down beside him.

He said, "He's registered at the Schonhoff, which is a hotel about a block up the street. It's set back from the street, with a drive running in. There are some big trees in the yard with red berries that have fallen and squashed in the snow and look like blood. You'll know it easily when you see it. He ordered breakfast up to his room about a half hour ago, so you should find him there now if you don't waste time."



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She hesitated, then asked pointblank, "Where will you be?"

She had thought he might be irritated at her question, but he looked at her blankly for a minute as if he had been thinking of something else, then merely smiled thinly and answered, "I'll be here. It's as good a place as any to be. I wouldn't try a second time to witness the meeting between husband and wife."

"I hope it is that," she said soberly.

To her surprise he leaned forward and put his square veined hand on her coat sleeve. "I hope so too, of course. How very much I hope it. Good luck," he said with an embarrassed brightness in those deep-set eyes. "I'm going to sit here and . . . be humble in the eye of God. If that will just help."

She got up and left him. Outside, skiers were streaming down the narrow street with their skis over their shoulders, bound for the cog-wheeled train that would take them up to the snow fields. Their voices were loud and cheerful in the hoary morning air. She came down the hotel steps and turned up the street in the opposite direction. Nobody paid much attention to her.

It was a short walk. When she saw, ahead of her, the opening into the hotel yard and the big trees with their messy crushed berries, she paused in front of a shop for a moment and made a blind study of the hand-knit gloves, stockings, and sweaters on one of the outdoor tables. She was out of breath with anxiety and nervousness. She had a sudden longing just to be one of these people with skis on their shoulders, clipped British accents, and simple plans for a day of fun in the mountains.

But she pulled herself quietly together and walked on and turned the corner.

And abruptly, hardly believing it could be possible, she saw him.

He was going along a path that led toward the rear of the hotel.

She started to run after him. She almost called out, "Paul! Paul! Wait a minute!" to see if he wouldn't turn around. For once again her first glimpse had been one of electrified recognition.

Beyond the hotel he took a lane that slanted off through rows of weathered little houses and stables set up on piles. Jan slowed to a walk, keeping a cautious distance behind him as it occurred to her how easily he could slip out of sight among these buildings. He mustn't see her yet and know he was being followed. Farther on, when the path became more open, she would have a better chance to overtake him. She must wait till she was certain he could not elude her. If she lost him now, she would never again find him.

He didn't look back. He walked with his hands in the pockets of his dark blue overcoat, his grey hat tilted in just the way Paul used to wear a hat, and he seemed to be enjoying the crisp cold of the morning. Presently there was an intersection, and he turned right onto another path. It led downhill and crossed a bridge over a rocky-bedded noisy stream, then turned left up a hill again. The sun was just beginning to creep shimmeringly over the village behind them.

The path he had chosen was one of many that walkers took for easy strolls within sight of the village. Mounting gently past scattered hillside chalets, it had no sharp turns or undulations to

get in the way of the vision. Moreover, music had started only a moment before on the skating rink across the field below them, pulling at the attention as well as masking any lesser sounds. She could run now and overtake him; he wouldn't hear her. She could catch up with him, grasp his arm, force him to look at her, to talk to her. He could no longer find an easy escape.

She started to run.

Suddenly, on the path beyond him, a *luge* carrying a woman and a child slid into sight. The woman was steering and braking expertly with her heels, making a swift smooth descent on the tiny sled. He stepped to the side of the path to let them by, pausing to watch them curiously as they continued downward—and then, for the first time, must have noticed Jan.

She had moved to the side of the path and was stooping to pick up a handful of the deep snow, trying to look whimsically absorbed in what she was doing. Perhaps he didn't recognize her; perhaps he became only vaguely suspicious. But when he started on again, he was walking noticeably faster.

Once again Jan began to run.

It must have looked quite normal to the casual observer: a girl running to overtake a friend who, all absorbed in the beautiful morning and the splendid Swiss scenery, didn't know she was behind him. For, even with his hurrying stride, he was successfully preserving the illusion of not hurrying from anything in particular. With a sense of relief Jan abruptly realized that he wasn't going to do anything so undignified or ridiculous as to break into a run himself. In only a matter of minutes they would be meeting.

A little farther on the path forked. Instead of continuing up the side of the valley, he chose the lower path. On a broad slope to the left amateur skiers were practicing simple descents with a wiry leather-brown instructor. On the other side stood a large timber building with the word "Sesselbahn" painted on the wall. The clangorous noise of machinery came from within, while double chairs emerged on cables from the farther end and moved, empty and swaying in space, up the timber-covered mountain.

The hurrying man ahead of Jan turned and crossed the hard-packed snow to the entrance of the building as if, all along, this had been the object of his excursion. Perhaps it had. Certainly he hadn't started out on his walk with anything but the idea of recreation. When she followed him inside the door, into the racket of whirling wheels and grinding cables, she found him stopped in narrow passageway, passing money through a ticket window. He turned around without haste to face her and said in such a familiar voice, looking at her with familiar eyes, and smiling, disgruntled, bitter, "Did you want to speak to me, madam?"

She clenched her hands in her pockets and gazed up at him, clinging to the fact of his voice and his eyes, because that was all there was left, and it was almost not enough. For a moment she lost him completely. He was a man with blond wavy hair, a thin chiseled nose, and an effeminate handsomeness. He was someone she didn't know and had never known. For a moment . . .

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Swift's Premium Bacon

She had to try hard before she brought him back.

Then her hands came out of her pockets. In one she clutched her coin purse. She opened the purse with strangely steady fingers, extracted a coin, and put it through the wicket.

Paul turned and went on down the passageway into the section of the building that contained the machinery. She followed firmly behind.

The two joined chairs came sliding around. A burly man in work clothes, looking tough as a stevedore, took the tickets, saw them seated, and put down the protective cross bars. In a moment they were sliding onward, like objects on an assembly line—till all at once they swung through the open end of the barn out into the snow light and were riding steeply upward on cables with space spinning wide between them and the ground.

Paul put his hands on the arms of his chair, sat back, and stared into mid-air with a cynical smile. "My luck is bad, as usual, don't you think?"

"Your luck bad, Paul? How can you say that? You weren't in the plane that went down. Isn't that luck enough to last you forever? You're alive when you might have been dead."

He shook his head and gave her a look. "No, you're wrong, I'm not alive. This good-looking golden-haired lad isn't Paul Barton. It's Charles Brown—Mr. Charles Margulie Brown—don't you love the fancy middle name? Want to see my passport?" He took the trouble to get it out of his pocket. "Of course the picture isn't too good, but you see my nice wavy hair and those handsome features. And I seem to have lost two inches of height and gained five years in my age, but that's a matter of only academic importance. No, no, hands off. I hold the passport. Got to be careful with such things. What if you were to drop it, way down below us among the trees, and drop Mr. Charles Brown right out of my life?"

"It's—it's a real one?"

"A real passport? Certainly!"

"You bought it?"

"Why should I buy it when I had a perfectly good one of my own to trade?"

"You traded with somebody?" Jan asked him.

"Certainly. That is, he was somebody once. Not any more. Why do you keep looking away from me?"

She said, staring down at her gloved hands, "I can't—make you real when I look at you. You keep slipping away, and a stranger takes your place. There's hardly anything left of you that I remember."

"Remarkable, isn't it?" he said with a smile. "I had it planned a long time, you know. I would go to Paris, get my face changed, and buy myself a new identity. But it worked out even better when the time came. I ran into an American in Paris. Down and out, morally and physically. He was broke and he wanted to get to China, some deal or other—he wanted a loan. Well, he didn't hook me for a loan, but I paid his passage—in exchange for a trade of passports. I got my money's worth all right!"

"Yes," said Jan softly, "You got your money's worth. The plane crashed."

"Yes. The only break I ever got . . ."

He pulled his eyes away from a speculative look at the building they

had left, already so far below them down the mountainside. He said, "Tell me something. You got a letter, didn't you?"

"Yes. And it was signed with your name, Paul. I naturally thought it was from you."

"Yes, I guessed that was it when I got your cable. Damn that girl. I'd like to catch her in a dark alley and wring her neck. She wrote you that letter. She even gave me a pretty strong hint she was going to."

"You obviously aren't in love with her, are you?"

"Lord, no," he told her, then added with guilty reluctance; "Oh, maybe I fell for her a little at first; she's a good-looking gal. But after a while she started getting possessive and inquisitive, and I ditched her fast. That was when she probably pulled the stunt of the letter."

"But how could she have known about me? You were just Charles Brown to her, weren't you?"

Color came up into his face. "Well, I made a blunder one night. We were drinking in my apartment, and I passed out. Just passed out, lord knows how. When I woke up, she was sitting there with my passport and my wallet in her hands, asking in her cute amused way if I was two people instead of one. You see, I carried my old wallet around with me in the same pocket as my passport. In it were clippings from the papers about the—the money business and the plane crash. What it amounted to was that I had two sets of identification on me—one for Charles Brown, one for Paul Barton. You have a peculiar feeling when you change your appearance as I've done. You think you'd better not destroy all the evidence."

And this is the other side of it, thought Jan. Only two nights ago she had sat listening to this story from a man she didn't know. The facts fitted together exactly; there was not one detail that was different. Only that night it had been told by someone on the outside, and today it was being told by Paul.

"And she wouldn't quite believe you," said Jan, "when you said you weren't Paul Barton?"

"No, she wouldn't. Some people have minds that just work that way. I told her a logical enough story. I said the wallet belonged to a friend of mine who had later been killed. But she still looked at me out of the corner of her eyes in a kidding, wise way. She said, 'I suppose the only sure way to find out would be to write to Mrs. Paul Barton. She'd know.' But I didn't think she really meant it. As a matter of fact, I didn't have her pegged for a troublemaker like that."

"But she was," said Jan steadily. "In fact, much worse than that."

She paused, gripping the crossbar as the chairs chattered and shuddered momentarily on their trolleys, then turned to him and went on, "Paul, haven't you wondered how I was able to find you when you left Paris?"

"Well, when you turned up in Cannes, I figured it was some of Denise's fast work. Someone called me from the concierge's desk that evening. They said there was a young woman to see me in the lobby, and they gave Denise's name. But today, when you turned up here—that was something different. You can bet I never expected to see you here, never even dreamed of seeing you. I



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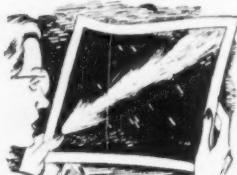


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Continued from page 60
suppose you hired a detective, though why in heaven's name you should want to—"

"I didn't," said Jan. "There was someone who helped me from the time I left Paris, Paul. Listen—Denise didn't just happen to get acquainted with you. She was *bred* to get acquainted with you and find out, if she could, if you were really Paul Barton. She doubtless put something in that drink that made you pass out. And she didn't write that letter—that is, she only did the typing."

She went on, then, and told him about the man.

She saw that queer made-over face alter, the mouth grow lax with shock. She hadn't expected a reaction like that. What she had expected, she didn't know—but not this look of fright, of panic.

He looked around him. They were over the top of the mountain now, traveling above a rocky incline toward a higher peak.

He said, "This man is down in the village now?"

"Yes. But—"

"Waiting for you to come back and tell him I'm Paul Barton. Sure, tickled to have you tell him so, sitting there being humble in the eyes of God if that will help you to tell him. Jan, you fool, you don't know what the time of day is, do you? Sure he's kind, sure he's full of high-minded ideas of doing good to a stranger . . . sure, he's a good actor. Jan, you've been used, and you haven't the sense to know it. That man is a policeman, and you're over here to put the finger on me. There's probably not another person in the world who could identify me as you could. And you would, if they caught you unaware."

Jan shook her head, astounded at the thought. "No—no. You're wrong. If you could see him, you'd know you're wrong. He's as far from being a policeman as anyone could be."

"You mean he doesn't wear a blue suit with brass buttons and talk tough out of the side of his mouth like a movie cop? The police don't do it that way you little fool. They're not stupid. So now I know what a slap-happy dunce I've been all this time, thinking it was something so simple as just a girl having a little mean revenge on me. A spy, instead, working for the police. Lord only knows how they got suspicious of me, but they hired her to see what she could find out, to poke around in my personal papers that I would never in the world have let anyone see. And it was this nice little well-meaning men of yours who master-minded that letter."

"I don't believe it," Jan whispered. She tried to imagine that arrogant gloomy-eyed man as a detective in disguise, someone striding down busy corridors, greeting his associates with incisive directness, sizing up faces, photographs, fingerprints with a concentration that was utterly devoid of melancholy. And she almost could; that was what was suddenly so alarming to her. Could he be what Paul said he was? Had he brought her to the brink of betraying Paul with exaggerated histrionics that she should have seen through?

"Are you listening to me, Jan?" Paul was demanding.

She turned to him, tense with trying

to think it all through.

"There's the station up ahead; we'll be there in a minute. Listen now. We're going right back down again. Just while we're making the turn-around, act as though we're nothing more than casual acquaintances. You don't know who they may have watching up there. When we get to the bottom, it's good-by, and I wasn't the man you were expecting to find after all; I was Charles Brown, and the reason I'd been running from you was—well, why?"

He thought. But there wasn't time. They were swinging toward the open end of the building now. He said, "I'll figure something out as we're riding down. They won't catch me. I won't be caught. Not by them, and not by *you*. No! I'm living now, I've got the life I always wanted. Nobody worrying every time I spend a little too much money, nobody trying to make me settle down to a dull ordinary life. No, never again, so help me. I won't be caught, Jan."

A few minutes later they were out again in the sunlit mountain stillness, swinging downward over the snow-patched rocks.

Paul turned to her. "Listen now," he said. "There isn't much time. The reason that I, Charles Brown, kept trying to get away from you was that I'd borrowed some money from your husband in Paris and was afraid you were going to try to get it back. The reason I had the wallet was that he'd given it to me for safekeeping one evening, and I'd forgotten to return it. When you cabled me, I learned for the first time you were coming over and skipped town. In the hotel in Cannes that night I recognized you from those snapshots in the wallet. Do you get it? Can you remember? And when we get down to the station and get out of these chairs, I'm going to say to you, 'Well, good-by, Mrs. Barton, and I'll send you that money as soon as I can raise it'—something like that. Then you go back to the hotel and say your piece, and I ride up the chair-lift again, as if I'd just politely accompanied you down."

But she didn't answer. She asked him instead, "Paul, why did you run from me in Paris? Why?"

He looked at her in silence, seeming not to be able to concentrate and take in her meaning. Then finally his mind focused, and he thought, and said deliberately, "Do you want the truth? I suppose I could say I was afraid even then that you'd barge in and give me away—but that wouldn't be the truth. I guess I didn't have the sense to be afraid of that. I simply—All right, you're going to have the truth. I simply didn't want to see you. You're a lovely gal to look at with those wide hazel eyes and those black lashes and that black soft hair, but you're just too tame, just too conservative and sensible for me. I'd had enough of you a year ago. I was fed up with you for all time."

She swallowed and her expression flickered involuntarily, but she managed to smile. "That's frank all right."

"Well, hell, you knew it without asking, didn't you?"

"Yes, I'm only thinking how—ironic this all is, how I rushed over here when I got that letter, thinking you needed a friend, and ready to be that friend to you. Oh, it is ironic. Being loyal

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to someone who I thought was a needy friend has cost me a great deal."

He gave her a jittery impatient look. "Well, too late now. Jan, are you straight about what you're going to say down there?"

"But it isn't too late," she continued. "It's not too late at all for the really important thing. I didn't come expecting that you still loved me. I would have been a fool—and a hypocrite. For I know that we're both of us past that. Listen, Paul. How much of the bank money do you still have left?"

"Plenty, thank you."

"Well, even that would make a difference, you know. The amount that you still could return to the bank."

"What bank? Jan, let's cut this out. I'm up against something tough. I'd rather not talk. Have you got it straight—what you're going to do?"

She gripped her two hands on the chair arm and stared at the straining leather of her gloves. "No," she said in a low clear voice. "No."

He stared at her. "What?"

She raised her eyes to his face. She said, "You ran away from Paris. You ran away from Cannes. You're running away now. You'll never be done running away. Paul, you say you're living now, that you've got the life you want. But you don't look happy; you look hunted. You can't go back to your apartment in Paris. You'll have to find a new place. And after awhile there'll be someone to worry you out of that place. You'll never be secure, because even if you manage the practically impossible task of finding security, your mind will tell you that you aren't. Come back home, Paul. I'll help you. I'll go ahead of you and pave the way."

He was watching her fixedly.

They passed out of sight of the mountain-top station. Their chairs made a small moving blob of shadow on the snow-crusted rocks far below. In a few minutes they would reach the sunless gloom of the mountainside, and the station down in the valley would come into distant view. They would descend quickly after that. There was so little time.

She burst out suddenly, "Paul, I can't go back there and say you aren't my husband. I can't—I can't. It's only adding more wrong to wrong that's already done. Let me talk to that man. Let me be honest and frank with him."

But she didn't go on. He was reaching toward her. He grabbed her forearm and held it in a quivering violent grip, pulling her toward him. She clutched at the other arm of the chair, trying to steady herself. The chair swung with the violence of his motion, and she stared down at a momentarily unbalanced angle onto the rocks below.

"Is that what you want to do?" he said on a harsh low breath.

In horror she fought herself back against the chair.

"Is that what you want to do?" he repeated. "Give me away, sell me out?"

"No—no."

"Say it again. Say it. Or out you go."

He pulled up the bar. There was nothing in front of her now. One jerk and he could dislodge her. His hand tightened and pulled.

"Say it."

Some horrible screaming sound was trying to escape from her throat, yet only a small moan came out.

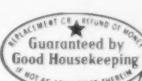
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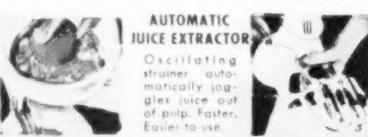
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and tell him, 'No, it wasn't Paul Barton.'"

"Yes—yes."

He flung her arm away from him and flung the bar down, and sat back, his face trembling with triumph. Jan looked at him for a moment, then looked away, and didn't look back. Gradually her heart stopped pounding and returned to beating normally.

After a little while she said without emotion, "Paul, what are your plans?"

"I'm clearing out of here tonight. After that, you just forget you ever knew me, my girl."

"Yes," she said tonelessly, "you'd better go tonight. It's your only chance. Do you honestly think you could get away if the police were on your trail?"

"What do you mean, 'if'?" he demanded. "The police are on my trail. Do you think I kid myself this is the end of them? But I'm a pretty clever guy when I'm trying. I'll get away."

"I don't think so," said Jan sombrely.

They passed down along the pine side of the mountain where the sun shone only for a few afternoon hours. They drew near the station below.

When she got back to the hotel the man was in the lobby, walking about idly, smoking a cigarette in the silver holder. As she went toward the stairs he came over to her, and there was a look of concentration and controlled excitement in his face. Yes, he looked quite a little like a policeman now. But it no longer mattered.

"You saw him?"

She paused at the stairs. "Yes. He was on his way to the chair-lift. We rode up together."

"And—he didn't come back with you? He isn't?"

"No, he was a stranger," she said, and saw the excitement go out of his eyes, as if something had burned it out. She smiled wanly and shrugged. "He's just a man named Charles Brown, with nothing to distinguish him from any other stranger one passes on the street. Excepting, I guess, that he once was the millionth man to enter somewhere or other."

"Yes, that," he said. He leaned against the newel post, staring off across the room with dispirited eyes. His cigarette dropped in his hand and let its long ash fall to the carpet. "I curse myself for visiting France this year, and I curse myself for reading French newspapers, and I curse myself for reading about that—millionth-man business. It brought us both on a long bitter journey."

After a moment he straightened up and walked away from her. She turned, went up the stairs to her room. Standing at the open window, staring out at the bright warm false day, she saw him presently leave the hotel and go off down the street. He walked with a trace of his old arrogance, but not with any lordly look of taking pleasure in his surroundings. Somehow she still couldn't believe that he wasn't truly what he had seemed.

She was sitting in a chair by the window with a pot of tea, long since tepid, beside her. Now and then she would pick up the cup she had poured—when was it? hours ago—and drink a little of it. She knew she ought to be packing her bag and preparing to leave the hotel. It was after two o'clock now, and the bar of sunlight on

the carpet had traveled a long way since she started watching it.

Someone knocked on the door. There was no startled response to it from the deadness inside her. She got up and stared at herself in the mirror for a moment, but only lifted her hand in an abortive, uncaring motion toward her rumpled hair. She was wearing the same dark dress that she had worn two mornings ago in Paris, and her face was as drawn as it had been then. It was thus that Stephen Hemperley saw her when she came across the room and opened the door.

"Now, don't be angry with me," he said quickly, with a wary sizing-up of her expression. "I'm not jumping the gun; you have another day."

She stood back from the door, and he came in. "I know," he went on in that half-angry tone that one has when anticipating anger in someone else, "I know it looks as if I'm moving in ahead of time, but for Pete's sake, Janice, don't jump to conclusions. Right now I don't give a damn about Paul Barton. I've been worried about you. You, letting you go off into some unknown mess, and thinking I was giving you an extra-generous deal. Can you imagine what I felt when I got those telegrams—first, one from Cannes, then from way over here? Well, you're all right, as it turns out." He stopped and gave her a penetrating look. "You are, aren't you? So if you want me to—so help me, I'm serious, Janice—I'll turn right around and go back out that door."

Jan shook her head. "No, you don't need to," she said in a low voice, and then turned carefully away from him so he wouldn't see emotion suddenly crumple her expression. She walked over to the dresser and started gathering toilet articles slowly together. "I was about to pack up and go. I—don't know whether I ought to feel glad that you're here. You came too soon. But . . . but can't I say now perhaps that chance has taken it out of my hands? I tried—so hard. I did try. But it didn't work out."

Stephen Hemperley was suddenly very quiet. "You've seen him?" he asked. But he added, "No, don't tell me even that if you don't want to. Tell me instead—oh, this is hellishly on my conscience, Janice—What I did to you in Paris that morning, outside your room. I'm not nice sometimes. Maybe it was just as well you found that out."

She didn't answer till she could speak steadily through the tightening ache in her throat. Then she said, still ineffectually assembling things on the dresser, "You've always been nice. There's never been a moment when, in the important ways, you weren't everything that I could ask or want. You've been everything I never knew before. Strong. And kind, not just on the surface. And so firmly on the side of right. So I've loved you. And do now. And will always." She put her fingers up to her blurring eyes. "I'm glad that's finally—finally on the record."

"I am, too, Janice," said Stephen Hemperley in a quiet voice. "I am, too."

After a moment he came over to where she stood. She didn't, she couldn't, look around. He put his arm about her shoulders and bent forward, smiling a little, his eyes—such a vivid blue—on her reflection in the mirror. "But those tears. Do they go with it, Janice?"



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"With—something else."

"Better tell me," he said gently.

She turned around to him then, weeping now beyond control. "Oh, Stephen—it was Paul, but he never wrote the letter and he didn't want me to come. He made me tell that man he wasn't Paul. His face was all changed, and he was so different, and he'd been running from me, not wanting to see me, not wanting me to come . . ."

She stopped and tried to get control of herself, tried to make her face strong, her mouth firm, her voice equal to the needs of this moment. Outside the window she heard people talking, skiers returning in throngs, their conversation loud in the early-afternoon stillness. Sunshine, beautiful mountains, friendly people all around—this was no place to be crying over one's troubles. But somehow she couldn't stop.

"It's all right, Janice," Stephen told her reassuringly. "I'm sure you did your best. You've been a fine friend all the way through, and against a lot of obstacles that made things tough for you."

He took her into his arms and held her comfortingly close.

"And that—that man," she said. "Not a policeman—I know he wasn't—I know it. But trying to find him. A man on a pleasure trip to Europe who had just happened to read in a French newspaper about Paul being the millionth man—"

But she didn't go on. Something was outside her mind, trying to enter it, something tenuous and vague.

"Janice, what man are you talking about?" Stephen asked her, frowning. "Not the one that redhead talked about, surely. I went to see her yesterday. I was lining up information on this deal, and I thought I could pay her to talk. And she only looked amused. 'I don't need money,' she said, 'I'm rich already,' and went and pulled a roll of bills from her desk. 'All this,' she said, 'for just a simple little job. He's a funny fellow, such a grudge he had, though he never even saw the man, just knows his name. Surely he must have loved his wife well. All this to find the man who wronged her and revenge himself!'"

Jan had pushed away and was staring at Stephen, her face chalky. The thing outside her thoughts had broken through, had swarmed in with a throng of terrifying, half-formed implications. I curse

myself for reading French newspapers, he had said. I curse myself for reading about that millionth-man business . . .

"But the newspaper story about the millionth man," she said, hardly able to form the words, "led him to Charles Brown. To Charles Brown. Not to Paul, to Charles Brown."

"Janice, what is it? What's wrong with you?"

"Not with me," she whispered. "With him. Thinking Paul had—oh Stephen. Thinking Paul had done him a service without knowing it. But what service, except to avenge him on Charles Brown, by causing Charles Brown to be on that plane that crashed. But he couldn't be sure till he knew which man was still alive—Paul or Charles. He took pains to be sure in the only way he could—because I wouldn't have helped him, don't you see, if I'd known the truth. And now"—she stopped and caught her trembling breath—"and now he's losing the future that he thought Paul perhaps had given him . . . losing it to do the terrible thing he hoped he wouldn't have to do."

She started in panic toward the wardrobe to get her coat, then, aware in a new dread way of the voices outside, turned and stumbled toward the window. Stephen followed her and stared

down into the street. Skiers were standing about talking, but not idly, not as usual. Everything was disconnected, bits of comment, sober questions, shocked silences. Someone new came up the street and asked what the excitement was. An accident . . . No, not a skiing accident . . . A fall from a path . . . A man slipping and carrying another man with him down two thousand feet while people above at the chair-lift station helplessly watched.

Slipped, or lunged. He had almost seemed to lunge. But he was an older man, perhaps he had only slipped, and carried the young man, a newcomer, a handsome blond young man with everything to live for, with him, unwillingly . . .

Stephen Hemperley, quiet horror in his face, straightened up and pulled down the window. Then he turned to Jan and put his arms around her and just held her. The voices were muted now, the room was quiet, the sun was slanting peacefully in across the carpet. Once he looked down at her, peering carefully to see her face. Her eyes were closed, her dark lashes tight against her cheeks, but she wasn't crying. It was bad for her now. Right now was the worst it would ever be. After a while it would be better. *

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LETTER TO ELIZABETH

Continued from page 9

sentimentalists and, in a harmless, genial fashion, the craziest folk alive.

If we were otherwise, if we were what strangers think us, neither this nation nor the present Commonwealth would exist today.

The paradoxical nature of the Canadian may be indicated in a single curious fact—that while we welcome our future Queen who lives in London we would never suffer a monarch who lived in Ottawa. We admire an English woman who will become the constitutional head of our state. We would never establish a dynasty of persons born in Canada and will not tolerate even a titled Canadian class because it would contradict our rough notion of equality. Thus the institution of royalty does not grow out of our Canadian life but seems to deny it.

That, contrary to all our native instincts, we maintain this paradox, on our own terms, is the best proof that the institution of the Crown is durable and flexible enough to meet our needs. Otherwise we would have replaced it with something else. We have no thought of replacing it but, were it abolished in Britain, we would not imitate it by creating a similar institution here. We want the original or nothing.

Happily Canada could never be measured by logic. It is the successful revolt against logic, geography, economics and every known law of politics. You might almost call it a revolt against sanity.

Doubtless no truly sane people would have tried to build here a nation within the Commonwealth when it would have been so much easier to let Britain manage our affairs, or to abandon the Commonwealth altogether, or—where logic clearly pointed—to join the United States. We were too crazy to do any of those things.

We set about doing something else in our own queer way, and after we had done it without any plan, chart or model to follow, the historians called it the "Canadian system," gave it all sorts of impressive names and invented theories to interpret it.

All this makes us smile since we have never known what we were doing or where it led. We were content so long as it worked and kept us independent of other nations.

You may safely disregard the interpreters of the "Canadian system." There is none to be interpreted. Only a nameless compulsion in the minds of ordinary men.

This Impossible Nation

You may be sure anyway that Canada was not made and is not sustained by governments, political parties, economics or laws. These are merely the devices and the methods which obscure men on the fringe of the wilderness have thought up from day to day in order to survive and remain Canadian.

Modern Canada is not the result of a system. It is the product of a national lunacy on a grand scale, like most other works of permanent value. We are too crazy to be anything but Canadians. We have never felt the withering touch of sanity which would have smashed a country like this at the start.

Altogether, Ma'am, this is an impossible country, which any student would have assigned to a quick end on its first birthday. Of which your several Thrones and separate official persons spanning the Commonwealth are the most impossible and unimaginable arrangement of all.

Nevertheless, the thing has worked. The impossible nation has become one of the most fortunate in human history. It will presently be more populous, richer and stronger than its mother, your other nation of Britain. And the Throne—the Canadian Throne—is more firmly established here than ever.

It is established not merely by law but by the consent of the governed because it works. From the days when we first threaded the Canadian jungle in birchbark canoes, that has always been our test and touchstone—will it work? In politics, as in the physical conquest of the wilderness, we have never paid the least heed to convention, theory or the gibbering of little men who tried to compress us within a constitutional eggshell. As we built York boats to replace the canoes, railways to replace the boats and cities on the site of our log shacks, so we have built our peculiar, illogical and workable system of government and then insisted on remodeling the old Empire to fit it.

We were ready to try anything and finally hit upon the present Commonwealth and the monarchy of Canada. They suit us as institutions because they meet our final test of practicality.

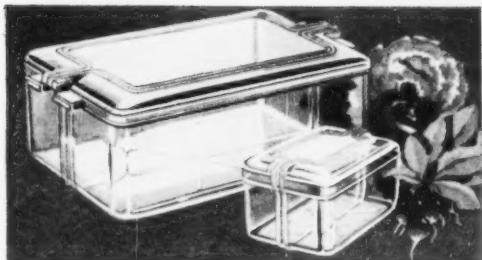
But there is far more to it than that. If one may say so with respect, your father and you suit us not only as public institutions but as private persons. If this were not so the institutions would be damaged, perhaps fatally. As institutions and persons you suit us not only in the essential business of government but in expressing—perhaps more vividly than you can yet realize—that inner dream which is the whole meaning, strength and core of Canada.

All this is difficult to explain to a visitor, even if she is the future Queen of Canada. We haven't been able to explain it to ourselves yet. We have never quite identified, much less articulated, the instinct which holds two races, a sprawling handful of people and a vast physical structure together and makes us all Canadians.

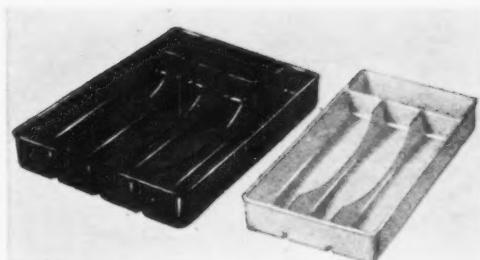
It is easy enough to say that Canadians are not transplanted Britons or

Continued on page 73

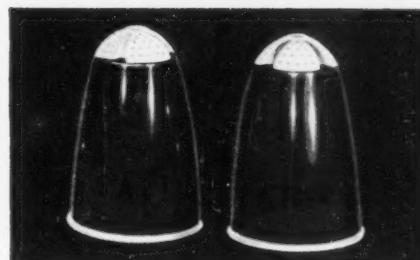




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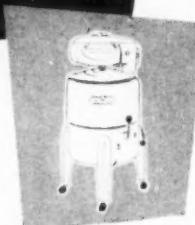
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HAMILTON, CANADA

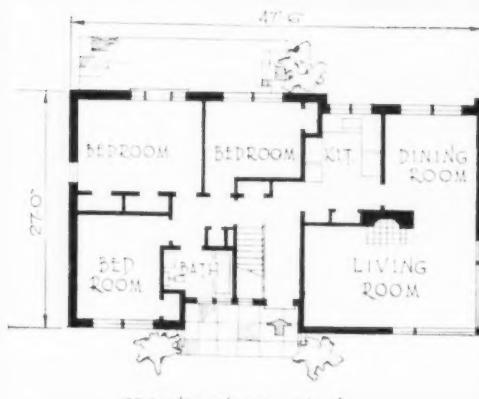


OUSE ON THE

You can put space to work two ways. One, in the careful planning of rooms and their relationship to one another. Two — and this is often overlooked — by making the most of varying ground levels.

The appealing home Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Collins built in Kitchener, Ont., demonstrates both methods. Cleverly employing a sloping lot, there are two entrances, one at each level. Mr. Collins points out that "the stairs to the basement form part of the front hall and give the area a pleasing appearance without wasting any space."

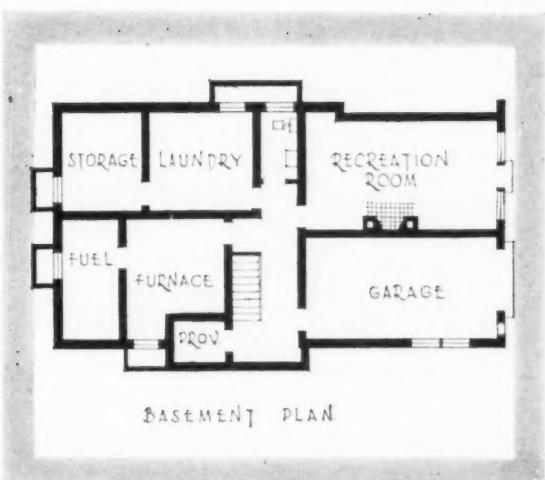
It is possible to enter the basement from the garage, and teen-age guests can arrive and leave recreation room parties without disturbing parents in the living room above. Architects were Barnett and Rieder, contractors, E. Schnarr and Sons,



Why not a sloping lot for your homesite? A house on two levels can be so much more interesting . . .

SIDE OF A HILL

BY JOHN CAULFIELD SMITH, Home Planning Editor



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A NEW FACE

FOR A TIRED SUNROOM



Left, you see it as it was—comfortable but uninteresting—the sunroom in the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Stark, Toronto. Below, a miraculous transformation achieved chiefly by the use of inexpensive fir plywood. The valance box houses indirect lighting fixtures as well as curtains; the desk is designed to hold everything needed for the owner's "homework." Natural wood finish matches walls and ceiling.



Excessive summer heat made it necessary to fill in some of the windows. Others were replaced by a sheet of plate glass to permit more enjoyment of view. Bookshelves and low cabinets blanket wall at right. Color scheme is gay, invigorating, consists of sand-dune walls and ceiling, lime-green curtains, coco-brown chesterfield and chair. Rug has bright pattern of sand dune, lime green, dark green and rust red. Armchair uses same colors.



GORGEOUS MAIN DISH...THRIFTY TOO!

Cheese Soufflé

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CHEESE . . . zesty always . . . but here, fairly bursting with delicious goodness . . . CHEESE Soufflé! It puffs and it fluffs into a gorgeous main dish. So easy . . . so good! Economical, too. Try it.

For 4 Generous Servings . . .

3 tbsp. BUTTER	1 cup MILK
3 tbsp. flour	1/2 pound Canadian cheddar cheese, grated or pared with sharp knife
1/2 tsp. salt	
dash of cayenne	
4 eggs separated	or 1/2 pound Canadian processed cheese, sliced



1 MELT BUTTER in top of double boiler. Blend in flour and seasonings. Then add milk slowly, stirring until sauce is smooth and thick.



2 ADD CHEESE, stirring until melted.



3 BEAT EGG YOLKS . . . and add a little hot cheese sauce. Pour mixture into remaining sauce. Cook one minute. Cool slightly.



4 FOLD CAREFULLY into stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into ungreased 1 1/2 quart casserole.



5 FOR 'GOLDEN CROWN' make a groove in mixture 1 inch from edge of casserole, using the back of a teaspoon.



6 PUT CASSEROLE IN PAN of hot water and bake in slow oven (300°F.) for 50 to 60 minutes. Quarter and serve immediately.

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Continued from page 66

Frenchmen, that only about half our blood is Anglo-Saxon, that very few Canadians will ever see your nation of Britain, that we are purely a North American people and yet distinct from the great people usually called Americans. Very easy to say what we are, not, but very hard to say what we are, to explain why we wish to be Canadians and nothing else whatever.

We cannot explain it. We ask you to accept us for what we think we are, on faith. If you will return here sometimes when you are Queen, open our Parliament occasionally, observe us at work and play, attend a hockey game in the Maple Leaf Gardens or a stampede in Calgary, ride a sleigh through the villages of Quebec when the church bells are ringing along the river, see the fishing fleet outbound from a Maritime harbor, the Indians dancing beside Scottish pipers at Banff, the prairies in harvest time and the loggers hacking at the Pacific coast jungle . . . then, perhaps, under these crude and clumsy expressions of our life you may discern the Canadian character, so thickly bundled up in woolen platitudes—the dumb love and longing for this soil, the sovereign compulsion which alone governs your nation of Canada.

A dream and a dream only, which our fathers first dreamed on the frozen rock of Quebec, carried on foot across a continent and followed into the northern tundra. It was not a dream of England, Scotland, Ireland, France or any other place. It was a dream of Canada as our own land, to do with as we chose, and it has always been so large and deep that we have never found words to utter it.

A queen who reigns but does not rule, a Throne which has no outward power but somehow contains the unlimited power of the people, a single person who signifies the best in us, our reach for the thing beyond our grasp—this incredible fantasy and myth exactly fits a nation of romantics, who have always had their eyes trained on something vague and shining beyond the immense horizon of Canada.

Only a myth is large enough to hold the dream of the Canadian people. Incurably hot and romantic under a fish-cold exterior, we needed symbols, not to be understood by reason but to be seized upon by instinct. You, Ma'am, are such a symbol.

Can We Be Large in Spirit?

If one may say so respectfully, your character, your private life and your very look seem to us well combined to make that symbol burn with a strong new light. You are welcome because you are not only heir to the Throne but the kind of woman we would like all our own women to be.

Apart from our peculiar constitution and distant Throne you will also see that this nation is different in another respect from most of the states of the present world. Canada is only now at its real beginning. It is still molten, uncrystallized and incalculable in its mold, the shape of which we cannot foresee. Its future, for better or worse, is gigantic but beyond reckoning. We are one of the few peoples who have been given the chance to build as we please from the foundation upward.

Assuredly we are building here a

nation great, rich and powerful by all material dimensions. With our resources we would be very stupid to do less. It is not mainly because we are clever but because we had natural wealth lacking in your nation of Britain that we have built here already what we call the second highest living standard on earth and, with only fourteen million people, one of the world's major industrial powers.

The real question is not whether we can build the physical apparatus of wealth and power but what we shall do with it.

Are we to be only a muscle-bound giant, fat with glut and drunk with money—or something better? Are we to build only a rich or a sound and happy life for ourselves and as our contribution to a tolerable world? Are we to be large in spirit as in body?

That, to use a Canadian expression, is where Your Royal Highness comes in.

You represent one of the two dominant forces in our life. The one is geographical—our love of this, our own earth. The other is our racial memory of old lands across the ocean.

You are the guardian of that memory. That is why you are welcome in Canada today, why you will one day be our Queen, by our wish and for no other reason.

You Bring Our Past

We know, for all our ravenous labor on this earth, that the other, subconscious, trans-Atlantic half of our nature is essential to us. At the moment we are considerably worried about it. For the first time we are questioning, defining and attempting to shape what we call our national culture, though it goes far deeper than that rather stuffy word implies.

We are attempting to discover what indigenous culture we possess, what is valuable in it, what is worthless and how, by using what we have here in native growth and combining it with the best from other lands, we can build a new culture of our own, not imitative but Canadian.

The fact that at last we are concerned about our culture, where before we have always been concerned only with our livelihood, indicates that we are growing up and may be worthy of the heritage which we brought from overseas.

The heritage of ideas which is lamely called culture—that awareness of our fathers' work in Britain, France and other ancient countries has issued in our present monarchical constitution, which could not survive without it. Hence, when you come to Canada you bring with you an intangible force, larger than any person, government or law accumulated by our ancestors through a thousand years of labor, thought and battle.

This is the testament they have left us. For a little time you will hold those title deeds in trust. You and the history you represent must convey to us half of our total estate, the other half being of our own creation.

The two will be combined in something which we now see dimly ahead, in the lives of our children. You are important to us because you bring our past to join our present in the construction of our future.

Canada may well become in your time the chief centre of the Commonwealth's

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power. To tell the truth, Ma'am, we are not much interested in such speculations. On the contrary, the greatest work of Canada in the world has been to broaden, loosen up and diversify the Commonwealth, to prevent its centralization and rigidity, to make it wide, flexible and tolerant enough to contain any kind of people: above all, to keep it close in understanding to our well-loved neighbors in the United States.

We accept the Commonwealth for what it is, so far the most successful

experiment in international co-operation, the largest influence for stability in the world. We do not regard it as an end in itself or as a structure wide enough to reconcile all the conflicting interests of its members. Our political vision, if we have one, is a much broader agglomeration of nations, a world organization in which the Commonwealth, and we as a member of it, can play a man's part.

We have a special and difficult part to play simply because we are the only

Commonwealth nation in America. Better than any others we understand the Americans, whom we accept as the destined leaders of the free world. We think we can interpret them to the rest of the Commonwealth and the Commonwealth to them. As Queen our nation will be intrinsically important to you. It will be still more important as the link between your other nations and the United States.

With a clear vision of geography and history, one of your British statesmen,

Winston Churchill, has called Canada the linchpin of world peace. We Canadians are sceptical of such fancy phrases. We never rate ourselves very high. We nourish an inferiority complex which you will find more visible and formidable than the Rockies. But still, geography and history have placed us between this hemisphere and the old world in an intimacy of communication which does not exist elsewhere.

It is a position which we could hardly hope to fill without the institution of a Throne spanning the Atlantic. Through you as an Englishwoman who is yet the future Queen of Canada that link can be maintained, that full circle completed.

In visiting Canada, therefore, you are inspecting not only one of your most valuable possessions but the indispensable hinge between old world and new. The symbolic responsibility of maintaining that hinge in working order you will fulfill. We are sure of that. The day-to-day job of understanding, conciliation and interpretation is something we Canadians must do ourselves.

Glimpsing the Intangible

Up to now we have done pretty well, we think, but the most onerous phase of the job is just beginning. Where our relations with the world's most powerful state used to be simple, bilateral and usually of no concern to outside countries, now, as your Canadian minister, Mr. Pearson, says, Canada and the United States are both enmeshed in the affairs of a deranged world. Everything we do affects everybody else, especially the Commonwealth and Britain. And having escaped from the domination of Britain we have no wish nor have our neighbors to become the satellite of the United States.

One does not have to tell you who have studied history how puzzling and delicate our problem must be in an era of howling lunacy, obsolete sovereignties and general revolution. I suggest merely that in Canada you will see one of the most critical areas, politically, economically and strategically, on the entire map.

After mentioning these material calculations, a candid Canadian is bound to return to the intangibles.

These you can glimpse, but only glimpse, in the Canadian crowds. What you see there is partly admiration for you and your husband as human beings of the sort we like. Part of it is our backward glance toward the past, our nostalgia for other days and other lands. These should not mislead you to ignore the much larger thing at work like wholesome yeast in this country—the instinct to which, for lack of a good word, we apply the awkward description of Canadianism.

We do not like to utter it. We are a little ashamed of our feelings. We will stubbornly deny the truth—that we are sentimentalists and romantics. In public we will always distort our nature by the caricature of a phlegmy, chilled and viscous species with glassy, haddock eyes.

But sometimes, on occasions like your visit here, we let ourselves emerge briefly for what we are: a little band of dreamers who see in you and what you symbolize, as human being and future Queen, something of the glittering shape of our Canadian dream. We hope you will take a fragment of it home with you.



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Elizabeth the Woman

Continued from page 12

There are a myriad memories of my seventeen years as governess to the two princesses.

I had the box made, I remember, after the Duchess of York, as the Queen was then, had asked me to take a trial month with them. It was fashioned from the paneling in the wardroom of the German battleship *Prinz Luitpold*, which had been scuttled by her crew in Scapa Flow after the First World War, then raised and towed to Rosyth, near my home then in Dunfermline, to be broken up.

I had the box made up and constructed like a pirate's chest in miniature, bound with brass at the edges, with my initial M set in lighter wood in the centre of the lid. It cost me three pounds. You would not get such work today for twenty.

It would do, I thought, to carry my papers and a few books, for the teaching post to which I felt sure I would return before long.

From that day to this it has never left my side. It was with me that morning, so many years ago, when I set off from the busy Scottish town of Dunfermline to that strange world of courtiers and courtesy which was to be mine for so long and from which I was to learn so much.

It moved with me from 145 Piccadilly on that fateful day when the two little Princesses and I followed, somewhat subdued, in the wake of the Crystal Coach which was taking the King and Queen to their new home in Buckingham Palace.

There my box stood on the window sill of my room, in plain view, outlined against the net curtain, to passers-by in Constitution Hill. Often, as we drove by, Princess Elizabeth would glance up and say, "Look, Crawfie. Your treasure chest!"

I cannot think of any more apt description for what it now contains.

And finally the box moved with me from my little grace and favor house in Kensington Palace, granted to me for life by His Majesty King George VI when I married and retired from the Royal service, to this calm house where I now live and find some of the tranquillity denied me in the turmoil of royal life in London.

Now the box rests at what I hope is the end of its journey. And here, I like to think, I shall be able to turn to it in future years and show that, in however small a way, I had a hand in the making of England's Queen.

CHAPTER 3

The Old Pram Appears

And so to return to that important telephone call from Buckingham Palace.

Just as I was one of the first to hear the actual news of the birth so I was among the first to know, months before, that a royal baby was on the way.

One afternoon I was sitting down to tea in my rooms when there came a gentle knock at the door and Princess Elizabeth put her head in.

In my many years at the palace I had become an experienced mood-gauger. Usually a certain un-royal thump,

something extra special



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thump of feet down the passage would warn me that the princess had some good news to pass on. For example, my door would burst open and a very flushed and excited princess would sweep in. "Oh, Crawie," she would say. "Guess what? Papa's horse won again today."

But this day, despite her quietness, I knew that she had bigger news than horse-racing. While I waited for it I invited her to have some tea, which the footman had just brought in.

"No thank you, Crawie," she said in the odd little voice that always came when she was nervous or excited. Just as when she was a child.

She crossed the room quietly and gazed out of the window, at the traffic whirling below.

There was something about her stillness which spoke more than words. I looked thoughtfully at her straight back as she stood there deep in her secret thoughts.

"I've just come to tell you some-

thing, Crawie," she said after the pause.

I waited.

She chose her words carefully, still not looking at me. "I'm having the old pram brought out!"

I went to her side quickly and put my arms round her.

"I'm so happy for you, darling," I said. Then we kissed and wept a little. It seemed so hard for me to believe that she was grown-up enough to have a baby.

CHAPTER 4

Pre-Natal Guesses

The birth of a royal baby, especially when he is in the direct line from the Throne, is an affair of state; but of course it is also very much a private affair. When the child is "expected," the waiting world must be told.

From that moment, months before birth, the baby is news, and he will be news all his life. The fierce light of publicity will be a burden hard to bear, as no one knows better than his mother, who must share her own joy with all the world.

For Princess Elizabeth there was only a little time—a few precious weeks—when she could nurse and enjoy her secret. We who were close to her knew, of course, before the first speculative hints appeared in the newspapers.

There was a new shine in her eyes, a radiance from within, which all of us in the household were conscious of.

Soon others were to notice it. Indeed the radiance became so unmistakable that the newspapers took it almost as an unofficial announcement.

I can reveal now that there was some annoyance among members of the household over these premature revelations. Some journalists abroad even went so far as to forecast, by "scientific" means, whether the child would be a boy or a girl.

Some of these learned prognosticators pointed one way, and some the other, but one thing was certain: Princess Elizabeth was going to have a baby.

"Why can't they let her have her baby in peace?" growled members of the household. As if that could be possible in a world filled with curiosity!

But it was not idle curiosity. The eagerness of everyone to know everything about Princess Elizabeth, to wish her well, to pray for her health and happiness, was a sign of their high regard for her. It must have been some recompense for the invasion of her privacy, to realize that millions were praying for her.

CHAPTER 5

Preparations

The pram that Princess Elizabeth had mentioned to me was a stately affair which should really have been called a perambulator, if not a carriage.

It was the one in which she and Princess Margaret had been wheeled in when children and for which they hold a deep affection.

After Princess Elizabeth spoke to me about it someone was sent down to Windsor—that storehouse of royal relics, from priceless dresses and jewels to baby shoes and christening robes—to dig it out. It was overhauled from top to bottom and solemnly brought up to Buckingham Palace.

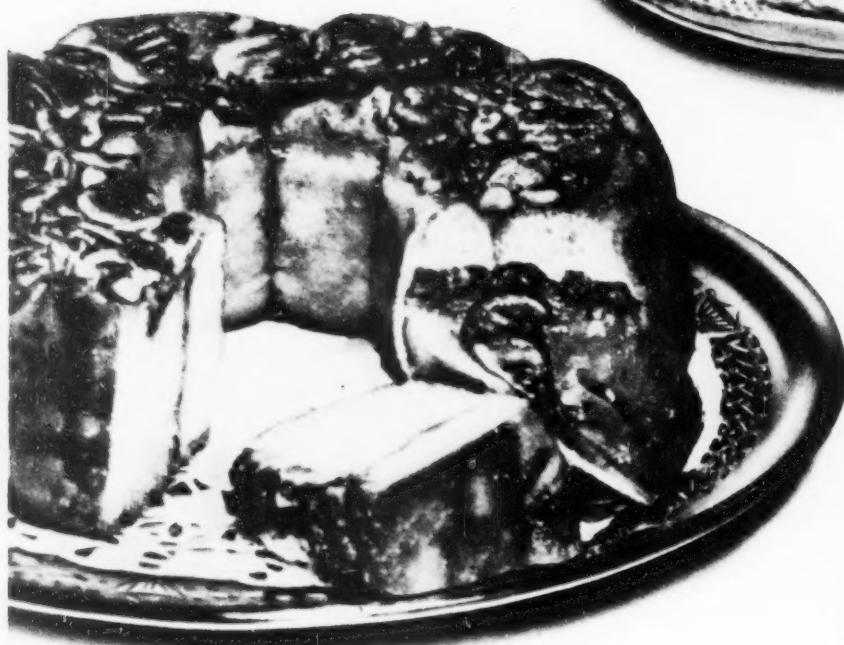
The first time we tested it, in Princess Elizabeth's rooms, was a hilarious occasion. I was sent for, and as I came near I heard shrieks of delighted laughter. Then I opened the door and saw Bobo, the princess' personal maid, marching behind the empty pram with a look of pride.

The very upright, old-fashioned vehicle was paraded up and down before us. Bobo's pride was unmistakable but

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very understandable. It was like old times to her to be wheeling the pram in which she had taken Princess Elizabeth and then Princess Margaret for their airings from 145 Piccadilly.

While we were enjoying the spectacle Princess Margaret came in. When she saw what was happening she said delightedly, "Oh, the pram!"

She rushed forward, took it from Bobo and began wheeling it about herself, smiling happily.

Such pictures as that, coming into my mind today, seem to take away nothing of the Royal grandeur that surrounds Princess Elizabeth in her public life, but rather throw it into sharper relief.

All of us in the palace were naturally concerned for the princess as the time for the birth of her baby approached. But none of us had any fear that she would not come through her ordeal safely and happily. She is the sort of person who goes competently about any business that engages her, and she faced motherhood calmly.

One of the first things she did was to call in Sir William Gillatt, her doctor, and ask him to explain everything to her. He told her what she ought to do, and she carefully followed the routine he set.

Margaret's Reaction

There were no extravagant or faddy preparations. She got up at her usual time and took her usual meals supplemented by plenty of green food and orange juice. She took no alcoholic drink of any sort.

That abstinence was easy for her, because she had never become used to it. At a cocktail party I have seen her nursing one drink through a long session, and leave it three-parts untouched at the end. Prince Philip is equally abstemious. Smoking did not come into the matter as the Princess has never smoked.

All evening engagements were cut out. The Princess arranged to be in bed by ten o'clock every night.

Princess Margaret's reaction to all this was amusing—and charming. Normally she is more high-spirited than thoughtful, although she has moments of great kindness and perception.

But suddenly she seemed to realize what motherhood meant to a woman, and became tender and protective toward her sister, bringing cushions for her back and seeing that she was comfortably seated, long before such care became really necessary. Such solicitude, from one normally so effervescent, was touching.

Princess Elizabeth, of course, went her own way. She would have nothing of the old superstitious attitude which made an illness of childbirth.

"It should be a natural process," she would say, "After all, it is what we are made for."

How different this attitude was from that which prevailed in Queen Victoria's time! Then, a princess would have disappeared entirely from public view, to spend much of her time in bed. But Princess Elizabeth had many public duties she continued to perform—most important of which was a tour of France with Prince Philip in May 1948.

Philip at Her Side

She refused to listen to any suggestion that the tour should be canceled. "They had made their arrangements," she said, "and we cannot let them down."

Paris gave them a tumultuous reception. Parisians in thousands lined the streets, hailed her as "la belle princesse" and declared that she was the best ambassador Britain had ever sent to France. They were particularly delighted to hear her speak excellent French, fluently, clearly, with hardly a trace of English accent.

Princess Elizabeth was as happy as the crowds and much flattered by their ovation. Nevertheless it was an exhausting round of appearances for her at such a time.

Pomp and ceremony in a princess own country are familiar ground to her; but abroad there is a certain strangeness, and much more to be done in the time. In Paris the people wanted to see the royal couple everywhere, against every background of the city.

There was a series of majestic drives through the wide streets, where crowds cheered in a most un-republican way. The princess wardrobe of dresses sent a ripple of excitement through the fashion capital.

Even M. Dior, that leader among dress designers, could find no fault. "She is magnificent," he told one of the Royal party. "I never knew from pictures that she could be so lovely or wear her clothes with such distinction."

At home the fashion writers grew lyrical. At Nottingham Cottage I examined photographs with which the papers were full, and remembered w' a' an effort it had formerly been even to persuade the princess to change into a new hat.

Someone, I know, must have been at work. For the princess was always conservative about her dress, and content to wear whatever was laid out for her.

I did not have to look far for the author of this new chic. Prince Philip was beside her in more than one way on this tour, as I shall show.

Friends of mine who accompanied the royal couple noticed that a new protectiveness had come over the prince.

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Wherever they went he was always close by his wife's side, ready to give her a hand up some steps, or guide her by the elbow through a crowded place. It was a courteous display of husbandly affection at a time when she must have found it most rewarding.

And finally, as the climax to the tour, came the occasion on which she was to lay a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. This was prefaced by a drive through the city in an open car.

The tomb was surrounded by ranks of soldiers, who clashed to attention as the princess stepped a few paces forward to lay her wreath.

As she leaned forward, the crowds saw her sway, as if she was going to fall. But Prince Philip was at hand. As he saw her falter, he took a quick pace forward and caught her elbow to steady her. The incident was over in a second or two, but it was one that none who saw it will ever forget.

"It was as if there was no one else there but the two of them," one of my friends told me later. "She needed him, and he was there."

And then Prince Philip helped her back to her place while the bands played the national anthems. Those near could see how anxiously he watched in case she should sway again. But she did not. It must have needed great courage to stand to rigid attention, feeling as she did.

The strain, in fact, did tell. On the way back through the packed streets, lined with people cheering her with undiminished vigor, the emotion became too much for the princess.

All through the journey the crowds could plainly see the tears streaming from her eyes. She made no attempt to hide them; they were a gracious acknowledgment of the tribute the Parisians paid her.

And also, perhaps, relief after the strain she had imposed upon herself.

CHAPTER 6

Elizabeth Loathes the Sea

I remember another occasion which illustrates the same determination in the princess to see things through, however great the strain and however arduous the task.

Princess Elizabeth has always loathed the sea, which makes her odd man out in a circle of sailors.

Her father was a naval officer; so was his father before him; and so is her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh. She has crossed the sea often—to South Africa, to the Channel Islands, and now to Canada. And yet I know that she has never been able to overcome her aversion to it.

When she was eight years old the King, who was then Duke of York, fell ill. For his convalescence the whole family moved to the Duke of Devonshire's house, Compton Place, Eastbourne.

It is a large, rambling house which you come upon suddenly in the centre of the town. But behind it lies a pleasant garden, and beyond that a wood which stretches up to a golf course.

We took great pleasure in that wood, which the gardener has planted with hyacinths taken from the house, so that one would come upon a group of vivid colors all mixed up together, with the

hyacinths framed by "lords and ladies," daffodils and other outdoor flowers.

It was at Eastbourne that Princess Elizabeth first came to know the sea. She had seen it before, of course—when she went down to Bognor Regis to cheer her ailing "Grandpapa England," as she called King George V.

But she had little memory of that. We used at first to go to the private beach chalet which went with the house. There we would make tea and fight off two huge dogs which always tried to make off with our rations.

Until too many people came to watch the princesses play it was pleasant there. But despite the fun she had on the beach Princess Elizabeth never liked the sea. Something about the movement of the water seemed to spell danger to her.

If her father approached it too closely, she would scream to warn him. I think

YOUNG LOVE, 1951

by D. M. Reid

Unsafe, unsure, their world again gone mad,

the fingers cling, the eyes exchange a kiss,

Amid the tearoom's clattering luncheon din

they grasp and hold their momentary bliss,

Hedged in by adult care and caution,

the glib wisecrack must serve as a disguise

in the loud tumult of the angry years

when only Love is brave and free and wise.

*O we would save them heartache,
We would fling*

over their shoulders wisdom's heavy cloak,

forgetting our young joy in venturing

down paths where only brave unreason spoke.

it rather puzzled the King, who so loved the sea himself, that his daughter should find it strange and alarming.

"It's the noise," she explained to me, "and the way it keeps rolling about and jumping at you."

Later, when we were making a short cruise in that curious, old-fashioned vessel, the Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert, which rolled and pitched in every direction, Princess Elizabeth was still landlubber enough to wish all the time that she was ashore.

Years later with the Duke of Edinburgh she paid an official visit to the Channel Islands. Memories of the Nazi occupation were still vivid there and the coming of the P. n. ss eagerly awaited.

On the morning she sailed in H.M.S. Anson I looked at the skies and my heart grieved for her. Ashore the weather was bad enough, but it was much worse in the Channel. I knew that the voyage in a rough sea would be a nightmare to her.

My fears proved true. She was white with seasickness and

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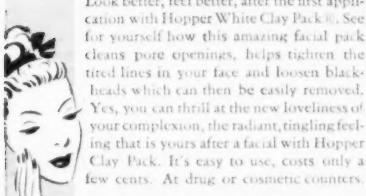
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almost prostrate when the ship dropped anchor off Sark. Between the ship and the shore was a strip of angry sea, which had to be crossed in one of the ship's boats.

"Are you sure you're fit to go ashore?" asked her husband. She could not speak, but looked up at him and nodded.

A cheer rose from the islanders waiting on the quayside when they saw her descend the ladder, following Prince Philip, who held his arm to steady her.

As the little boat surged up on the crest of the swell to the quayside, the princess made ready to jump ashore. But before she could do so the boat was down in the trough of the wave again, with the quayside looming high above.

After two attempts had failed, she tried again.

Philip stood close beside her. As the boat rose he signaled to an aide and at exactly the right moment gave the princess a little push, which sent her right into the aide-de-camp's waiting arms.

"Your Royal Highness ought to rest for a while," said the island's doctor who had been waiting with the crowds, knowing she might need his kindly aid.

She shook her head. "Give me two aspirins and a glass of water," she said, "I shall be all right."

A few moments later she climbed into the horse carriage which was to bear her round the island—for there are no motor cars on Sark.

The crowd of islanders cheered. The Princess smiled back at them.

They little knew the effort it cost her.

CHAPTER 7

I See Prince Charles

It was only four days after the momentous telephone message to me from Buckingham Palace announcing the arrival of Princess Elizabeth's baby that I saw Prince Charles, as he was to be named later.

It was in the afternoon, just as I was getting ready to leave the palace. As I have explained, I was already living at Nottingham Cottage; my rooms at the palace had been taken over by Prince Philip so that he could be near his wife at the time of the birth.

But I still was going in daily to the palace to sit with Princess Margaret and discuss whatever subjects came up. The strict schoolroom routine, such as we had known in the past, had been abandoned.

I knew that my real work as royal governess at the palace was over. But in the new, busy life which Princess Margaret was leading, the Queen thought an hour or two of quiet unrestrained chat on general subjects might soothe her.

On this afternoon I found that she had already gone off to some engagement. I was just putting on my hat and thinking about a small piece of Spode china I had seen that morning in an antique shop off Kensington High Street. It would go well, I thought, on the low sill of my sitting room. I was already planning its capture when Sister Rowe came into the room.

Sister Rowe is a kindly looking, capable woman who habitually wears the uniform of her profession—white cap, blue cotton dress and starched apron. I was always particularly impressed by her



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cuffs, which were starched to the stiffness of steel and sat on her wrists like handcuffs. She had a very pleasant low voice. I could imagine it soothing generations of babies.

"Oh Miss Crawford," she said. "Princess Elizabeth would very much like you to see the baby now. She asked me particularly to find you."

Like all of us at the time, she called the Prince "the baby." But I had a feeling that to Sister Rowe he would always be just that.

Names, I suspect, do not matter much to her. It is His Majesty the Baby with whom she is concerned. To her, every baby is a king. But the thought that she was dealing here with a real and future king must have added zest to her task.

I quickly abandoned thoughts of my Spode and followed her along the corridor. The baby lay in the large, airy room which had been Prince Philip's dressing room. The blinds were drawn, but it was not too dark to see the baby clothes hung round the fireplace —just as they might be in any other nursery.

The cot lay to the right against the wall. It was an impressive affair, shaped like one of those you see in the illustrations to the stories of Hans Andersen. It was slung on a cream enameled metal frame under a sort of hood from which hung a double curtain of elaborately trimmed cream organdie.

It was the same cot as Princess Elizabeth had lain in twenty-two years before.

The room was very still and smelled of soap. Sister Rowe led the way toward the cot, her apron rustling crisply as she moved. It was clear she thought the baby marvelous.

He lay sweetly on one cupped hand, sleeping quietly. The other small curled fist, no bigger than a buttercup it seemed, lay over the coverlet. To me he looked oddly like King George V.

"He's lovely," I said.

"We think so," said Sister Rowe. She stressed the "we" in an oddly moving way.

Special Rations

Could that little golden-haired girl I remembered in so many engaging scenes really have grown up to be the mother of this royal child? As I stared down into the cot memories floated before me.

Soon Sister Rowe brought me back to the present. She whispered, a forefinger to her lips.

"We mustn't disturb him," she said. Together we tiptoed to the door.

When I got home I sat down with George to write Princess Elizabeth a note to tell her that I had seen the baby.

"He is a lovely child," I wrote. "You must be very proud of him."

With the note I enclosed a box of peppermint creams, always the princess' favorite sweet.

The very next day she sent a note thanking me for the letter. She still found it hard, she said, to believe that the adorable baby was really hers. She had always heard that all mothers felt the same way and was so happy and proud of her new baby son. She was glad, too, to be told from so many quarters that his arrival had given happiness to so many people besides Prince Philip and herself.

Her letter seemed to me to complete

fully my years with her. In that time I had watched her grow from childhood to girlhood, become a radiant bride and now, the fulfillment of every woman, a proud mother.

Before the baby was born, Princess Elizabeth had the same rations as other expectant mothers—seven pints of milk a week from her supplementary ration card, half as much again for her meat ration as the normal book provided, and a bottle of cod-liver oil supplied through the Food Office every three weeks.

Friends would send her orange juice, which was then becoming less scarce, and she was lucky to have a constant supply of eggs from the Home Farm at Windsor.

For the first few months after birth she fed the baby herself. She was always anxious to give him as good a foundation of health as possible, knowing this to be of the utmost importance.

CHAPTER 8

Royal Christening

Wednesday, December 15, 1948, was a cold, crisp day. I woke with some excitement and lay in my accustomed way, letting my eye rove over the room for a little while.

Outside the birds were very active, their chirping forming a sort of descant to the deeper rumble of the traffic passing along Kensington High Street.

It was the morning of Prince Charles' christening day.

George and I had received a special invitation, personally passed to us by the master of the household. This was a great honor. The occasion was to be so personal that no printed invitations were issued. It was to be "family" only.

The invitation told us to come for 3 o'clock. Then came another message postponing it by half an hour.

The Royal Family were to have a family lunch party and they feared it might continue a little longer than they had anticipated. They did not want to keep anyone waiting.

Normally I would enter the palace by the privy purse door, which lies at the right hand corner of the building as you look at it from the Mall. But this was a special occasion, and we were driven right through one of the centre arches into the inner court.

A footman, splendidly clad in scarlet coat and white silk knee breeches, came down the few steps from the grand entrance and opened the car door.

He gave us a pleasant smile of greeting and then directed the chauffeur where to leave the car.

At garden parties or other functions there are so many cars that they have to drop their passengers and then wait outside along the Mall, from where they are summoned by loud speaker. But there was no such crush this afternoon and our car was allowed to wait in the inner court.

The grand hall with its crimson carpet and impressive statues is an imposing place. That afternoon it was lined with footmen in the same splendid panoply as those at the door. I rather regretted that their powdered wigs had been abandoned before my time at the palace.

Instead, the footmen now appear in their uniform with their hair caked with flour. I often used to wonder how this was done without also sprinkling their uniforms.

One pictured them putting their heads through a kind of stock which fitted closely round their necks, while a comrade dabbed them carefully with a powder puff. It must have been a difficult operation, and messy to remove.

We marched along the grand hall and up the wide, imposing staircase, where we were met by General Sir Frederick Browning, the comptroller of the princess' household.

He smiled at us pleasantly. "The Queen wants everyone to go in and sit down," he said. "There is to be no fuss. They want everything to be as simple as possible."

In the Dancing Room

He showed us into the gold and silver music room. It was a place we had often used for dancing classes when the princesses were small. It has a beautiful parquet floor, upon which the troupe of little girls would pirouette with rocky enthusiasm.

I remember that once Sir Hill Child, then master of the household, came up to me after lunch. "I suppose you know, Miss Crawford," he began, "that the dancing lessons are ruining the floor in the music room? The parquets are springing up all over the place."

After that we had to find somewhere else to practice.

But now the room was richly laid out, It has high mirrored walls leading up to a domed ceiling. At the far end stood the font, decorated with white carnations and gardenias, sprinkled with a few green leaves of myrtle.

About thirty chairs were laid out in rows as if in a chapel. Sir Frederick Browning led us to them. "Sit anywhere you like," he said, "except in the front row. That is being kept for the Royal Family."

Then he took me by the arm. "You must be able to see properly, Crawfie," he said in his kind way, and showed us to an aisle seat in the second row.

We were among the early comers. I thought that to sit there might be a little in the way. So a moment or two later we moved back into the third row.

Gradually the seats began to fill. Several of the Queen's relatives were there and there were a number of court officials. The lord chamberlain, Lord

Clarendon, came and sat in front of us, while I saw Bobo and Ruby MacDonald — sister of Bobo and Princess Margaret's personal maid — very smartly dressed, take their seats together a little behind us.

Presently in came a file of choirboys, very pretty in their red and white cassocks, led by the organist to the royal chapel. He marched straight to the beautiful old French grand piano which stood at the left of the font, half way between the font and the front row, and began to play softly.

It was, I remembered, the same piano on which Princess Margaret had so often played Brahms' Cradle Song. I wondered if she would remember that.

When the Archbishop of Canterbury came in, we all stood up. We seemed to remain like that for a very long time. Then he smiled and said, "I think you had better all sit down."

Presently the Royal Family entered, led by the King and Queen. We all stood up again and watched them file to their seats in front of us, followed by Sister Rowe carrying the baby. It was so nice to hear, as she passed, that same comforting rustle from her apron.

I was a little concerned about Princess Elizabeth. She did not look very well. She was wearing a charming cherry-colored coat and hat, but she seemed to me to be a little tired.

"Never a Casualty"

I saw that she settled into her seat rather gratefully. I hoped she had not overstrained herself. She never will spare herself if there is work to be done.

The service lasted half an hour. The King and Queen, Prince Philip, Princess Elizabeth and the Duchess of Kent sat on the left-hand side of the front row, the Earl and Countess of Athlone, Princess Margaret and Queen Mary on the other.

The sponsors, among whom were Princess Margaret and the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, the Queen's brother, were provided with printed guides to the questions the Archbishop would ask them.

I was concerned when the Archbishop took the baby in the crook of his arm. It seemed a very unsafe place, as if the

"WHAT MAKES A PERSON FALL IN LOVE?"

This question, which women of all ages have asked, is one that Princess Elizabeth put to her tutor and governess, Marion Crawford, as she was growing into womanhood. How "Crawfie" tried to answer her, as well as many other fascinating incidents of "Crawfie's" life at Buckingham Palace as the Princess came of age, is included in second installment of

ELIZABETH THE WOMAN

Illustrated by

A Portrait Life of Princess Elizabeth

by Marcus Adams

IN CHATELAINE

FOR NOVEMBER



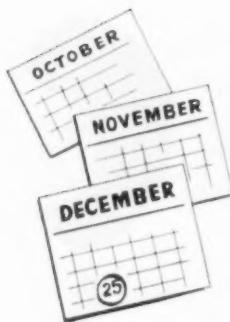
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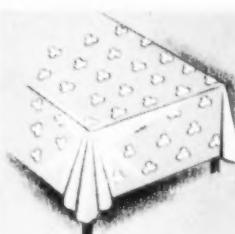


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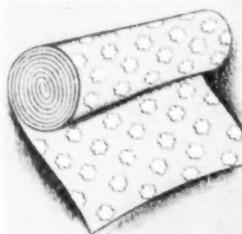
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slightest movement would dislodge the baby. But all throughout the ceremony Prince Charles—as he became then—lay quiet as a mouse.

Even when the Archbishop poured three very ample shellfuls of water over the baby's head he did not murmur.

Afterward there was a reception in one of the large drawing-rooms next door. It was nice to see several of the old retainers, including the King's nanny, who had been specially invited.

The actual christening, which was most moving, had been a small, intimate affair. But there must have been two or three hundred people at the reception.

Sister Rowe carried the baby round for everyone to see. We stood by the fire, for the day was cold, talking to Princess Alexandra, the Duchess of Kent's daughter. She is a very sprightly, charming child, with a personality which will certainly make its mark.

We also spoke with the Archbishop. I told him of my fear that he might drop the baby.

"You needn't have been worried," he said, genially. "I'm an old hand at christenings. I once did nine in one afternoon, and not a casualty among them."

CHAPTER 9

When I Get Married

"When I get married, Crawfie, I shall make my husband as happy as Mummy has made Papa!"

I thought of these words, spoken so earnestly to me by Princess Elizabeth in the nursery at 145 Piccadilly so many years before when, soon after my own marriage, Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip were among my first visitors at Nottingham Cottage.

In preparing for a little party one evening which was to fill my tiny cream-walled sitting room, I had been in a whirl of activity, running here and there to be sure that I had enough food, plenty of glasses and a good stock of those little sausages on sticks which everyone seems to like.

I do not find playing hostess easy. I am naturally shy of meeting people.

All the people I had invited were my close friends; I was most anxious for everything to go smoothly. Every woman will understand that.

Then the bell rang—I went to the door and to my astonishment found my first visitors were the young royal couple, newly married!

Much later, I remember looking up for a moment from a bottle I was trying to open. Mechanical things are not in my line, and I hoped to catch the eye of my husband, who is the sort of man for whom knots untie themselves without help and tin openers become sharp.

Instead of George I caught sight of Prince Philip, standing facing the room. I saw him look at Princess Elizabeth for a long moment, with an expression of tender affection which touched me deeply. There were perhaps fifteen feet between them, but to them there was clearly no division at all.

CHAPTER 10

Prospective Husband

I remembered the early impression Prince Philip had made on me, and my surprise when I discovered how wrong I had been.

At first I thought him a noisy, over-excited young fellow, eager to make himself seen and heard. It was before the war, and he was very young. I see now that he was only eager to please.

When he first began to appear on the scene again during the war—always in naval uniform—something of that first impression still lingered. But soon, as he was seen more and more at the palace, I found that he had grown up delightfully, with charming manners and a wide interest in important matters not always closely studied by a young naval officer.

But toward the end of the war and later, when rumors of the forthcoming engagement were ripe and Prince Philip was seen more often at the palace, he was discussed by members of the household.

This, after all, was natural. People who have spent their lives in the services of the King may be expected to be

WOOD CARVER

by Eileen Cameron Henry

Oh, I was clever with my hands,
And smooth the wood, and sharp
the knife
That traced the line across the grain
Of this my monument to life.

How lovingly I used the rule
That each small part should surely
fit—
How carefully I hewed a cross,
And crucified myself on it.

passionately interested in the future husband of the King's daughter.

But they knew little more of what was really happening than the people in the street had gathered from gossip based on newspaper hints.

I remember one night at dinner a crusty old gentleman asked the company at table: "Who is this young fellow? What does anybody know about him?"

No one could say much about him from hard knowledge, but there was a good deal of the same sort of gossip that was bandied about wherever people met.

Was it true that he was rather high-spirited? Inclined to resent discipline? And so on. "That certainly isn't so," I said.

Later I was glad to have my opinion confirmed by a senior naval officer who dined one night with the household.

He told us, when the conversation turned that way, that the Navy had a high regard for "young Philip."

"He is a natural seaman," was the way he put it. He does his job quickly and efficiently. And he is popular, both in the wardroom and below decks. I'd say that he'll end up as an admiral, like his uncle."

He meant, of course, Lord Louis Mountbatten, one of the finest officers the Navy has ever had. Lord Louis brought Philip up from childhood when his parents decided that they wished him to have the benefit of a British schooling. It must have been from him that Philip caught his love of the sea,

That Prince Philip was a capable naval officer was certainly in his favor when he was discussed by the household. One question that was never raised in that company was: "Is it a love match?" For it obviously was.

It may be hard for people who did not watch, as we did, the growth of love between the two young people, to realize what a natural, unsponsored affection it was.

Love on Tenterhooks

True, Philip, as a Prince of Royal blood, was one of the very small set of eligible young men who could ask the Princess' hand in marriage. But I do not believe that if the King had a free choice of son-in-law he would have settled on Prince Philip for that reason alone.

While the young people were serving an exacting apprenticeship for marriage they were kept on tenterhooks. Would they, or would they not, be allowed to marry?

That was the question which not only they, but all their friends and most of the world, were asking. There was never any question of their love for each other.

At that time Prince Philip was staying at Buckingham Palace. Most mornings he took breakfast with the household. He would come in hurriedly, gulp down his food and hurry out, having exchanged not more than half a dozen words with anybody. Of course he was a man on trial for a most exalted post, and he had much on his mind.

Also, he was in love.

But absorbed as he must have been with his private concerns, the natural charm of his manner won over those who at first had doubted whether he was a suitable match for Princess Elizabeth.

Philip Loves Cars

There was something very engaging about his lack of formality. He liked to go to the back of the palace, where the stables and garages are, and clean and tune up his little sports car.

The chauffeurs loved him for it, but they were always chary when he wanted to borrow one of the royal cars and give it a "try-out on the road." Royal cars are not used to sporting treatment. They like to roll along safely and sedately; but no one knows what would happen if they were ever given their heads.

Sometimes Princess Elizabeth would join Prince Philip at the stables. Although she had little interest in mechanical contrivances, she loved to see him lift the bonnet of his car and, with oily hands, adjust the engine.

Indeed, it has always been a great pleasure to me to see Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip together. She always seemed brighter when he was about; their happiness seemed to light up the whole palace. So at last when the engagement was announced and the wedding day fixed, everyone was delighted.

It was all settled now. No longer was there any need to curb rumors or deny gossip. Before the engagement, when nothing was decided, the princess had had many uncomfortable moments in public when she had overheard remarks about a possible "love match."

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Warner-wonderful bras hold up so beautifully because the pressure is put on the designer instead of on you. Beautiful. Ladies' Choice from dozens of styles, all with adjustable closing, all 3-Way-Sized. From \$2.00 to \$11.50 at the nicest stores.

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Are you in the know?



To revive that vacation-time romance, try—

- A long distance call
- A torchy letter
- A short note

Has distance made your summer-resort Romeo forgetful? Don't phone! To recall those happy days, try a short note—about a book, movie or platter he'd be interested in. A light approach is the safest "reminder". So too, when your calendar reminds

you it's *that* day, there's no chance of embarrassment—with Kotex. For that special *safety centre* and those soft, moisture resistant edges give you *extra* protection. What's more, those *flat-pressed ends* of Kotex keep your secret safe.



How should you greet your date mate?

- Dash out when he "honks"
- Ask him into the house
- Take your own sweet time

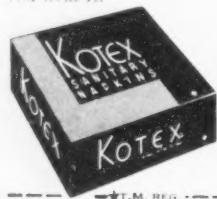
"One foot and you're *out*!" (As the Scottish lecturer said—to the old lady with the ear trumpet.) Does the toot of your joe's jape send *you* scurrying out? That's unsmart. Ask him into the house for a word with the family. Then leave promptly, on your merry way. Even on "difficult" days you'll be poised, *comfortable*. For Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it!



To cure a "videot" should you try—

- The shock technique
- The absent treatment
- Humouring the guy

The lady's not for burning the midnight oil—with a fella who's in love with the family's T.V. set! So? Consider the shock technique. Black out the video; then meet dreamboy at the door with a firm "shall we go?" It's worth a try! But it takes no effort at all, at certain times, to discover the *3 absorbencies* of Kotex are well worth trying. With Regular, Junior, Super to choose from—you'll find one so-o-right for you!



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

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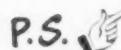
How to prepare for "certain" days?

- Circle your calendar
- Perk up your wardrobe
- Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting... non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries pronto!* So don't wait till the last minute; buy a new Kotex belt *now*. (Why not buy two—for a change?)

Kotex Sanitary Belt...Buy two—for a change!

Have you tried Delsey? Delsey* is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex... a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex*. (We think that's the neatest compliment there is.)



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Order from your local Simplicity Pattern dealer or from the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

CHAPTER 11

Housekeeping

in Westminster Abbey and saw the little girl I had watched growing to regal womanhood married to the man of her choice.

Through all the pageantry and music I thought of the truest meaning of a wedding—the making of a home.

I remembered the princess saying to me, as she looked up from a heap of patterns she was studying, "Do you think that the blue or the beige would go better in this room?"

She was speaking then of Sunninghill House, which not long after was burned to the ground. But we often spoke of my own little home, Nottingham Cottage, which was being got ready at the same time.

Opposite the front door of that same cottage was the door from which Prince Philip stepped out on his wedding morning.

And from my window above I would often see, too, a figure dressed in grey, with a sort of nun's veil round her head, passing by. This was Princess Andrew of Greece, Lord Mountbatten's sister, and Prince Philip's mother.

Hand-Me-Downs

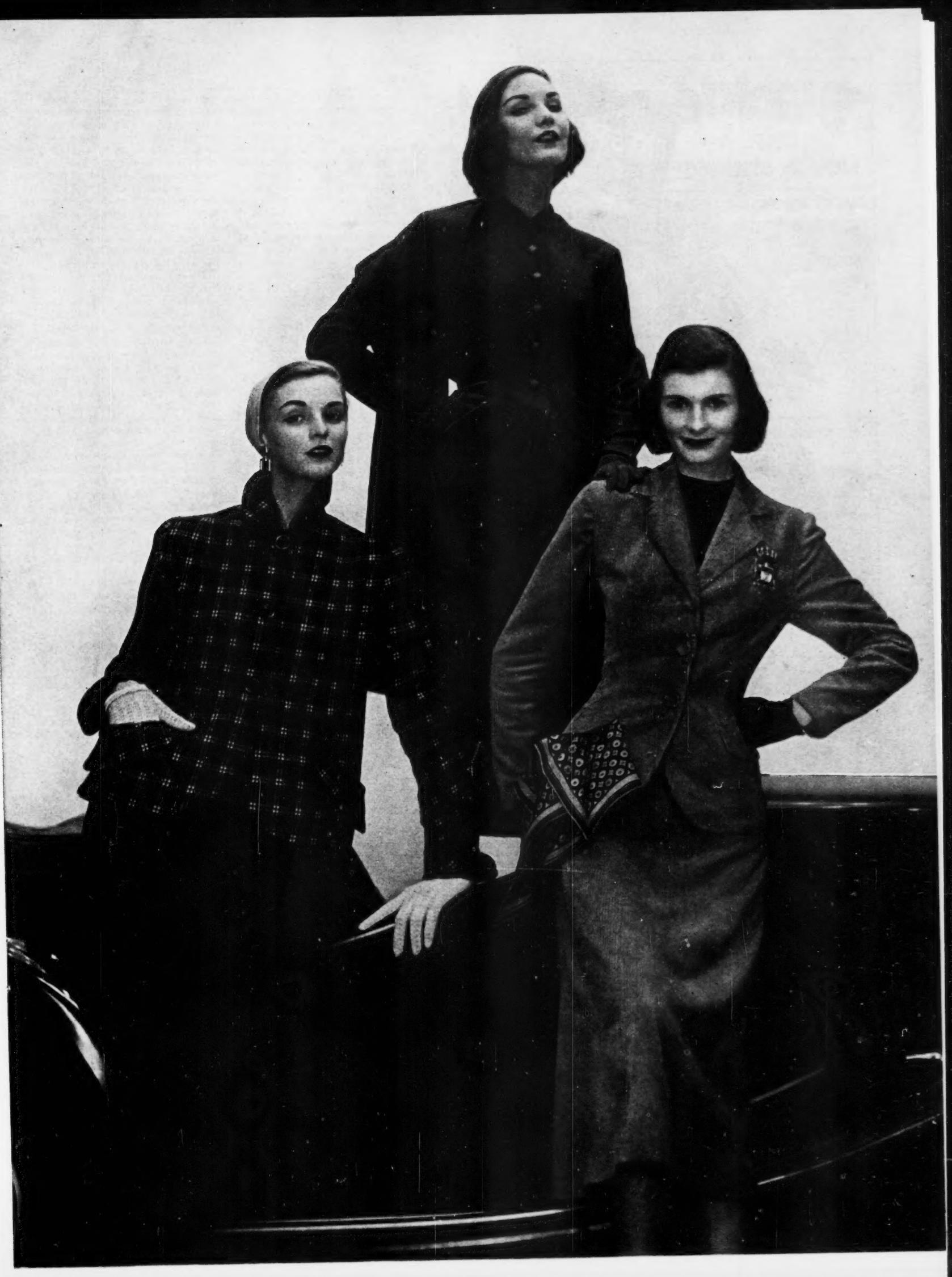
Sometimes I would pass her on the walks leading from Kensington Palace as she went out to do her shopping, and I would wish her a good morning. Most often she would smile an answer, but sometimes, probably wrapped in thought, she would not seem to realize anything of her surroundings.

The high cost of everything appalled Princess Elizabeth when she was planning her home. She and Princess Margaret had been brought up to be careful with money. With goods too.

In furnishing her home Princess Elizabeth was able to draw on stocks of material that the Queen, a careful buyer, had accumulated. Much of it had been bought before the war at the British Industries Fairs and other exhibitions.

Nothing that comes to the Royal Family, by purchase or by gift, is ever wasted. Everything is labeled and put away, safe from moths and other dangers, and catalogues are kept of all the Royal possessions, so that when anything is needed it may be available at once.

"Mummy says she has something





Cat's Paw-Hollite Rubber Co., Ltd., Drummondville, Quebec

that might do for this corner," Princess Elizabeth would say to me. "That will save a little expense anyway."

The Queen was very kind to me in this way too. She allowed me to choose several pieces to take to my own first home.

"Have anything you like, Crawfie," she was good enough to say; and I spent many delightful hours assessing the merits of various pieces of furniture in relation to my tiny rooms of the cottage. In the end I chose a tall combined china cupboard and desk and a mahogany table, among several other things, and these became the most admired pieces in my dining room.

Outspoken Prince

All through my Palace years, when I was moving to and from London, Windsor and occasionally Balmoral, I was constantly haunted by a desire to have a place of my own; to be able to come down to a kitchen where my cups were laid out, to find my cutlery stacked neatly in a drawer, to eat at my own table.

For years I collected things for a home that did not yet exist. I would search the antique shops in Church Street, Kensington, for pieces of china and other articles that appealed to me. To get something for less than I thought it was worth was a great thrill.

It gave me a sense of achievement, a feeling that so many pounds or shillings had been saved—forgetting that there had been no real need to spend money at all.

But in this way I surrounded myself with belongings which gave me, even in the gloomy, impersonal recesses of Buckingham Palace, a feeling of having an individual private life.

But I knew that a cupboard or two full of my own china would never take the place of a real home. So you can imagine with what excitement I looked forward to marriage and a home of my own, at the same time when Princess Elizabeth was planning hers.

When I moved into Nottingham Cottage I found myself forever changing the lay-out of the furniture in the rooms. In the middle of something else I would suddenly get up and say: "I think that little easy chair would look better on the right of the fireplace"—and immediately go over and place it there. George, my husband, found this hard to understand, but smiled indulgently.

As every woman knows, it is usually the wife who spreads the oil on a marriage's troubled waters. She likes to hear her husband praised, hates to feel a tension growing in her house when he is cross or short with visitors, as may well happen if he is not well. Men are very vocal about their aches and pains.

How much greater is the strain on a royal wife! I have a deep admiration

for Prince Philip as a grown man. He has qualities I greatly admire.

But many of them are not fashioned for court use. He is frank and outspoken, keen to be on with the next thing, and impatient of flattery. He hates unnecessary fuss and all publicity.

The fanfare which heralds his every move now must be torture to him. But it was the small price he gladly paid for marrying the woman he loved—to step out of the cheerful semi-obscenity of the Navy into the brightest spotlight the world has ever known.

But one sometimes forgets. It is then that the wife has to step forward and smooth the path. Like her mother, Princess Elizabeth has this quality of sympathetic tact highly developed.

"Come on, darling," her eyes seem to say. "Stick it just a little while longer."

Few who have not seen the effect it can have can appreciate the strain of always living in the public eye. When you or I marry we make our arrangements in private, marry among our friends and relatives, and honeymoon quietly in the place of our choice. But for royalty things are never so simple.

Even on their honeymoon Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip were pestered by photographers and curious tourists who made special journeys to try and catch a glimpse of them.

It was not until they got up to Birkhall, a house belonging to the King near Balmoral, that they were able to be really alone.

The native courtesy of the Scots country folk showed itself in their tact. They left the royal couple entirely to themselves.

It was winter and snow was on the ground. Princess Elizabeth wrote me a charming letter. The countryside was lovely, she said, far more beautiful than it had been when we were up there at about the same time of year at the beginning of the war. They had a new puppy, Rummy, with them, who was enjoying himself romping about in the snow.

It must have been a very happy time for them, left completely alone together for the first time in their lives. But that particular kind of "being alone" happiness could not last long; soon they were back in the centre of things, doing their great work in the world.

Next month's installment will cover ten more chapters of Marion Crawford's heart-warming story of Elizabeth the Woman. In it "Crawfie" recalls the seriousness with which Princess Elizabeth questioned her about love and divorce, while still in her teens; how the princess came of age and set up her own royal household. She pictures Princess Elizabeth as a married woman having to part with her husband, called away on naval duty—and the eagerness with which she flew to visit him in Malta.

ALBERTA'S WILDCAT WIVES

When your husband's on a hunt for oil, you settle down to live in a cabin-on-skids that's here today and 10 school sections away tomorrow. When you marry a wildcatter you don't get time to grow roots—but you grow to love life wherever it carries you.

An article by Earle Beattie

In November Chatelaine



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He said "Good Night" but he meant "Goodbye"

*because
of
that!*



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Use **Heed**® ... new spray
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IS WORTH A
DOZEN DABS

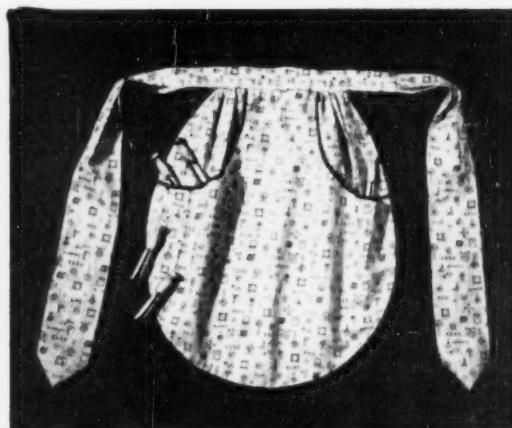
No wonder women everywhere are changing to new, spray-on HEED in the flexible squeeze bottle. HEED stops perspiration... prevents underarm odor all the live-long day. HEED is so easy, so dainty to use—no more messy fingers. No other type deodorant, no cream or old-fashioned liquid gives such long-lasting protection so quickly. So don't take chances with short-time deodorants... use HEED. At all cosmetic counters.



Never be Heedless
and you'll always be safe!



TIME
FOR
APRONS



9 a.m.

To start the business of the day a clothes peg apron has deep pockets to hold pegs, or dusters if you're upstairs maid that morning. See offer foot of page.

Noon



Plain and print apron to don when preparing the lunch, or to receive a caller when the doorbell rings.



4 o'clock tea

Snow white, crisp and all your own doing. Apron of organdie has crochet flowers on seam of ruffle matching ruffle's edging. Complete instructions and diagrams, the 3 for 25¢. Order No. S276 from Chatelaine Handicraft Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto.



Dry skin. "Noxzema is ideally suited to my skin," says Audrey Looby of Vancouver. "It's such a help in controlling dryness . . . makes a wonderful protective make-up base—a soothing overnight cream. I use Noxzema daily."



Sensitive skin. "I have sensitive skin," says lovely Jan Bergquist, "and tried the Noxzema Home Facial for a roughened condition. It helped so much, I'm a confirmed Noxzema user, now. It's especially helpful as a powder base!"

NEW HOME FACIAL

LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS...or your money back!

4 Simple Steps developed by a specialist help bring new skin beauty

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With just one cream—*greaseless, medicated* Noxzema—you can help your skin look softer and smoother, so much fresher, too!

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Home Facial, developed by a skin specialist. In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women!

See how it can help you!

With this Noxzema Home Facial, you "cream-wash" your skin to glowing cleanliness—with any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give skin the all-day protection of a *greaseless*, natural-looking powder base . . . the aid of a *medicated* overnight cream that helps heal blemishes—helps soften and smooth skin.

Money-Back Offer! Try the Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. If skin doesn't show real improvement, return your jar to Noxzema, Toronto—and get your money back.

Save $\frac{1}{3}$! Get your jar of Noxzema Skin Cream today—while you can get the big 6-ounce jar for only 98¢. You'll save one-third over smaller sizes!

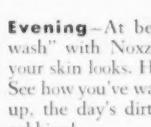
Follow this easy Home Facial as an aid to a lovelier-looking complexion!



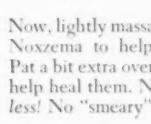
Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. Using a damp cloth, "creamwash" with Noxzema just as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards!



Now, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. This *greaseless*, invisible film of Noxzema holds make-up beautifully and at the same time helps protect your skin *all day long*.



Evening—At bedtime, "cream-wash" with Noxzema. How clean your skin looks. How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's dirt—without harsh rubbing!



Now, lightly massage your skin with Noxzema to help soften, smooth. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes to help heal them. Noxzema is *greaseless*! No "smeary" face or pillow!

What Others Say About Noxzema



Mrs. Dorothy Stellings, of Toronto, says: "I have very oily skin, but greaselss Noxzema actually helps relieve this. It's helped my skin look softer, smoother, clearer . . . and 'cream-washing' with Noxzema is such a mild way to cleanse!"



Marion Brown, of Halifax, calls Noxzema a "wonder cream"! She says: "After using Noxzema a short time, it helped clear up a blotchy skin condition—and improved the appearance of my skin so much. Now I'm never without Noxzema!"

— **SAVE $\frac{1}{3}$** —
ON NOXZEMA skin cream
BIG 6-OZ. JAR **98¢** Limited time
only
At any drug or cosmetic counter

FASHIONS IN MINIATURE

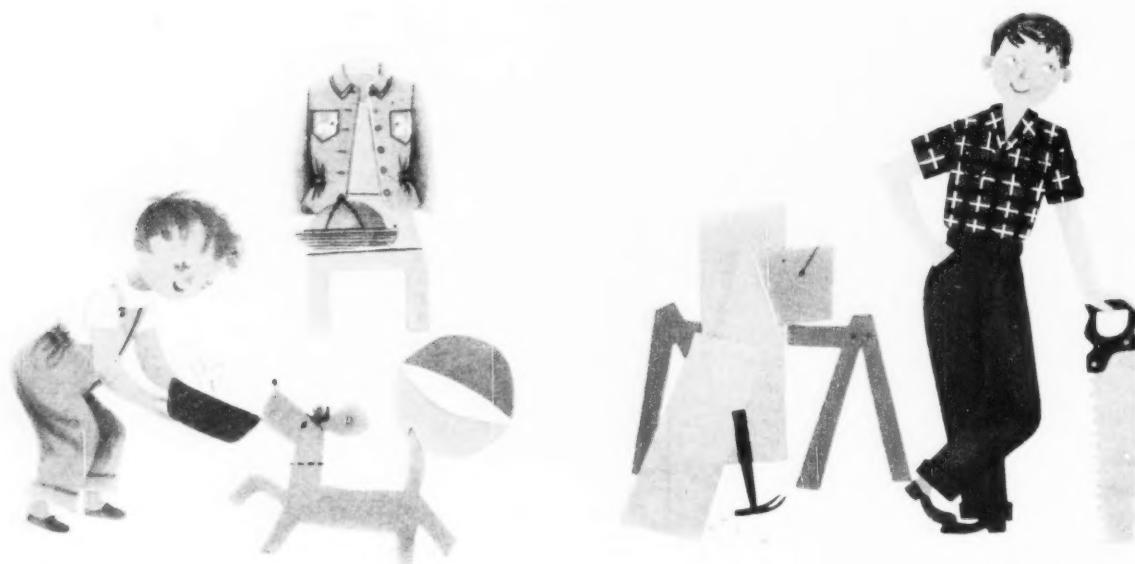


Once upon a time all the children in the world changed places with the grown-ups.

They drove their fathers' cars, they built their own little dream homes, and played house. It was so much fun that they asked their mothers to make them smart fashionable clothes with a grown-up look. Then the little children in their brand-new Simplicity outfits played and lived happily ever after.

Above: "**Mrs. Jones do stay for a cup of tea!**" Mrs. Brown on the left has on a full-skirted dress with detachable cape, 3665, 7-14, 25c. Mrs. Jones models her best "calling" dress with weskit and cape, 3668, 2-8, 35c.

Below: Left—**"Come and get it, Rover,"** whistles Tommy Tucker in overalls. Jacket, hat, transfer included, 3314, 1-4, 35c. Right—**"I Built this house,"** says Jack. Plaid shirt and slacks, 2969, 2-8, 25c.



LEONIE JACOBS



Homework done, our ten-o'clock scholar settles down with her Christmas knitting. She wears a cozy plaid jumper with flare skirt and perky pocket. Simplicity No. 3699, 7-14, 25c.

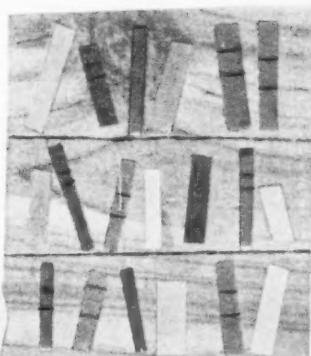


FASHIONS IN MINIATUREfor the Sub-Teen at School



The studious miss, who's also fashion-bright, wears a gay plaid dress and jerkin. Simplicity No. 3328, 7-14, 25c.

Order from your Simplicity pattern dealer or direct from the Pattern Dept., of Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



Junior date bait— a suit for school or the movies on Friday night. Has a nipped-in jacket over full-flaring skirt, and pattern includes weskit (see left). Simplicity No. 3081, 7-14, 25c.



Two smart girls—too smart to look like Raggedy Ann when using a broom and dustpan. Left: a gaily trimmed dress in crisp grey cotton. Simplicity No. 3504, 7-14, 35c. Right: box-pleated jumper, Simplicity No. 3646, 7-14, 35c.



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*for cloud-soft
comfort*

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and panties is your
assurance of
absorbent softness,
supple flexibility,
luxurious comfort.
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V-Rayon-identified
garments are made**



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RINSE**

**that REALLY does
what you've always wanted
a Color Rinse to do!**

You've always longed for a Color Rinse you could "try on" to see whether the shade was becoming to you . . . Now you've found it!

NOREEN SUPER COLOR RINSE gives long lasting, natural appearing COLOR to glamorize and beautify your hair, or blend in gray—but if you "change your mind", a quick shampoo will wash it out. Yes, Noreen's abundantly colorful shades can be changed at will, or reapplied fresh and new, after each shampoo.

NOREEN WILL EFFECTIVELY BLEND IN unwanted gray in hair without "that dyed" look—OR BEAUTIFY white or gray hair, taking out yellow or other discolorations.

TRY NOREEN TODAY . . . fourteen true-to-life shades, ranging from light gold to lustrous black and lovely grays. Packed in dainty, easy-to-use capsules for convenient use at home, moderately priced at 79¢ at leading cosmetic and drug counters.

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**LONG LASTING
NON-PERMANENT
HAIR COLORING**



**A RAPID METHOD OF APPLI-
CATION for your added
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NOREEN flows on so smoothly and evenly and gives you a much more colorful result, with so little trouble.

Until Noreen is available in every store, we will accommodate by direct mail.

N
NEW WAY TO

KNIT A

SOCK

Designed by Nora Jarvis Allen,
Stylist for Patons & Baldwins Limited.

*Different for the inveterate
knitter, easier for the beginner
to learn, knitting this new way
has advantages for both. It is
possible to use several colors in
a design without using bobbins.
Excepting for the toe, it is a
two-needle sock. There is less
tendency for socks knit this way
to slide down the leg.*

MATERIALS:

3 ply Fingering in 2 shades of Grey, or 2 colors of your own choosing.
Shorter Length Sock — 3 ozs. Light Grey (L). (5 ozs. will make 2 pairs). Approx 1 1/4 oz. Medium Grey (M).
Standard Length Sock — 3 ozs. Light Grey (L). Approx 1 1/2 oz. Medium Grey (M).
Set of 4 No. 13 Knitting Needles (points at both ends). Two No. 13 Knitting Needles.

MEASUREMENTS:

Shorter Length — Length of leg to bottom of heel flap, 8 1/2 ins.
Standard Length — Length of leg to bottom of heel flap, 13 1/2 ins.

TENSION

9 1/2 sts. and 13 rows = 1 inch measured over Stocking st.

BE SURE TO USE WOOL AND NEEDLES THAT WILL PRODUCE THE EXACT TENSION GIVEN ABOVE, OTHERWISE SOCKS WILL NOT WORK OUT TO GIVEN MEASUREMENTS.

ABBREVIATIONS: K = knit. P = purl. Sl. = slip. st. = stitch. sts. = stitches. tog. = together. p.s.s.o. = pass slipped stitch over. inc. = increase. dec. = decrease.

The instructions are written for the Shorter Length. Any changes necessary for Standard Length are written in brackets thus: (). Beginning at back of leg, with (L) wool and two needles cast on 60 sts. (101 sts.).

1st row: Knit.

2nd row: K1. Purl to last 9 sts. (29 sts.). Knit to end of row. (cuff edge).

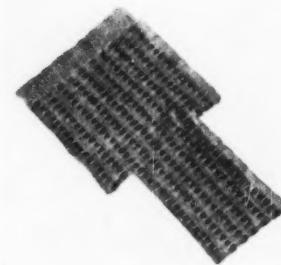
Repeat these 2 rows once. Proceed:

***1st row:** K10(L). (30(L)). **Do not break (L) wool.** Join (M) wool.

*K2(M). Sl.1(L) knitways. Repeat from * to last 2 sts. K2(M). (heel edge).

2nd row: *K2,(M). Bring(M) to front of work Sl.1(L), purlways. Put (M) loosely to back of work. Repeat from * to last 12 sts. (32 sts.). K2(M). Bring (M) to front of work. Twisting the color to be used around underneath to the right of the color just used to prevent a hole, with (L) PI. Knit to end of row.

Repeat 1st and 2nd rows once. **Do**



The leg and instep are knitted on 2 needles in one separate piece which forms the "T" shape.



A ribbed panel for the back of the leg, the heel and sole are knitted on 2 needles. The sole is then joined to the instep piece and the toe finished on 3 needles.



To finish, the instep piece is sewn to the sole and the back panel is sewn up each side.

not break (M) wool, but carry it from one stripe to next by twisting it **loosely** over and under (L) on wrong side of work.

5th row: With (L), knit.

6th row: With (L), K1. Purl to last 9 sts. (29 sts.). Knit to end of row. Repeat 5th and 6th rows twice. **** These 10 rows complete one pattern.**

Repeat 1st to 6th rows inclusive, of next pattern.

7th row: With (L), knit, casting on 51 sts. at end of row for instep piece. 111 sts. on needle. (152 sts.).

8th row: With (L), K1. Purl to last 9 sts. (29 sts.). Knit to end of row.

9th row: With (L), knit.

Continued on page 94

Flattering
Collar Styles
in a
Beautiful
New Shirt...

TAILLEUR

by **TOOKE**



Tailleur—the talk of the town this fall! Whether you prefer the spread collar or the "rounder," Tailleur by Tooke combines sophisticated tailoring with classic simplicity of line. Both models may be worn open at the neck or closed. Tailleur is available in a wide range of colours and pin stripes as well as white. Washes and irons like a dream. Short sleeves \$4.50. Long sleeves with new double cuffs \$4.95.

TOOKE
SINCE 1869



Continued from page 92

10th row: As 8th row.

Repeat from ** to ** 5 times, then 1st to 7th rows inclusive, of next pattern.

8th row: With (L), cast off 51 sts. purlways, **loosely**. Purl to last 9 sts. (29 sts.). Knit to end of row. 60 sts. on needle. (101 sts.).

9th row: With (L), knit.

10th row: With (L), K1. Purl to last 9 sts. (29 sts.). Knit to end of row. Repeat from ** to ** once, then 1st to 8th rows inclusive, of next pattern. **Cast off loosely.**

IMPORTANT: Before proceeding with the rest of the sock, pin this "T" shaped piece as follows: for Shorter Length the **Leg** piece to approx. 6 ins. long (for Standard Length, 11 ins. long) and

6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. wide (*both lengths*). The **Instep** piece to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. long and 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. wide (*both lengths*). Press lightly with damp towel and warm iron.

To make back panel: With (L) wool and two needles cast on 17 sts.

1st row: K2, *P1, K1. Repeat from * to last st. K1.

2nd row: K1, *P1, K1. Repeat from * to end of row. Repeat these 2 rows until ribbed piece is same length as back

of leg, approx. 6 ins. (11 ins.). Break wool.

Working with two of the set of 4 needles, proceed: With **right** side of work facing, being very careful to pick up the front loop of each knot to prevent a hole, pick up 11 sts. at heel edge of **cast-on** side of work. Join (L) wool. Knit the 11 sts. then knit across the ribbed piece. Pick up 11 sts. from other side of heel edge and knit them onto same needle being very careful to have the **right** side of pattern facing, otherwise the work will be inside out (39 sts. on needle). That is 11 sts. each side of the 17 ribbed sts.).

With **wrong** side of work facing, K1. Purl to last st. K1.

To make heel: **1st row:** *K1, Sl1, being very careful not to tighten the wool behind the slipped st. This prevents a ridge. Repeat from * to last st. K1.

2nd row: K1. Purl to last st. K1. Repeat these 2 rows for 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. ending with 1st row. Proceed:

To shape heel: **1st row:** K1, P19, P2tog, P1, Turn.

2nd row: K3, Sl1, K1, p.s.s.o. K1, Turn.

3rd row: P4, P2tog, P1, Turn.

4th row: K5, Sl1, K1, p.s.s.o. K1, Turn.

5th row: P6, P2tog, P1, Turn.

6th row: K7, Sl1, K1, p.s.s.o. K1, Turn.

7th row: P8, P2tog, P1, Turn.

8th row: K9, Sl1, K1, p.s.s.o. K1, Turn.

9th row: P10, P2tog, P1, Turn.

10th row: K11, Sl1, K1, p.s.s.o. K1, Turn.

11th row: P12, P2tog, P1, Turn.

12th row: K13, Sl1, K1, p.s.s.o. K1, Turn.

13th row: P14, P2tog, P1, Turn.

14th row: K15, Sl1, K1, p.s.s.o. K1, Turn.

15th row: P16, P2tog, P1, Turn.

16th row: K17, Sl1, K1, p.s.s.o. K1, Turn.

17th row: P18, P2tog, P1, Turn.

18th row: K19, Sl1, K1, p.s.s.o. K1, (21 sts. on needle). Break wool.

To shape instep and make sole: With **right** side of work facing and (L) wool, pick up and knit 20 sts. along side of heel, inserting the needle through the knot formed by the stitch knitted at beginning and end of each row. Knit 10 sts. from heel needle. With another needle knit remaining 11 heel sts. and pick up and knit 20 sts. along other side of heel (61 sts. on needles). Working backward and forward on these 2 needles proceed:

1st row: K1. Purl to last st. on 2nd needle. K1.

2nd row: K1, K2tog. Knit to last 3 sts. on 2nd needle. Sl1, K1, p.s.s.o. K1. Repeat these 2 rows to 39 sts. on needle placing sts. on one needle as sts. are decreased. Continue even in Stocking st. until work measures same as instep piece ending with purl row. Still working with (L) wool proceed:

Next row: K19. (This is 3rd needle.) With another needle knit remaining 20 sts. (This is 1st needle.) With another needle, being very careful to pick up the front loop of each knot to prevent a hole, pick up 31 sts. across instep piece. Knit these 31 sts. (This is 2nd needle.) Join in round. Knit to end of 3rd needle.

Next round: **1st needle:** Knit. **2nd needle:** K6. *Inc. 1 st. in next st. K5.



Modess ... because



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Gayla
hair-do

every day
all day

wear the
new modern

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HAIR NETS



Grooms hair-dos • Saves waves
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more women use

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bobby pins than
all other brands
combined.

set curls easier
hold hair-dos better



GAYLA PRODUCTS OF CANADA, LTD., ST. HYACINTHE, P.Q.
TRADE MARK REG. IN CANADA

Repeat from * to last st. K1. (35 sts. on needle). 3rd needle: Knit. Sts. are now divided: 1st needle: 20 sts. 2nd needle: 35 sts. 3rd needle: 19 sts. Continue even in plain knitting until work measures (from where sts. were picked up at instep):

6 $\frac{1}{4}$ ins. for size 10.
7 $\frac{1}{4}$ ins. for size 11.
8 $\frac{1}{4}$ ins. for size 12.

Slip 1st. from 1st and 3rd needles onto each end of 2nd needle. (19, 37, 18).

To shape toe: 1st round: 1st needle: Knit to last 3 sts. K2tog. K1. 2nd needle: K1. Sl1. K1. p.s.s.o. Knit to last 3 sts. K2tog. K1. 3rd needle: K1. Sl1. K1. p.s.s.o. Knit to end of needle.

2nd round: Knit across each needle. Repeat these 2 rounds to 30 sts. in round. Knit the sts. of 1st needle onto end of 3rd needle. Break wool, leaving an end 12 ins. long. Thread through a wool needle and graft toe.

To graft toe: *Inserting the wool needle as if for knitting into 1st st. of front needle, draw it through the st.

You're comfortable All day

Every day...

in your

Gossard

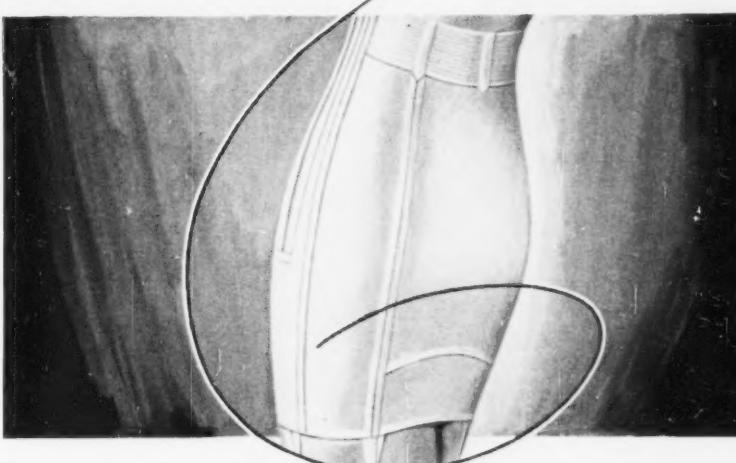


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the cocoa with the
richer chocolate flavor



Esther Dorothy does a fur coat in blond otter with new loop-scarf neckline, pure silk Paisley lining.



FASHION REPORT

Continued from page 15
on grey, taffy brown on sunset pink, antique gold allied with black. There are still some violet shades.

BEAUTY FROM WITHIN distinguishes this fall's fashions . . . the grandeur of colored brocade linings under wool suit skirts . . . black taffeta lining every tier of a many-tiered grey flannel dress. Jacket linings are in a class by themselves. Taffet's are used in stripes, plaids, novelty patterns. Purple-tinted pink crepe, red velveteen—the lining rivals the beauty of the outer fabric. And as well, every jacket is lovingly tailored with an interlining of fitting cloth. Dramatic linings often match the blouses. A blouse in emerald green silk surah, the jacket lined in the same surah, the skirt lined in stiffened green silk taffeta. These blouses sometimes fasten with bows that slip through to serve as further jacket trim. You might think such clothes had been created to be worn inside out. Well several beautiful coats and evening wraps are turncoats.

CLOTH COATS come in a new and important length—40 inches—short enough to contrast with narrow skirts, yet long enough for winter protection. These shortcuts are usually in the bulky poodle textures, in casual and dress-up versions. The 40-incher is especially good for the shorter figure. The full-length fitted coat of 1951 is princess with a difference—it is designed with deep armholes and roomy shoulders, to be worn over suits as well as dresses. Coat collars are always dramatic whether short stand-ups or big folds of fabric. Some can be cupped up so high they almost hide the face. Evening coats often match their dresses . . .

the costume look is news for evening, too. One white satin gown has a big-sleeved coat of black velvet with a jet embroidered white satin collar. A fitted coat of gunmetal fleece covers a shimmering princess dress of gunmetal sequins veiled in net.

FUR this year is every woman's fashion. Designers offer beautiful little pieces of precious fur, to switch happily from wool dress to fall suit to cloth coat. There are tiny cravats of mink, detachable collars and cuffs in Alaska seal and leopard, pull-throughs of mink, little nutria "hugs," blue fox boas—the last completely lined in pleated taffeta. Boutique furs, these items are called, and they promise to become a lasting fashion. As well, dress designers employ fur trim to emphasize the feeling of luxury so evident in their collections.

Mink, black fox and black lynx are lavished on suits and coats. Black fox bands the velvet stole which is worn over a wool day dress . . . fur belts accessorize slim wool casuals. Muffs are back—huge or hand-size to tuck your fingers into, or wear dramatically, pushed up the length of one arm. They are shaped in nutria, Persian, black fox, blue fox, white fox. Little muffs for dances in mink, black Alaska sealskin or in ermine are adorned with circles of tiny blossoms round the wrists. One dainty ermine muff trimmed with colorful country garden flowers sets off a young-hearted white net dress for dancing. Fur coats are mainly fold upon fold of beauty, but a few are styled in the important princess silhouette—so cleverly they may be worn over suits. Blondes are preferred this season, in shades from platinum to rosy beige in all types of fur—muskrat, sheared raccoon, otter, clipped fox and nutria.

Gordon Mackay

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Again and again wise mothers choose Gordon Mackay Cherub for their children. This fine English knitwear is sturdy, long wearing, beautifully styled and fitted. Wool socks are shrink-resistant. Sweaters and jackets, all wool, and of course, with that English imported air about them. Underwear and sleepers so very comfortable — perfectly finished and reinforced at points of strain.

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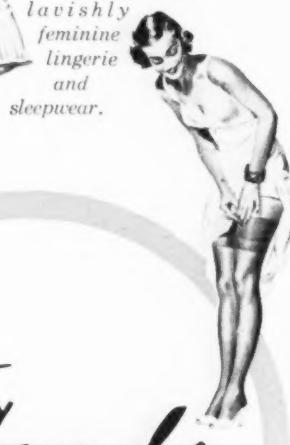
Sweaters	\$2.98 to \$5.98
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Panties	79¢ to \$1.29
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NIGHTGOWNS
SLIPS
PANTIES
SNUGGIES
NYLON STOCKINGS

YORK KNITTING MILLS LIMITED



Sweetheart of a blouse in celanese Alluracel. The lace collar may be worn up or down. Acme Blouse, Montreal.

Another favored color is midnight blue. One Hollander-dyed mole is cut in a slim-skirted suit coat, with a bow of red mole on the rounded jacket top. Let out rabbit is sheared and styled to look like luxury beaver. *Interior decoration* is quite as stunning as the furs—coats are lined in metallic brocades with interesting floral motifs, colorful checked taffetas and hand-loomed patterned satins.

KNIT DRESSES are staging a fashion comeback. Improved yarn construction and wizardly knitting machines eliminate many of the old faults of the knit dresses of way back when. In one- or two-piece versions, today's knits are designed for daytime wear, for travel, or for evening with the addition of different belt, a scarf, or chunky necklace. New are the batwing sleeves which can be worn pushed up or pulled down. The slender skirts start off from an elasticized waistband to assure flattering fit, are closely ribbed for an illusion of accordion pleating or widely ribbed for an illusion of box pleating. A few are prettily flared. All edges are finished in hand-crocheting and permanent shape is assured through gentle hand-blocking. There are whole hand-loomed sweater dresses with lined bodices that look young and smart. The knitted touch appears in many collections, in one-piece velveteen dresses shaped with it at the neckline and armbands, and used as pocket trim.

THE COAT DRESS is the designers' pet this year. Very smart in wool or flannel for day, it is also represented in glamorous evening wear. A French lilac taffeta coat with a skirtful of unpressed pleats is worn over a bouffant crinoline. The bodice has a little tailored collar and three-quarter sleeves. A double-breasted button arrangement decorates the front of strapless ball gowns. Bare-topped dresses of taffeta echo the coat dress in their sleek fitted

line, in the brisk pearl buttons on the bodice.

EVENING DRESSES are spectacular in their design, in their fabrics. Pillar dresses in blazing red or onyx black are shown in contrast to elaborately full gowns of soft colors. One floor-length dress of white satin with the fullest of skirts and smallest of narrowly strapped bodices has as accompaniment a brief bolero lined in garnet Lyons velvet to echo the coloring of a tailored velvet belt for the dress. Magnificent satin ball gowns sweep widely over stiffened petticoats, or back in winged drapery over slender skirts. Trigere showed romantic gowns with off-the-shoulder, draped necklines which revealed—discreetly—the fitted and jeweled bra beneath. Little matching jackets and extravagantly wide stoles were still favored as cover-ups for the bare-topped styles.

Making Up to The Fashions

Brown is getting such emphasis, from the ginger tones to the dark Oxfords—that you'll want to give a thought to your make-up when you wear this color. With it we recommend a lipstick in brown-red, in coral or clear red . . . a bright pink rouge or a coral tone . . . powder in beige or a neutral . . . eyeshadow in blue, violet or brown, brown mascara.

Fashions have a grey outlook this year. And with grey we recommend lipstick in coral, red red, pink or ruby . . . rouge in a pink-red . . . powder warm enough to offset your grey costume . . . eyeshadow in green or blue. Mascara in brown, blue or green.

The violet shades are still very much with us. For these we recommend lipstick in pink-red or red with blue in it . . . rouge in a pink red . . . powder in a warm skin tone . . . eyeshadow in blue, purple, grey, green or silver. . . mascara in purple, green or brown. *



FASHION REPORT

FRAME OF FASHION

Handbags for fall are long and shallow in envelope or cylinder forms, very deep in classic frame shapes. Many are done in fabric—faïe, crepe, satin, velvet and rich evening brocades. New to us is tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl decoration. One bag features a huge padlock with an actual keyhole; another a handkerchief pocket on the outside. For casual and college wear there are satchel styles in felt, corduroy and flannel, accented with leather trim and in the most dashing colors.



Gloves appear in subtle new tones to be worn with the darker costume colors of this season. A soft copper shade is worn with dark greys, dark greens, browns and reds; a sandy beige is worn with black, beige and blues; a medium brown taupe is worn with dark green, dark grey and the browns. For afternoon and evening there are many velvet ones in varied lengths.



Scarves provide a flash of color, so necessary on the dark fall clothes. Many gay squares show Siamese inspiration in their motifs. A number of scarves are designed to be worn as shoulder capes, in new extra-large sizes.

Belts have special importance in this season of the small-waist-look. The gleam of handsome English leather belts is seen on suits and casual dresses. Reversible belts are present, some of which are actually three belts stitched together in a wide corset effect. Lovely silver belts, matched to filigree buttons, are shown on coat dresses.

Jewelry moves as you move. Tiny raised flowers are set on springs to make

them flexible; a spray of rhinestones flutters like leaves on tree branches. These "mobiles" add shimmer to every type of setting.

Jewelry is bigger and more glittering than ever. Huge rhinestones, colored stones and pearls look as sumptuous as the crown jewels. Many Siamese pieces are appearing—bangle bracelets like a temple dancer's, necklaces and bracelets in deep, glowing gem-stone colors. This promises to be a banner year for bracelets . . . in chunky tailored versions, in chain-charms and in more formal designs. Fashion advocates bracelets from wrist to where-you-will, bangles and pearls and dangles all mixed up together.

The new earrings fit snugly and climb up the ear, drawing attention to your



eyes rather than to your shoulder as the long, pendulum type earrings did. Gold earrings are receiving fresh emphasis.

There's a new geography for jewels, one that's fun to study. If you follow the trend you'll buy earrings two pairs at a time—one pair for your ears, the other as trim for a pocket. Your favorite clip will sparkle in your hair or on your hat. Pin a huge snowflake high on your right shoulder, its companion on the left hip pocket. To wrap round a chignon for evening there are gem-colored stones mounted on stiffened wire. And a favorite earring will fasten a veil at the back of your head.

Stoles remain very popular, either matched with a costume or as separates. They are wider and more luxurious, often lined with contrasting satin or velvet. Some are styled in soft, lightweight wool knits and jerseys. Very striking are those in striped chiffon shers, permanently pleated for extra swish, and shown over a basic black or brown dress. For evening wear there are stoles of swirling tulle, brown net with bronze sequins and black with garnet.

A steal on the stole idea re other brief cover-ups . . . a wool jersey shrug with elasticized push-up sleeves; a crocheted triangle threaded with gold metallics; a tiny cape with pleated sleeves. *

For YOU a skirt

tailored in Britain



Gor-Ray offer you every-day skirts—with a future! Beautifully cut, and beautifully finished, in British-loomed pure woollens—they keep good-looking through many years of wear. When you shop—look for the Gor-Ray label—there's a Gor-Ray skirt in a cloth, a style and a size to suit you.

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The "Golden Beauty" Case \$6.50
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YARDLEY
Feather Pressed
POWDER

UNDERLINING

THE FALL FASHIONS

THE SILHOUETTE STORY The new neckline treatments, the small waist and the molded hipline—these tell the important "inside story" for fall. Every woman is interested in possessing a small waist (or the illusion of same) because it gives such a young and graceful look. This season the whittled waist is demanded by the slender princess coats and dresses, by the still-popular sheath, by full skirts which bell out from a next-to-nothing middle.

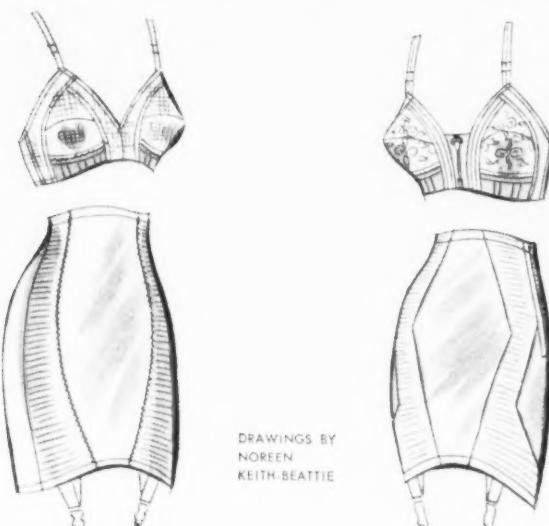
The new necklines—wide, scooped and on the square—on day dresses as well as evening gowns make strapless bras indispensable. And the newest styles are practical and comfortable for day-long wear.

BUYING HINTS When buying a new bra, be sure that the bra cup size is large enough. The reason some women find strapless bras uncomfortable is because the cup size is too small. On double-hooked bras the inside hook

should be used when the garment is new. The second hook is for use in case of any slight shrinkage after a number of washings.

When buying a new girdle, be sure that the girdle is long enough to sit in—otherwise it will pull up, be most uncomfortable and place strain on your hosiery. On a young figure that diaphragm roll may be avoided by having the waistline fitted an inch larger than usual.

WASHING HINTS Wash your foundation garments as you would a French glove—the water not too hot. Always rinse well. Never press rubber, but press any other fabric while the garment is still damp, to retain its shape. Launder foundation garments as frequently as you do your slips. A wardrobe of at least two will always ensure that one is fresh laundered. And they wear better when they can be alternated.



DRAWINGS BY
NOREEN
KEITH-BEATTIE

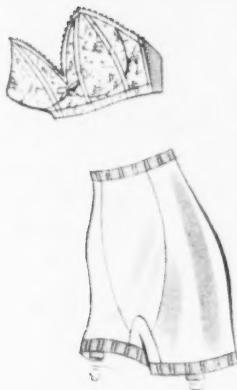
BRA IN NYLON MARQUISSETTE has round bust control feature, with extra support around the cup. Uplift is trubenized so that it will not wash out. For breathing comfort there is a $1\frac{1}{2}$ " elastic support under the cup line. By Fairform.

NYLON GIRDLE features a slightly higher waist, downcurving in back. The three-inch elasticized collar top at the back helps slim the waist. Four panels of leno elastic mold the figure. An inset of lastex satin at the base of the back gives more ease and comfort when driving and walking. There is a side zipper closing. "Stride Ease" by Gossard.

ZIPPER FRONT closing is the feature of this white satin bra. The English nylon lace cup won't shrink. Uplift support is trubenized, and there is a $1\frac{1}{2}$ " elasticized support under the cup. By Fairform.

GIRDLE FOR HEAVIER FIGURE has adjustable waist for midriff comfort. There are three laminated diamond-shape inserts of satin for firm control. Elasticized satin with up-and-down stretch gives freedom of movement, while providing rigid control across the hipline. This longer length girdle also has leno elastic vertical stretch back. "Circle" by Nemo.

**UNDERLINING
FASHIONS** (cont.)



A STRAPLESS BRA of embroidered nylon marquisette has inserts of light feather boning. There is soft protection along the lower band, so that bones cause no discomfort. By Hayward.

LOOKS LIKE LINGERIE but actually molds like a girdle. This garment is especially created for the young, active figure. Front and back panels have up-and-down stretch, the lateral side panels provide gentle hip control. Made of nylalon tricot—a blend of nylon with rayon. "Panteez" by Flexees.



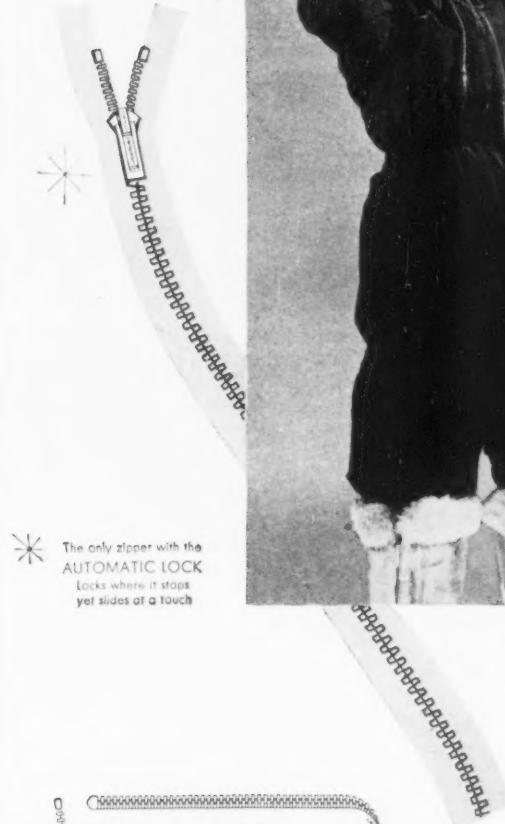
"PETAL" BUST BRA has an elastic insert in the lower section of the cup to give good fit and control—particular boon for in-between sizes. By Warner's.

NIPPED IN WAIST required by present fashions is the purpose of this girdle which has a three-inch "Sta-Up-Top" band. The girdle is comfortable, while offering plenty of control. It has a side zipper closing. "Le Gant" by Warner's.



"They both looked nice, but . . .

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Baths as usual -with Tampax



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SEASON TO CHANGE



• Change the buttons—and change the whole look of your outfit! It's true . . . never before has there been such adroit and stylized use of buttons. Now they decorate as they fasten. The jeweled button is the favorite, but there are many other lovely designs in color. Very big, very white buttons are set at an off-angle on the bodice or diagonally from collar to hemline.



• Many dresses and soft suits had cuffs covered with jet-studded soutache braid. All sorts of Spanish touches are now established fashions—fringes, tassels, intricate braid and jet embroidery.

Such trimming can be purchased by-the-yard from your department stores or dressmaker supply houses. Try some round décolletages, on full skirts, pockets and large collars.



• Everything is lined this season. And a gay lining is a simple thing to copy. From waist to hem of your fur coat you might sew in a lovely fabric. That dress with flying panels which you

wore last year will look fresh-from-the-box if you sew a long scarf just under the panel, and let it float free. On a light grey dress you could try a silver grey chiffon scarf, or one in a brilliant print.

• Really consider the petticoat idea. Petticoat fashions are THE big thing . . . and not only for the teens, either. Bell out last season's full skirt, whether a suit or separate, with a petticoat of taffeta, moiré, satin or quilted cotton. Buy a special petticoat pattern, or you might adapt a skirt pattern. If you don't wish to go all out on the idea, try an evelet ruffle on one of your present full-skirted slips.

• If you're young enough to get away with it . . . get yourself a poodle. Embroider one—or more—prancing along a collar or pocket with tiny bows of colored ribbon on their topknots! The fashion world is mad about poodle cloth . . . and poodle motifs, too.

• Own a basic winter wool? Try a button-on barathea apron, flaring widely at the sides and with an enormous patch pocket for dash.

• On a simple wool dress, sew three big buttons, starting at the throat and set fairly close. Sew three at the centre back, starting at the collar. Make a reversible stole—for a grey dress we suggest one side red, the other black. You can button it on the front and let the fringed ends fall dramatically to the back. Or turn the stole, buttoning it at the back for a change and letting it fold round your arms. THINK of the possibilities! Something in one Montreal showing which you might try with a stole . . . a basic day dress in grey wool had a stole lined with air force plaid that can be secured at the back by passing the dress belt through a slit in the stole.

• Pretty bit of fancy is done with a hankie and a tiny knot of artificial flowers. Match up a flower-embroidered Swiss batiste hankie with similar make-believe blossoms, use the whole as a charming posy pinned at your belt.



Illustrated — Styleline 4-Door De Luxe Sedan

*... for only CHEVROLET has all the things we want ...
LOWEST COST, FINEST QUALITY, UTMOST DEPENDABILITY
AND ECONOMY PLUS THE HIGHEST TRADE-IN VALUE!"*

This year's Chevrolet is a marvel of value, every way — and it's all yours at lowest cost!

If you want a car with Body-by-Fisher strength, protection and up-to-the-minute styling — Chevrolet has it. If you want power you can live with through many moons to come — Chevrolet's valve-in-head performance gives you that, too. If you want roominess and comfort and handling ease that make every trip a breeze, there's no simpler way to find them than to take the wheel of a Chevrolet.

Above all, if you're looking for advanced features that perfectly combine pleasure with performance, just look at these:

NEW — improved Centre-Point Steering

(and Centre-Point Design), making steering even easier at low speeds and while parking.

NEW — more powerful Jumbo-Drum Brakes (with Dubl-Life rivetless brake linings) for extra-safe, extra-smooth, extra-long-lasting performance. They're the biggest brakes in Chevrolet history!

NEW — Safety Sight Instrument Panel, — safer, more convenient, more efficient and more beautiful than ever before.

Yes, Chevrolet for '51 is a car that defies comparison from every viewpoint—including price. So, if you've been toying with the notion of settling for a lesser car — visit your Chevrolet dealer and see how easily you can buy this thrifty marvel.



With ultra-smooth PowerGlide,[†] Chevrolet is first in the lowest-price field to bring you the proudest feature of luxury cars — a fully-proved, fully-automatic transmission. There's *no* clutch pedal! You can drive all day without ever shifting a gear! And with all this driving ease, you get the extra-abundant power of Chevrolet's new 105 h.p. engine, exclusive to PowerGlide Chevrolets. It's so simple to drive, it's a *thrill* to drive!

[†]PowerGlide plus 105 H.P. Engine optional at extra cost on deluxe models.

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Goulin

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A black and white photograph of a room featuring a large wooden cabinet, a smaller chest of drawers, and a sofa. In the foreground, a sign reads "Peppler's FINE FURNITURE".

Combining the quiet charm of good style with fine craftsmanship . . . typical of the quality that is Peppler's. Ask for this fine furniture by name.

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The basque bodice and yardsful of tie silk taffeta in the skirt, foretell happy hours for a dancing lady. A Ricky Formal.



Felveteen back-buttoned suit, bodice in lime, skirt in brown. Reversible stole, lime 'n' green, has pockets. By Morris Watkin.



FASHION REPORT

YOUNG-HEARTED FASHIONS

BY EVELYN KELLY

For you gay teens and brand-new twenties this autumn's new fashions, modeled by three members of Chatelaine's new Junior Council

Velveteens, corduroys and lightweight woolens shine for school and casual wear . . . dress-up dates will see swirls of net over taffeta, velveteen, and —everywhere—great fullness of skirts. This season's newest line is short-waisted—the rule, a short, fitted jacket worn with a full skirt. The hemline dilemma is with us again. You'll hear 11, 13, 15 inches from the floor. Your mirror should be your guide. Decide the most attractive length and abide by it. It's whispered around that many teen-agers' skirts are much too long, and hemlines dripping near the ankles are very unsmart with flat shoes.

Junior Council members Nancy Fockler, opposite page, Joyce Cornford, below left, and Jessie Nugent, bottom right, agree these are the clothes they'll choose this fall. We're proud of our new Council—300 bright young girls from Victoria to St. John's bringing us fresh, enthusiastic ideas on what they want in Chatelaine.

YOUR GREAT LOVE IS
SWEATERS. THIS FALL,
THEY ARE AS STYLED
AS ANY DRESS TOP



Pre-shrunken brown lamb's wool has turtle collar. Helen Harper.



White pique trim on this cherry sweater is detachable. Lansea.



Shrunk and mothproof sweater with sequin bird. Grand mère.

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100th ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL



Get this set of 8 sparkling pieces of PYREX Ware —the original top-quality glass cookingware—at an important saving. You'll find dozens of uses for every piece in the set. Get several to use as gifts.

You'll never match these bargain prices . . . better do your shopping now! This offer expires November 30, 1951.

(1) 48-ounce utility Casserole and cover —smart, wide, easy-to-grasp handles, and cover that doubles as a pie-plate or handsome serving dish —

REGULAR \$1.25
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(2) 6 Custard cups —handsome, handy, fluted-edge. For baked, chilled or frozen desserts, 5-oz. size—

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PYREX Hostess Casserole
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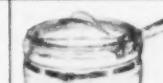
PYREX Flavor saver Pie Plate
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PYREX Pie Plate — Flaky
crust, quickly baked. 8½ inch
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casserole. 8½ inch size 80c.



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Flat bottoms, lock-on covers.
32-ounce size \$2.75. 64-ounce
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PYREX Oven Roaster — Top
and bottom can be used
separately. 96-ounce capacity
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Boiler. You can use as two
separate saucepans. 48-ounce
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PYREX Hostess Set — In red
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casserole with 4 ramekins. Set
of five \$3.95.



PYREX Clear Bowl Set — Mix
bake and serve . . . all in one
Set of three \$1.95.

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RONSON NEWPORT. Graceful Table Lighter in heavy silver plate. \$13.50.



RONSON QUEEN ANNE HOSTESS SET. Lighter, matching cigarette urn and tray, in heavy silver plate. \$36.00.



RONSON LEONA. Table Lighter in silver plate, floral enamel, \$14.50.

YOUNG-HEARTED FASHIONS (Continued)



Timeless suit in Lindsay tartan is softly tailored, with rounded lapels. Skirt has all-round pleats. By Columbia of Toronto.



A halter velvet top, thinstone studded. Skirt is two full circles of rayon net over taffeta underskirt. Columbia, Toronto.



*Practical Planning
IDEAS
for Kitchen Convenience*

To save work and steps every day; that, above all else, is the big objective of all kitchen planning. A little thought in the beginning—to make fullest possible use of the particular space available—can mean a lot later in years of extra convenience. To help you plan, you'll find many worthwhile ideas in a new Crane booklet, just off the press, on the subject of "Planning the Modern Bathroom, Powder Room, Kitchen and Home Laundry". Its number is ADM-5104. Your Plumbing Contractor can show you how you can adapt various suggestions to your own particular needs. Ask him for a copy, or write direct to Crane General Office, 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal.



Serving Area; and, in the Preparation and Cleaning-Up Area, the sink, the "work centre" where the day's kitchen duties begin and end.

SINK—There are many variations of modern sinks—but all fall into two main types: the flat rim, and the sink-and-drainboard continuous unit. A flat rim is the kind you want if you plan to have it built in flush with a tile, linoleum or composition counter top. This type is available in the Crane line, made of sturdy Porcelain-on-Steel or Porcelain-Enamelled Cast Iron with either single or double basin and with or without back ledge.

Then there is a complete variety of sink and drainboard combinations—in gleaming porcelain enameled cast iron—suitable for cabinet installation. You can get them with single or double basins—and with drainboards on either or both sides. In making your selection, you'll note how Crane equipment is designed to allow for flexible arrangement and how its simplicity and graceful styling is suited to any kitchen motif, traditional or modern.

MEALS—Most likely you'll be planning to eat in the kitchen quite often—probably at least one meal a day. You'll want to have that thought in mind when considering kitchen arrangements. Instead of a regular table, you may find it more satisfactory and space-saving to have a "rollaway" table—or a fold-away table, a unit which folds up and into the wall. Perhaps you can use your space to provide for a breakfast nook, preferably in a corner, with space under the seats for storage—or a dining bar under which chairs or stools can slide out of the way.

LAUNDRY—If because of space limitations you plan to do the washing in the kitchen, you'll be interested in checking the advantages of a combination sink and laundry tray. It's the ideal fixture for a compact kitchen-laundry. It can be fitted on an attractive enameled plywood or steel cabinet.

STORAGE—Whatever the layout, you'll want to have plenty of storage space—both above and below the level of the working surfaces and handy to the appropriate work area. You can make fullest use, for example, of the valuable space under the sink by having a modern under-sink cabinet.

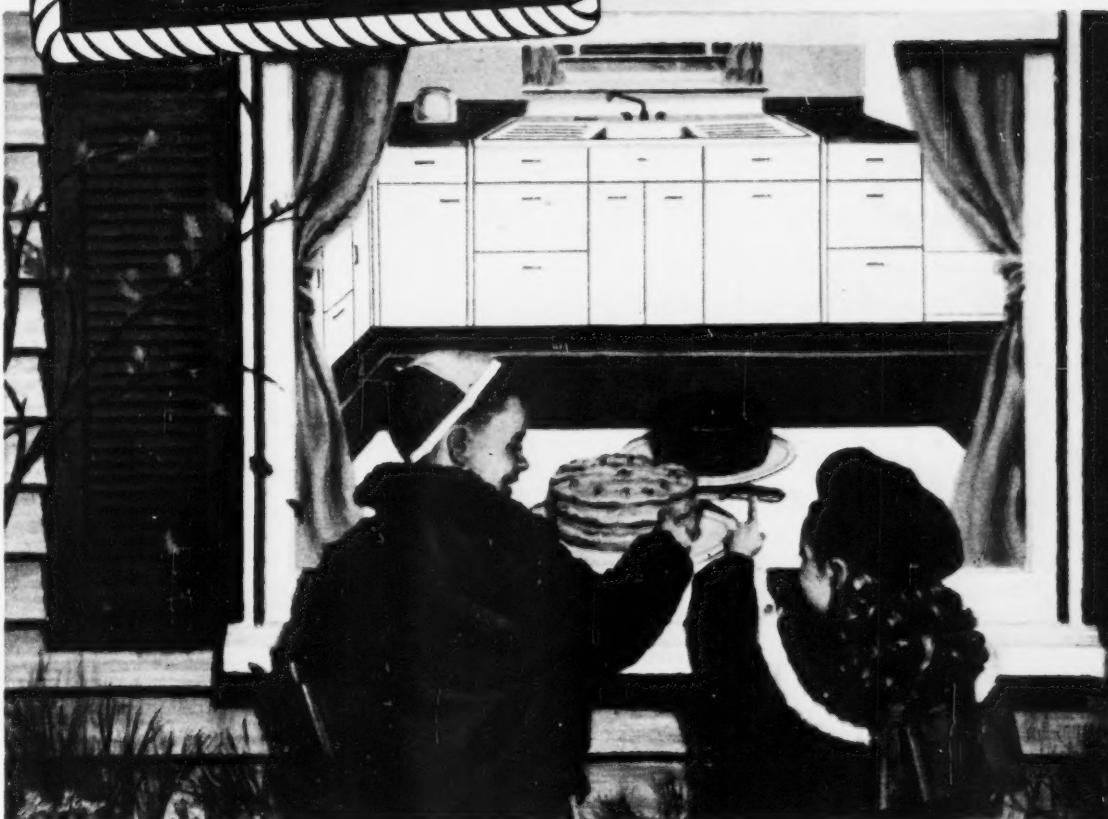
All Crane sinks can be supplied with factory-made cabinets to match modern kitchen interiors.

WATER—And when selecting your sink, consider the advantages of getting one of the modern "mixing spout faucets". Instead of having separate hot and cold faucets—with the extra chances of chilling or scalding the hands—this delivers the water at the temperature you desire through one spout. With it you can also get a spray, attached to a rubber hose, for cleaning vegetables and washing down the sink.

PIPING—An efficient, economical plumbing system depends not only on having the right fixtures and fittings in kitchen, bathroom and laundry. They're very important—but equally so are all the valves and piping, out of sight behind the walls, which deliver the running water and carry away the waste. They provide another big reason for always checking your plans with your Plumbing Contractor and getting practical advice from him on your various ideas. You can count on him, too, to supply you with a complete dependable Crane installation to give you years of satisfactory service.

**For every Home...
For every budget...
the Preferred Plumbing...**

CRANE



Pleasing Prospect!

The immediate future looks pretty promising for the youngsters who have designs on those inviting cakes . . . and a brighter future is promised mother with that gleaming, practical Crane sink as the work centre of her planned kitchen.

Designed to lighten kitchen labors, easy-to-

clean Crane sinks are available in a selection of different types and materials—with double or single drainboard, double or single bowl, or for counter-top installation.

Your Architect or Plumbing and Heating Contractor will help you select the one that has the size, depth and work area you desire.

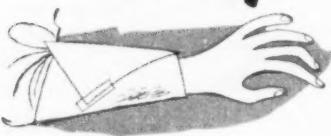
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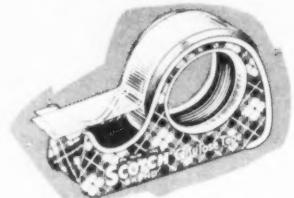
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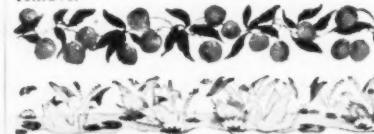
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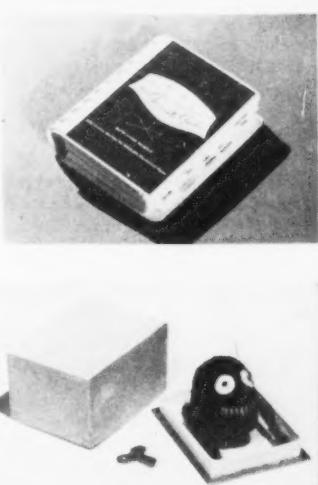
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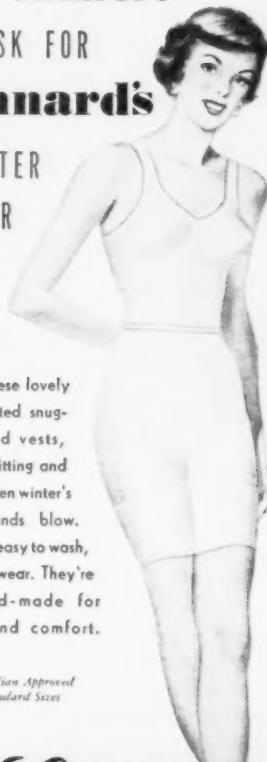
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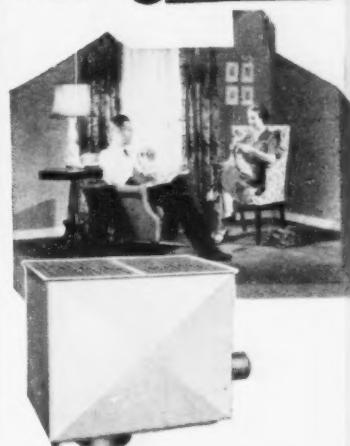
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THE FAMILY

IS HERE TO STAY

says MAX BRAITHWAITE, exploding those gloomy headlines about divorce and delinquency to prove that the Canadian family never felt better in its life



SUNDAY MORNING AT THE DENNEHYS IN WINNIPEG is a family ritual—and since this snap was taken Shaun Patrick Dennehy (now 4) and Kerry Douglas Dennehy (now 2) have to make room between mother and dad for year-old Timothy Gerald Dennehy. Actually "clan meetings begin between 6 and 7 every morning when our bed becomes the Dennehy clubroom," reports mother Doreen. "There are yells for porridge, bottles of milk, let the dog out, dress me, come on, let's get up . . ." The Dennehys have done all their own decorating in their seven-room home on Ashdale Ave. and are currently completing a large, knotty-pine playroom for the boys upstairs. Father Gerry Dennehy is a chemical firm representative. He goes shooting every chance he gets but he takes over all family duties the nights Doreen, a graduate nurse, helps out at short-staffed hospitals while helping out the Dennehy budget at the same time. "What more can I say of a family who are such a part of each other?" asks Doreen, a Chatelaine Councillor. "Only this—big families are going to be in fashion again. With the plans father has for our boys . . . boating, shooting, curling . . . I need a team of my own and I'm going to get one. So we have a ticket on D'Arcy Lou, and although we don't know when she'll get here, we're hoping she hangs on to her wings till the buggy is fixed and we get a new crib. As for the rest of the team, we'll have to see what Irish names are left."

The Canadian family is in great shape. I want to say this—flatly, and defying anybody to contradict me—despite the doleful pronouncements of hundreds of speakers and writers who keep hinting, insinuating and even declaring outright that the good old institution of the family is on the skids and heading for oblivion at a frightening clip.

These calamity howlers point with shaking fingers at the divorce and juvenile delinquency rate and lurid newspaper accounts of child neglect and cruelty—proof, they say, that the family is nothing like it was in grandfather's day.

They're wrong—all wrong. If you stop to think of it even for a moment, you know they're wrong, and so do I—and I can prove it.

Far from being on the skids, the family is in better shape today than it ever was. True, it has changed with the changing times. Daughter wears

jeans instead of hoop skirts, junior drives a hopped up jalopy instead of a horse and buggy, and mother often takes a job downtown because of the high cost of living. But in the things that really count . . . love, devotion, care, intelligent interest in the welfare of children, sacrifice and work . . . the family is more than holding its own.

The wrong families get the most publicity. For every bad one reported in the papers there are thousands of good families living decently and quietly along the streets of our towns and cities and on the farms.

Take the Smiths—a fictitious name for a very real family. They live in the biggest house in our town. Smith moved out of the city where he works . . . thereby giving himself a 50-mile drive every day . . . so that his four children could have plenty of room to play and develop. Smith admits that it takes most of his money and spare time to

And these snapshots of Chatelaine families were just waiting in our files when the story arrived, to prove Max is 100% right



RAY AND ELEANOR PEARCE OF ST. THOMAS, Ontario, have found their whole way of life changed because, like a lot of other people, they had to build their own home. Ray found working with his hands so satisfying that he resigned as a schoolteacher to become a builder. Also, the Pearces liked their self-built home so well that they took it with them from Aylmer to St. Thomas, where Ray now works—a 20-mile haul. Son Ronnie took it all in stride.

keep the big house and yard in repair, but he believes it's worth it. All his interests are centred around his home and family.

Next door to the Smiths is a family in almost identical circumstances and next door to them still another . . . and so on down the street. Away at the other end of town live the Hodges. Bert Hodge is a drunk and a bootlegger, his children steal and drink and make nuisances of themselves on the streets. Nine times out of 10 when the name of our town gets into the city papers it is in connection with some escapade of the Hodge clan. Thousands of readers see it and say . . . "Surely the Canadian family is going to the dogs."

No one can deny that the Canadian family took a bad beating during the war years and immediately after. The divorce rate climbed to an unprecedented high of 65.3 per 100,000 population in 1947—a fact upon which the

gloom-spreaders base their contention that the family is doomed. But in three years since then the divorce rate has been almost cut in half, reaching 37.7 in 1950.

This is still a much higher rate than in grandmother's time, but figures don't tell the complete story. Divorce can and often does lead to a bad family being replaced by a good one. The Dales—again a fictitious name for a real family I know—are a good example of this. Jean Dale is a highly intelligent, well-adjusted person who married the wrong man. Rather than continue a partnership that was unsatisfactory for her and her husband and little girl, she sought and obtained a divorce. Now she is married again and has two more children. By the exercise of a little tact, understanding and mutual respect the new family get along fine. Statistics show that there are in Canada just about as many remarriages of divorced



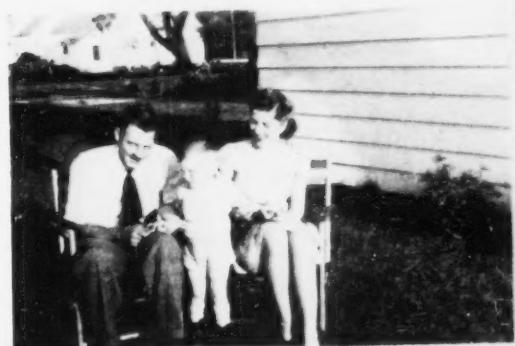
THE BAIRDS OF FREDERICTON, N.B., think swimming and picnicking by the water is the best family sport. Father Gord Baird took this snap of wife Alice and son David by the Bay of Fundy; but last summer, as a well-deserved holiday after building their own new home, they loafed about the Saint John River in a small motorboat, the family's latest acquisition.



THE LABREQUES OF ACTON VALE, Quebec, total seven—and Chatelaine councilor Marie-Paule LaBrèque is the only woman in the family. She has to be well organized, and made sure each man in the house has a different initial (Pierre, Eric, Marc, Luc, Charles) so she can mark their clothes and (in time) sort their mail. Father is Roger, a textile manufacturer and also mayor of Acton Vale. But far more important to Pierre, Eric, Marc, Luc and Charles, he's also an engineer and knew how to build them a swimming pool. Says Marie-Paule: "I think that nothing compares with the thrill of watching a family grow, all the characters unfurling in their own peculiar way."



THE ASHDOWNS LIVE ON PRINCE ALBERT ST. IN VANCOUVER, and since Chatelaine Councilor Marjorie Ashdown clipped this snapshot to a Consumer questionnaire, son David has acquired a brother named Ian. The man in their family is Frank Ashdown, a lubricating engineer and enthusiastic soccer player. But except on vital soccer Saturdays you're likely to find the four Ashdowns hiking off to the roundhouse to see the locomotives, or heading for the circus. "Our parents helped us form pleasant childhood memories, so Frank and I are trying to do the same for our boys," says Marjorie Ashdown.



THE OUNSWORTHS OF HARROW, ONT., have been so busy remodeling it's a wonder they ever get time for family snapshots. They added a bathroom (estimated cost \$500, actual \$1,000, plus Frank Ounsworth's labor) to their first home—then sold. Bought a new home, redecorated it themselves, remodeled the kitchen themselves, and now have nothing left to do but remodel bathroom and basement. But Chatelaine Councilor Joyce Ounsworth has squeezed in time to have a brother, Donald, for Dick, seen in the snap. Dick's dad is teaching him about stamps and tools—hobbies he can pass on to Don.

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persons in a year as there are divorces.

On top of that, more young people are getting married now than did twenty-five years ago (a marriage rate of 9.6 in 1948 against 7.3 per 1000 population in 1926) and they are having more children (a jump in the birthrate from 24.1 in 1926 to 27 in 1948). High-school counselors report that the chief ambition of most of the girls they talk to is still the good old-fashioned one—get married and raise a family.

Besides, fewer children lose their parents through early death now than ever before, as the wonder drugs and other medical advances increase life expectancy. Far fewer families are left motherless due to childbirth, too, for deaths in pregnancy dropped from 57 for every 10,000 children born alive to 15, between 1930 and 1948.

Parents come in for a lot of criticism these days, either direct or implied. Psychologists are continually charging that parents are sowing in their helpless offspring the seeds of alcoholism, prostitution, homosexuality and practically every neurosis in the book, either by giving too much affection or not enough. Every now and then some judge blames the past action of parents for a criminal's misdeeds. Much of this blame may be deserved—but the fact that psychology has only recently discovered such influences gives the erroneous impression that modern mothers and dads are more negligent than those of a couple of generations ago.

Actually, the reverse is the case. Never before have so many parents been so conscientious and well-informed concerning the raising of children. The sale of books on child care and psychology is at an all time high. Magazines run regular features on the subject. Nearly every newspaper in the country has at least one regular column giving advice to parents. Radio programs such as the CBC's "In Search of Ourselves" and "Life With the Robinsons" have an active following.

A family-court psychologist who regularly lectures to home and school clubs reports that whereas a few years ago he talked to groups of from a dozen to 20 women and the odd man, he now addresses hundreds of interested parents, almost half of whom are fathers. And when the question period arrives he has to know his stuff. "They're asking more penetrating and thoughtful questions all the time," he asserts.

The official figures more than bear him out. The number of home and school club associations in Canada has almost doubled in the last five years (1,262 in 1946; 2,475 in 1951).

The growth of kindergartens and nursery schools is another example of the same trend. Parents everywhere are demanding that school boards provide accommodation for pre-school children and hang the expense. In the Beach district in Toronto parents have

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organized a co-operative nursery school which they run themselves.

In the Kerrisdale district of Vancouver a group of young matrons who found they spent almost all their time discussing their offspring, anyway, decided to do it constructively. They arranged regular meetings and each in turn undertook to become an expert and lecture the others on such subjects as bed wetting, thumb sucking, discipline, and tolerance to children of different races.

The fact that more wives are working now than ever before is often cited as evidence that the family has hit the skids. But is a working mother necessarily a negligent one? I know a woman I'll call Mrs. Hanson who has two children—a boy in public school and a girl in high. Mr. Hanson has a good job and can support the family well, but with the kids at school there just isn't enough to do around the house to keep Mrs. Hanson from becoming bored. She doesn't bake her own bread, do her washing by hand, beat the rugs with a wire stick, heave water buckets around or do any of the back-breaking and time consuming jobs that women of a couple of generations ago performed.

Mrs. Hanson could sit around the house and listen to the sorrows of John's other wife's other child; she could play bridge with the girls or she might even hook rugs. She prefers to work downtown as a commercial artist . . . a job she finds both stimulating and remunerative.

Work Is Shared

It's true that now and then the kids have to get their own meals, but all in all, they see as much or more of their parents than did children of half a century ago. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hanson are on a 40-hour week, which means that their week ends belong to the family. In winter all four of them ski; in summer they spend most of their time at the lake. Since Mrs. Hanson has outside interests there is less chance of her becoming tired of her children. As for the youngsters, they are self-reliant and content.

Or take the Trent Fraynes. Trent (his friends call him Bill) is a sports writer on the Toronto Telegram, who also writes magazine articles—like his story on soprano June Kowalchuk in this issue. His wife is also a highly successful magazine writer, although you'll find her byline given in Chatelaine from time to time as June Callwood. But what do the Fraynes talk about to their friends? The chances of the Montreal Canadiens in the Stanley Cup race or the interesting quirks of some celebrity recently interviewed? Not by a crible! They discuss the antics of their three young children.

The Fraynes live in an ultra-convenient apartment, chosen because of its proximity to a large playground. June works on her articles at home almost every day and puts a capable adult baby sitter in charge when she is out doing research. But June is so well organized and chock-full of good health that she has plenty of time and energy left over for her children.

Juvenile delinquency has made almost as many headlines as the Russians during the past few years. Every time a kid gets into a scrape the newspapers follow the case avidly through the courts until the impression is given that



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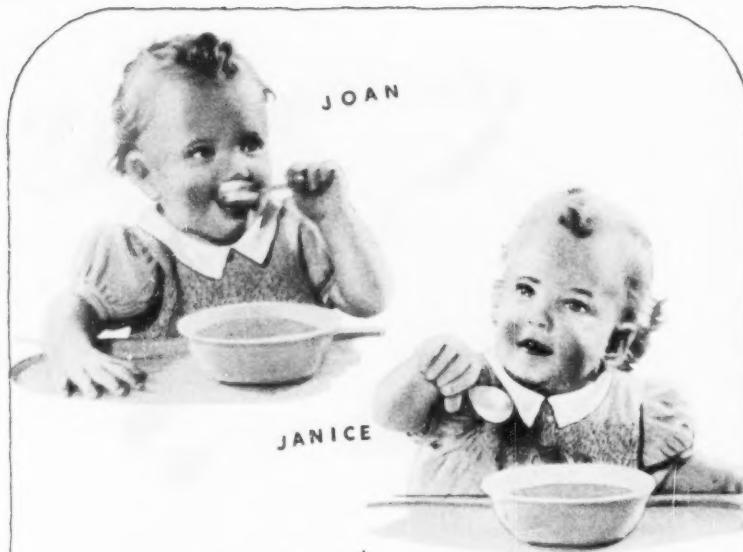
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our young people are becoming more and more lawless and immoral each year.

Actually, the juvenile delinquency rate in Canada is not increasing, but rapidly decreasing. In the peak year of 1942, when thousands of Canadian fathers were busily engaged elsewhere, a total of 13,802 boys and girls between the ages of 7 and 16 were brought before the Canadian courts for major and minor offenses. Each year since then has shown a substantial decrease until in 1949 the figure was down to 7,038—a drop of more than 48% from the 1942 figure and considerably lower than the immediate pre-war figure.

Judge Lorne Stewart of the Toronto Family Court sees the seamy side of family life every day. Yet he firmly believes that far from degenerating, the family is getting stronger and more stable all the time. "The war certainly put the Canadian family through the wringer," he states, "but it is making a remarkable comeback."

Better Spotters

"Mental hygiene" is a phrase one hears a great deal these days. From the often misinterpreted pronouncements of welfare workers, psychologists and sociologists we are apt to get the impression that the "stresses of modern living" are rapidly turning children and parents into a bunch of psychotics. Unfortunately—as they admit themselves—the persons best qualified to talk about the mental health of Canadian families are people whose work and research bring them constantly into contact with our worst families. Yet even they admit that the increase in mental cases in Canada is due not so much to poorer mental health as to their own increased ability to spot a neurosis when they see one.

Dr. Clarence M. Hincks, director of the Canadian Mental Health Association, believes in letting Canadians know just how bad our mental health is and in "scaring them into doing something about it." His organization is primarily responsible for those two radio programs I mentioned which dramatized problems in family relationships. However, he recently admitted to me, somewhat grudgingly, that despite the increased pace of modern living, fear of the atomic bomb and other nerve-racking factors the mental health of today's family is "no worse than it used to be and may be better."

Books and plays such as "Life With Father," and "I Remember Mama" have put many of us into a dreamy, nostalgic frame of mind. We imagine that the family of a generation or two ago, living in its big solid house with big solid father in his big solid armchair laying down big solid rules, was happier and generally much more satisfactory than the present smaller and less rigidly disciplined family group.

But was that old family such a superior institution?

In the introduction to a report of the Family Committee of the Canadian Youth Commission we find this statement: "The role which the family played in former years has been altered. Many of its functions have been taken over . . . by the state, the schools and nursery schools and by organized social agencies. As far as the children affected are concerned, the change is in many respects a gain, not a loss. Many of the services which they now receive at

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other hands were indifferently discharged earlier by the family."

Dr. Reva Gerstein of the Mental Hygiene Clinical Service states that case histories show that just as many neurotics come from large families as from small ones. Dr. Hincks himself admits that there is more "enlightenment, understanding and partnership" in the modern family than in those of the golden age.

It is true, of course, that families are not as closely integrated today as they once were. Brother takes the car and goes to a basketball game, sister goes dancing, junior attends a scout meeting while mum and dad take in a movie. A couple of generations ago, probably they would all have stayed home, had a taffy pull, played crokinole and wound up to a grand climax with a singsong around the piano. But I'll bet they got mighty tired of taffy pulls and climaxed many an evening with a good family row.

Improved transportation and communications have brought changes, all right, but in many respects they strengthen family relations rather than weaken them. Besides, the radio and record player are doing a lot to keep young folks at home and it is anticipated that television will do a great deal more—even if it does leave everybody sitting around in the dark.

In the past, families were more inclined to stay together after the children had grown up. Sons often went into business with each other or lived on neighboring farms. Today's family is more spread out. Take the Treleavens, for instance.

Bob and Aimie Treleaven raised six kids, all of whom are now married with families of their own. They are completely independent of each other and live in such widely separated points as Vancouver, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, Peterborough, Toronto and Florida. Yet this family is as close, emotionally, as any family ever was.

The chief unifying factor is a simple device known as the circle letter which regularly goes the rounds. On receipt of this bundle of news, containing letters from each member of the family, each person takes out his old letter, inserts a new one and sends the whole on to the next stop. The record of births, marriages, sicknesses, accidents, changes of jobs, decisions and other human problems contained in this epistle for one year would

make a good-sized novel.

And since, with modern air travel, Vancouver is just one day from Peterborough, and Florida only a day from Winnipeg, members of the family frequently exchange short visits—the best kind for any family. A monster family reunion planned for last summer was postponed because of the impending arrival of two more grandchildren.

Perhaps the most conclusive evidence of the robustness of the Canadian family is the way they've met the housing shortage. The Woods family of Edmonton are typical of many who have refused to knuckle under to the high cost of everything that goes into a house. Lionel Woods and his wife became pretty fed up trying to raise three children in a flat, but there wasn't enough money in the family kick to buy a house. So the Woods decided to build one for themselves.

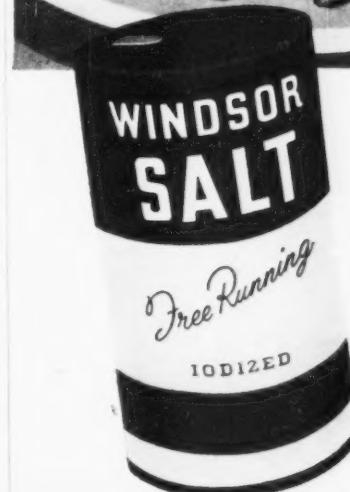
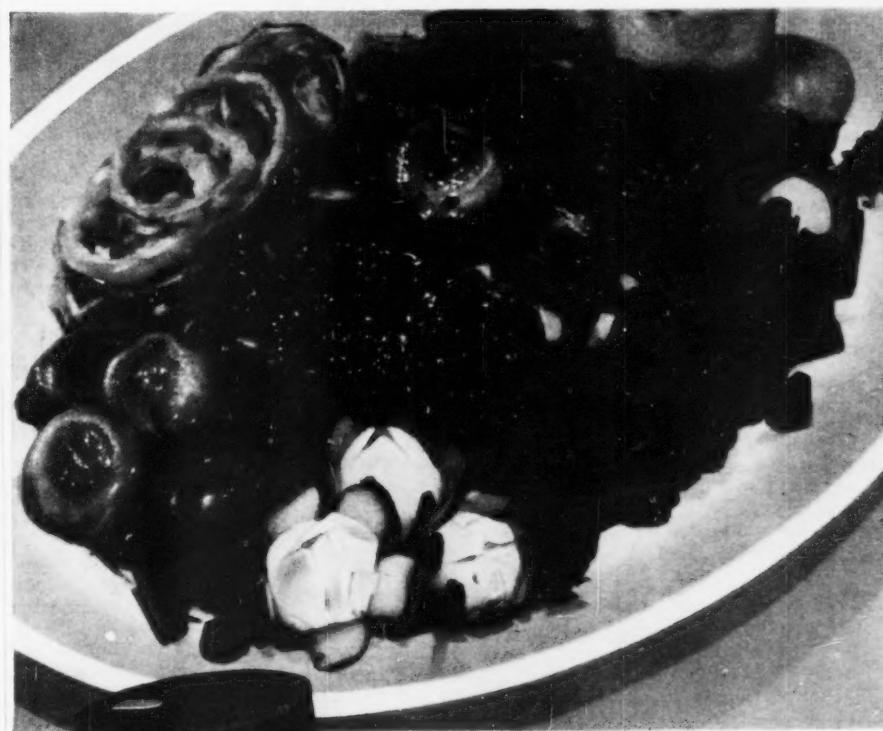
Through the Veterans Land Act they obtained five acres on the outskirts of the city. With help from friends the two of them managed to finish the outside of the house, and promptly moved in the furniture and kids. Then to raise the money needed to complete the job Lionel took part time work evenings and Saturdays. Meanwhile

they lived without proper plumbing or lighting and put up with a lot of other inconveniences. But when they were finished they had a decent home for their children.

Drive along any side road not too far from any city and you'll see this same story repeated over and over again . . . families living in basements sprouting stovepipes at crazy angles, families living in tents, shacks—anything, while they complete their own homes. All of which would seem to indicate that the resourcefulness and make-do spirit of the pioneers is far from dead, after all.

But the most interesting thing about the families mentioned in this article is that I know them all myself. These many normal, happy family groups actually exist within the circle of one man's acquaintance; and you know just as many more yourself. They are what the politicians call "the backbone and the mainstay, my friends, of this great country" . . . and for once I'm right up there on the soapbox with the political orators.

No one need weep because the modern family is continually changing and adapting itself to meet the needs of a rapidly changing world. If it weren't doing so, it would surely be doomed. +



... and a dash of salt. You know this . . . to bring out the last, rich bit of savouriness in a piece of ground steak, you add a dash of salt . . . Windsor Salt. Now try this . . . next time you eat grapefruit, sprinkle it with salt instead of sugar. See what a bright, tangy flavour you get.

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2. Should mother or baby set his schedule?

Many experts today believe baby knows best—that feeding, sleeping and playing times should come when baby indicates he's ready. Any time is a good time for cool, soothing sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder. Babies love the comfort this powder brings... helping keep them free from chafes and prickles.



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YOUNG PARENTS



*Don't scold a youngster for dawdling,
or even lying. Both are a part of*

HOW YOUR CHILD LEARNS

ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., Director Child Health Clinic

A two-week-old baby can see large objects such as his mother. By two months he stops crying when she approaches. This no doubt means that he associates her with the comfort that she gives him. In the next month or two he will look at various persons or things intently. A month or so later he reaches for and grasps objects. During the interval since his birth he has been learning to focus his eyes and to use both of them together.

During the pre-school period (2-5 years) it is a good plan to get your child acquainted with pencils, strong thick crayons, paints (poster paints are good and fingers can serve instead of brushes at first) and blunt-ended scissors. At first he will only scribble and cut at random. By four years of age he'll probably be able to cut where he wants to fairly well, but his pictures will be quite chaotic for some time. Nevertheless, they are valuable experiences for him.

Simple picture books provide the background for an interest in learning to read later on, and we'll hope for a lasting fondness for books. Don't teach him to read before he reaches school age as this is an undesirable strain except for most exceptional children. You'll

notice that the first reading books that he gets at school have very large type. This is because young children's eyes are naturally long-sighted. Colored toys help to stimulate a baby's curiosity and later on colored dresses or sweaters and pleasant color schemes in their rooms provide an enjoyable way of learning the names of the different colors.

As you know, time doesn't mean much to a young child. By and by he grasps the idea of today, yesterday and tomorrow and eventually he associates winter with snow, summer with flowers and can think in terms of weeks and months.

Children between four and eight years of age often dawdle. At this age they are doing many jobs for themselves such as dressing and washing, but their fingers, certainly in the early stages of this period, are still awkward and not very efficient. Dressing is no longer fun as it was at first, and there are lots of other things that they would rather do instead, so they interrupt it to play with this and that. If you always step in and help them finish up so that they lose nothing by their dawdling, you encourage them to keep it up.

If by some means, not too drastic, you

Bringing Up Baby

HINTS COLLECTED BY

Mrs Dan Gerber

(MOTHER OF 5)



Children, being very human, relish a bit of variety in the pattern of their daily lives. (Who doesn't?) So when your busy-body begins to creep, don't confine him to a definite area. Let him be a little Gulliver and explore rooms other than his own. (Always remembering, of course, to keep an eye on him.) By giving baby a little free rein, you simultaneously help him develop a sense of independence.

* * *

SPICE OF LIFE. Speaking of variety, even the tiniest tots like a change of pace in their diets. And because variety is so important, Gerber's see to it that you have plenty of choice when it comes to strained foods. Gerber's Fruits, Vegetables, Meat Soups and Desserts are varied, taste-tempting and oh so nourishing! 17 varieties in all. All pre-cooked and ready to serve. **Gerber's Strained Foods** are now sold in leading stores throughout Canada.

* * *



REFRESHING IDEA. If you plan to use your sitter for an unusually long time, be sure to provide a bit of refreshment — like a soft drink or something to nibble on. She'll be grateful and less apt to get restless.

* * *

JUST DESSERTS! Most people have a "sweet tooth" and babies are no exception. But your doctor will probably tell you that fruits and puddings make better desserts for baby than candy or cookies. So if you want to tickle your tot's "sweet tooth", try Gerber's Custard Pudding. M-m-m, wonderful! For a doubly-creamy treat, top Gerber's Custard Pudding with 2 or 3 spoonfuls of Gerber's Peaches, Apricots, or Plums with Tapioca. M-m-m, doubly wonderful!

* * *

2 TICKETS TO DREAMLAND. When your infant shys away from sleep, try this pair of "coaxers." They'll speed him on to Dreamland, minus fuss and fanfare.

* * *

1. Let him loll for a bit in a tepid (not hot) bath. Ever so relaxing.



2. Music hath soothing charms. Lullaby your angel to sleep. (He or she won't care if you're off-key.)

* * *

WAYS AND MEANS. Want some helpful hints on how to solve sitter-problems? Then let me send you a "Sitter's Calendar." Write Mrs. Dan Gerber, Box A-10, at Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Canada.

can show them that dawdling cuts down the time that they will have for more interesting occupations, such as playing with other youngsters, they will improve in time. However, too much scolding or too much emphasis on efficiency is not wise.

Developing Memory

Some years ago an interesting test was carried out on babies over a year of age. They were given a ball which contained a small chicken. When the baby squeezed it, the chicken popped in and out. The baby was allowed to play with it for one minute. Then it was taken away and he was entertained with other activities for three minutes. Then he was given another ball, just like the first, but containing no chicken. If the baby squeezed it and then tried to find the chicken without success he was said to "pass the test"—in other words he apparently remembered what he had been able to do with the first ball. These and other tests showed that babies of 16 months or so remembered such an experience for about eight minutes. Two-year-olds remembered it for 17 minutes. It is evident, therefore, that babies' memories are short although, of course, these figures only apply for these particular tests.

Their short memories are an advantage sometimes. For instance if a one-year-old apparently dislikes a new food when you first serve it, you don't need to expect that he'll dislike it again when you give him his second chance at it a month later. Maybe also he was tired the first time or you hadn't cooked it quite right. Also their short memories allow you to distract them easily, which may avert a tantrum or some other trouble. As they grow older their memories improve and, therefore, distractions are no longer useful. Some mothers don't realize this and keep on using this technique when it is no longer effective.

Truthfulness

To the three- to six-year-old the world is full of many wonderful things that he can't understand. It isn't surprising then that he often confuses fact with fancy. Sometimes, too, he tells a "tall" story just to see what effect it will produce. In this case it is best to laugh but also to add, "You don't expect me to believe that, do you?" Sometimes children tell lies because they are afraid of the consequences of their actions. This may mean that your punishments have been too severe or that you are demanding too much of them. You should try to teach a child that the lie is worse than the original error or misdemeanor. If he is accustomed to honesty in his home he will gradually learn to be truthful provided he feels sure of your affection and appreciation.

A few youngsters develop the habit of lying for selfish purposes or to get back at people. If you run into this trouble you would be wise to get help from a child guidance specialist. Sometimes children lie in the form of boasting. Fundamentally this means that they feel they are unable to keep up with their playmates for some reason. It is important to find out why they feel that way, so that you can increase their confidence in themselves. Here again you may need expert help, and if so, seek it immediately. *



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sion in 2½% Dettol (2 tablespoonsfuls to 1 quart of water).

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MINOR INJURIES—Clean the injury and surrounding skin with a solution of Dettol (1 tablespoonful to a glass of warm water), then cover with dry gauze or lint.

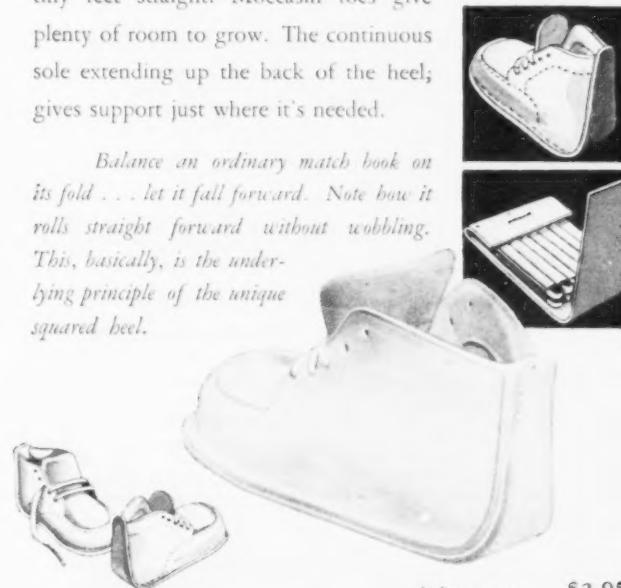
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For the Lazy Gardener —

JUST PLANT THESE AND LET 'EM GROW

BY HELEN O'REILLY

To the "compleat" gardener, who is really a maniac thinly disguised in faded slacks and a light covering of well-prepared soil, it is scarcely credible that there are people who simply have not the spare time or, sadder still, who actually do not want to lavish their spare time, exclusively on gardening. Yet such people exist (you can tell them by their clean fingernails) and they are not monsters — indeed most of them are just as fond of a brightly flowering border as their hard-gardening neighbors. And brightly flowering borders they may have, with an absolute minimum of effort, by taking the following ingredients, in whatever quantities their garden footage and/or their bank bal-

ance will allow, and planting them firmly in their borders this very month.

Take a flower bed of any given size and shape, cover it thickly with well-rotted manure (if you're that lucky) or with a generous sprinkling of bone meal and superphosphate and a three-inch layer of peat moss, and dig it in thoroughly; now go out and collect the following sturdy, faithfully flowering, practically indestructible bulbs and plants and they will keep your garden in bloom all summer long.

Here, in the general order in which they flower, are the old reliables I recommend because you simply cannot miss with them — they need no special feeding, no spraying or dusting, no

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GL-209



staking, no winter protection—they will grow and flower for you every year whether you tend them or not but, of course, they will repay any care you have time to give them, such as a raking in of fertilizer in the spring, by giving you larger and more perfect blooms. (Fancy names, which you may need for catalogue reference, are given in italics.)

To open the spring season and rejoice your winter-weary heart, plant lots of crocus bulbs but set them out—three inches deep, four inches apart—in widely spaced clumps because they increase without your lifting a finger. Nine bulbs make a nice group, for instance, three each of Largest Yellow (that's its name!), Joan of Arc which

is pure white, and Excelsior, a soft blue and the largest crocus known to man. Next to bloom are the little grape hyacinths (*muscari*) and you can tuck them under shrubs or around tree trunks because they hate to be disturbed, which makes them the absentee-gardener's joy. These will last until the daffodils appear and my favorites are the *armeniaca* *cantabs* in solid Cambridge blue.

Countless happy manhours have been spent on the choosing of daffodils and tulips but, if time is at a premium, here's a tip—get one of the "collections" that the bulb growers offer; these have been selected with the greatest care by experts for the sole purpose of turning you into a bulb fancier so, you can



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To Bake: Divide batter between 2 deep layer pans — one 10-inch, one 8-inch — which have been lined on bottoms with paper, then greased. Bake about 25 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.).

To Frost: Cover the larger cake with a white butter frosting . . . place smaller cake on top . . . cover with frosting.

To Decorate: Melt 2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate and 2 teaspoons butter over hot water; blend. When frosting on cake is set, pour slightly cooled chocolate mixture over cake layers, letting it run down sides. Keep cake in cool place until chocolate is firm.

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3½ lb. pressure has been proved to be ideal for cooking meats, fish, fowl, cereals, fruits and some vegetables—80% of all pressure cooking. The Ekonomic Cooker has three pressures to assure perfect control for all pressure cooking. This new, safer, low pressure method cuts food costs by reducing cooking shrinkage in meats and other expensive foods. Tastier, more attractive meats, rich in food value, come from low pressure cooking with Ekonomic.

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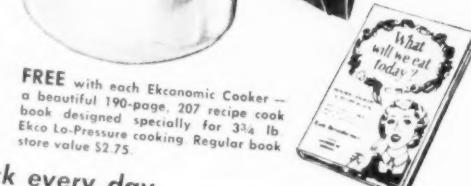
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depend upon it, they are good value and a representative choice. Plant them in clumps of five or six of one kind and color, the daffodils six inches, the tulips nine inches deep, and be sure to buy or beg a few roots of *pulmonaria* to go with them—it sounds fancy but it is as hard as nails and its blue-and-rose fluted bells bloom with the daffodils, its green-and-white spotted leaves make a handsome foliage plant for the rest of the summer. So does the evergreen of perennial candytuft (*iberis sempervirens*) and its white domed clusters will make a lovely showing with your tulips in early June.

Don't think me cynical when I say that you can't kill a bleeding heart for it is the truth, and to me there's nothing to beat the old-fashioned rose-and-white kind which is officially known as *dicentra spectabilis*; its foliage dies down as soon as it stops flowering so you may cut it off short (but you don't have to) when it begins to look straggly. If you have a shady spot where it is hard to cut the grass, start some lilies-of-the-valley (*convallaria*) in it, for these heaven-scented little white bells will spread there like weeds.

Coral Bells and Peonies

With flowery June in mind, you will want masses—four or five plants together—of fairylike coral bells (*bellis sanguinea*) which will bloom most of the summer, and of *campanula carpatica*, those small bells in soft blue which will keep on flowering if you cut the stems as the blooms droop; you will want the taller *campanula* too, called *persicifolia*, with its wide, shallow bells—the whites are beauties. But, above all, you must start peonies, for these do not always flower their first year so there is not a moment to lose. Once a peony has settled in, you have an almost indestructible bloom-bearer so choose with loving care among the luscious pinks, reds and whites (there are now 1,500 varieties) giving your peony at least three square feet for its graceful growth; ask your nurseryman to trim the root division for you, then soak it overnight in water and plant it so that the "eyes" are two inches below oil level.

Day Lilies Are in Style

Day lilies (*hemerocallis*) are fast becoming so fashionable it is hard to keep up with the season's latest—there are now some 3,500 day lilies covering a blooming season from June to early frost. One of the earliest and best loved is the fragrant lemon lily called Flava and there is a lovely new pink day lily for August, Sweet-briar, that remains open after sundown, while the tall yellow Hesperus is a late summer beauty and is also "open evenings." Plant any of these with the junction of the leaves and the root two inches down and, although next year you may get only one spray of lilies, by masterly inactivity on your part your day lily will become a glowing cluster of such lovely sprays.

How to Place Them

As to the placing of these flowers in your bed, this listing may help:
For the front of the border: crocus, grape hyacinth, heu hera sanguinea, candytuft, *campanula carpatica*.
Toward the middle: daffodils, shorter tulips, *pulmonaria*, peonies, *persicifolia*.
Toward the back: bleeding heart (*dicentra*), day lilies, taller tulips.

After you have planted this prodigious

border, cover the whole bed with another three-inch layer of peat moss (just this first autumn) to keep your new treasures from heaving during the alternate freeze and thaw that we call spring in Canada. This cover will improve the soil and help to hold back next year's weeds from which the hardest of plantings cannot save you. For as Master Will Shakespeare pointed out so long ago,

*Sweet flowers are slow,
And weeds make baste.*

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